

# To Mrs. J. M. L. of Seattle who complained that I didn't name the 72 skin-specialists\* who tested and approved Camay for delicate complexions



UST the other day you wrote me that you read one of my Camay articles in your Delineator. You said you were

interested to know that 72 eminent American skin spe-

cialists had approved Camay. But you objected that I didn't tell you who they were and what they actually said about Camay. So I'm going to tell you! Not their names, for each one is a physician of highest standing in his profession, and reputable physi-



\*CERTIFICATION—"I have personally examined the signed comments from 72 eminent dermatologists of America who approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this page."

Jordelen Dury M. D.

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association; editor of The Archives of Dermatology, and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois.)

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for August 1929

cians are not publicity seekers. They are scientists, to whom one goes for professional—and confidential—advice.

But I can tell you about them—enough to assure you that they are leading men in their special province dermatology, the study of the skin. Many of them head the departments of dermatology in our largest universities.

#### "My family joins me in approving Camay"

And I can tell you exactly what they said—as long as my space holds out! I'll start off with a comment from a Professor Emeritus of Dermatology in a great New England university:

"My family joins me in approving Camay Soap. It has a dainty, attractive scent, and its free lathering qualities make it an agreeable and satisfactory soap."

Another authority, who is professor of dermatology in another great Eastern university and one of the foremost skin specialists in New York City says: "I used Camay myself and sent a cake to a daughter whose skin has always been rather irritable. All the members of my

family who have tried Camay like it very much indeed."

No other complexion soap in history has received credentials from the Nation's highest authorities on skin care.

But, dear Mrs. L., my own complexion had already told me Camay was a wonderful soap.

Before I had been cleansing my face with Camay's soft smooth lather more than a week I realized that Camay, more than anything I had ever found, was helping me keep my skin fresh and clear.

So, when these important medical men found out by scientific tests and experiments exactly what I had discovered in my own bathroom, I was naturally much pleased with myself!

#### delen Chara

Face your world with loveliness is a booklet of advice from America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Edited by a former president of the American Medical Association. It will be mailed free if you write to Miss Helen Chase, Dept. YAA-89, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP

Victor-Radio-Electrola List Price \$275 Less Radiotrons★

# RADIO by Victor



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Victor-Radio Console List Price \$155 Less Radiotrons\*



Victor Full-Vision, Super-Automatic Station Selector: All stations plainly and permanently visible...just slide the knob to right or left-you have the station you want!

Again a glorious Victor triumph—an achievement that sets a new high mark in radio reproduction... Victor micro-synchronous Radio!

Here is the radio, and the only radio, backed by thirty years of matchless experience and undisputed leadership in the field of sound reproduction. Victor-Radio is the product of the most painstaking and specialized craftsmanship. It is the first and only micro-synchronous radio.

Now the old words "sensitivity" and "selectivity" take on new meaning. Here is radio music such as you never heard before...realism, warmth and color that will move you to the edge of your chair with an eagerness you have never known before...

With the remarkable new Victor electro-dynamic reproducer, "acoustic symmetry" is attained—for the first time, throughout the entire musical scale!

A child can operate Victor micro-synchronous Radio. Every station is in plain sight. *Tuning is instant...accurate...super-automatic.* 

You can have Victor-Radio in an exquisite Console cabinet, or combined with the new improved

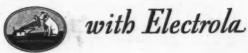
Victor Electrola. The Victor-Radio-Electrola brings you all the music of the world...music from the air that will change your radio viewpoint...music from records that is utterly beyond words—music that duplicates the original performance of the artist.

If you love music, you will realize at once what in-built Victor tone-quality means.

You have never seen such lovely, compact Victorbuilt cabinets as these. There is only one standard: these must be the finest musical instruments it is possible to build.

Only unparalleled Victor resources make possible list prices so sensationally low. Only \$155\* for the Victor-Radio; only \$275\* for the Victor-Radio-Electrola. Victor Talking Machine Division — Radio-victor Corporation of America, Camden, N.J., U.S.A.

### Victor-Radio



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#### All of These Next Month

Mr. Coolidge's story of his struggles as a country lawyer.

Emil Ludwig's long-awaited Life of Lincoln.

#### Irvin Cobb

takes you to South America and gives you a lot of laughs as well as a lot of information.

#### Joan Lowell

author of "The Cradle of the Deep," makes her début as a writer of short stories.

#### P. G. Wodehouse

brings back Jeeves—the one and only perfect English butler-in the first of a new group of humorous stories.

#### Peter B. Kyne

introduces two rough-andready cowpunchers with a story of a llama that would not be tied.

#### AND

18 other Short Stories, Serials and Features of the kind that have made Cosmopolitan America's Greatest Magazine.

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President.

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### Jour Next Raise

Will it be a small one—grudgingly given? Or a big one, made unasked, because the firm wants to keep you satisfied? You can compel the raise you want—fairly

and squarely.

70U don't start home nights with your eyes closed—stumbling and groping—and expect to get there.

Then why are you stumbling blindly along, hoping and waiting for your next raise, praying that it may be more than a few dollars a week and knowing you'll probably be disappointed?

Common sense-your own experienceou that while modest raises may be given for loyalty and long service, the big ones come only as rewards for increased ability-greater value to

your employer.
What's the answer?—It's simple if you're serious. If you want to get to the place where salaries are substantial and raises come unasked instead of as a form of business charity, you must prepare. You must make yourself an unusual man—you must train yourself out of the masses into the classes.

Look-if you want to know exactly what we mean-here are four cases. There are over fifty thousand in our files.

#### Asked to Name His Own Salary

For more than twenty years he had been slaving away at low wages, till finally at the age of 47 and still receiving only thirty dollars a week, this New York man resolved to be a bookkeeper no longer. He enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Account tancy. Almost immediately after completion of the course, there came the offer of a bigger job.

Less than three years later, the very company he had worked for as a clerk invited him to come back on his own terms. He returned as Auditor, at a salary increase of better than 300 per cent.

Today he is secretary-treasurer of this company. Little wonder that he speaks of LaSalle specialized training as the most profitable investment that a man can make.

#### What Home-Study Training Did for a College Man

He had a college education, but he had not been able to climb higher than a mechanic's job in a little Ohio garage—working long hours for a pittance—until he learned three years ago from a LaSalle representative about our home-study training in Modern Salesmanship.

Two years later, he was manager and his pay check was large in

proportion.
Is it strange that he writes, "I owe it all to LaSalle, and I cannot say too much for the real gold your training contains.

#### "Fired" Into a Bigger Job—thanks to Traffic Management

You would have thought that when paved roads and motor trucks wrought havoc with the freight business of this western electric railway, our graduate—then in charge as Traffic Manager—would



#### When and Why?

have found himself out of a job.

And he might have—but for the fact that his training with LaSalle in Traffic Management had made him so valuable as an executive that he was retained in a

different capacity and steadily promoted.

Are you surprised that he writes, "I cannot speak too highly of LaSalle service"?

#### "Good-Bye, Bench, I'm Superintendent Now -and in only 14 months"

"A year ago the third of March, I was a tool and metal pattern maker. I was that day made a foreman, and soon afterward I took up LaSalle training in Industrial Management. On May 24 of the following

due largely to the application of the efficiency principles year—due largely to the application of the emercial plant of the laid down in your training—I was made superintendent of the factory. During this time I made a reduction in my department overhead of about 6 per cent and an actual labor-cost reduction of 25 per cent.

So writes another LaSalle member after only 15 months of spare time study. How do you suppose his income compares with what he received as a bench hand?

#### Are You Really in Earnest?

You probably are saying right now, "But aren't those exceptional The best answer to that question is to give actual facts. Now-read carefully. It pays.

In our LaSalle 100 Per Cent Club—composed only of men and women who have doubled their salaries through La Salle home-study training—are thousands of members. Many of these report increases of 500, 1,000, 2,000 per cent. Not yet in this club, but climbing fast toward it, are scores of thousands of others who can boast 10, 20, 50, 75 per cent increases. In our files are unsolicited letters from over 50,000 students and graduates who write of new and better jobs, of promotions, of success in their own business, of larger business recognition because they had the foresight and the determination to train at home in spare hours that might otherwise have been wasted.

You can do the same-if you will.

Would you like to know more about the special training LaSalle offers in the field you'd like to be in, about the way you can fit it into your evenings and apply it in your daily work? The coupon below, filled out and mailed, will bring you this detailed information, without cost or obligation, quickly and in interesting form.

Spend sixty seconds and a two cent stamp. It may change your entire future. Get the coupon in the mail—quick.

#### LaSalle Extension University

#### If You Are Thinking About Stenography or Secretarial Work-

you want to start right and advance rapidly, vestigate Stenotypy, "the machine way in orthand"—the preferred way to the better

position.

Stenotypy adds to your personal ability the accuracy, speed and ease of the machine. Easy to learn, easy to write and easy to read. You start with an advantage—and that advantage increases. The Stenotype means faster, better work, and better work means better pay. The demand for Stenotypists exceeds the supply. Send coupon to us for a free trial lesson at the nearest Stenotype school. See for yourself how the Stenotype opens unusual opportunities for you.

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Modern Salesmanship	Banking and Finance
Traffic Management	Credit and Collection
Railway Station Management	Correspondence
Railway Accounting	Business English Effective Speaking
Modern Business Correspondence	Commercial Law Commercial Spanish
Stenography: Training in the new machine shorthand—Stenotypy.	Telegraphy—Railway and Commercial mail

#### More Cultural Courses in Business Education

By JOSEPH C. MYER, B. S., C. P. A.

In THE early part of the twentieth century and in fact as late as the World War, education for business was a specialized field carried on mainly by schools that gave courses in typewriting, stenography and bookkeeping. In many instances students in their first, second or third years of high school were drawn from their high school studies into the business school where a very brief course of study secured "wonderful opportunities" in business.

And it was true that business needed more clerical help because as corporations sprang into existence and expanded, the need for stenographers, typists, bookkeepers and salesmen was increasingly more urgent. The salaries for beginners in this "white

The salaries for beginners in this "white collar" industry ranged from fifteen to twenty dollars per week. This compared favorably with beginning or apprentice wages in other lines.

However, those who were attracted into business on this basis have since found themselves at a distinct disadvantage so far as individual success is concerned. Most of us measure success by the compensation received in the form of money. A cross section of any large organization will show that of those employees who earn \$5,000.00 per year or over, only a very small percentage has

reached such figures without completion of full high school and college work. And the reason for this is readily apparent. Whenever the head of a large corporation, whether it be banking, brokerage, manufacturing, or trading, wishes to employ an executive, he wants a man with more than a mere knowledge of business forms and procedures. He wants one who can think out problems and apply sound reasoning to each problem. This reasoning must include the ability to analyze situations so that the proper remedy may be applied to defects and the proper stimulation given to good features of the business.

The same process of reasoning required in medicine and law must be applied to business. If a business is not functioning properly the executive must diagnose the particular defect and apply his remedy accordingly. To do this he must have a thorough understanding of personnel problems, of management and control. This he may gain by the proper study of history. What men, communities and nations have done under certain conditions, they will do again under the same conditions. Social and political history are important; the study of legislation is important and likewise the knowledge of world commerce and American commerce should not be overlooked. History teaches the business man of the triumphs of his predecessors and likewise their mistakes.

The good business executive must be able to express himself clearly so that his ideas may be conveyed to subordinates with a minimum amount of confusion or misunderstanding. This quality is acquired by a thorough study of English and of foreign languages. Grammar and rhetoric are not alone sufficient. A study of English and American literature should be included

to improve vocabulary and increase the power of expression, and further, literature will develop his sense of beauty and assist him in setting up ideals in his work so that he will find his tasks easier.

Public speaking or oral expression should be included in the training of the business executive. The ability to rise and speak on a topic and develop the thought on that topic while speaking increases a man's powers of judgment. Likewise, a study of psychology, philosophy, history of education and principles of education reveal to the prospective executive the human relationships that are basic to negotiation and contacts between persons. A knowledge of the basic sciences

persons. A knowledge of the basic sciences of chemistry, physics and biology opens a person's eyes to the possibilities of using nature's creations for the benefit of man.

The student of business who shuns the above and who laments "Oh, what do I want that stuff for? It won't increase my pay envelope" is wrong—dead wrong. His first job may be secured on his knowledge of stenography or bookkeeping but his later advancement will depend upon his ability to develop and he will develop only to the extent of his capacity to do so. A building cannot rise to great heights on a thin and narrow

foundation. The tall building must have a deep and solid footing. With respect to man's advancement, culture gives him depth; culture is the basis for increased professional specialization; culture is basic to success.

I read recently of a man who rose to the leadership of a large financial institution and whose income is reputed to be \$100,000 a year. The story ran that he had left school early and had worked his way from "office boy to president." He deserves credit. But why did the story hold interest—because it related such a rare occurrence.

If a student wishes to analyze figures and compute his chances for success he may refer to recent figures published by the U. S. Bureau of Education. Out of 5,000,000 persons who had no schooling 31 achieved distinction. Out of 3,000,000 who had elementary schooling, 800 reached distinction. Out of 2,000,000 who finished high school, 1,244 achieved unusual success and out of 1,000,000 college graduates, 5,678 arrived at fame. A mathematician might figure the college man's chances for success as 916 times greater than those of the non-educated person. In the years to come, the relative proportion of successes of college men will be much greater.

With these facts in mind and with the knowledge that the New York State Board of Regents requires that a professional business course of study must be at least fifty per cent cultural before it is recognized for a degree, the prospective student of accountancy, banking, salesmanship, foreign exchange or any other field of business might better think twice before embarking on an educational program that does not give him the proper basis of cultural work for his later professional special-

#### COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

May G. Linehan, Director

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# Spike Hunt, the Prince—and the Younger Generation By O. O. McIntyre

RAZIER HUNT, who in this issue transmits to you the first interview ever granted by a member of English royalty, is a journalistic anomaly—a curious blending of the naïveté of Alexis, Illinois, and the sophistication of all the far-flung capitals of the globe.

A tall, gangling chap with the ruddy complexion of a hunting squire, he is at home mushing through the Siberian snows or under the fierce blaze of the Southern Cross.

I walked with him once along the paper-thin flagstone to the ancient Cheshire Cheese in London. He had been absent two years—trailing Villa in Mexico, as I recall—and yet the famous parrot swung from its perch, pigeon-toed its way across the bar to cock its quizzical head and shriek: "Lo, Spike!"

For he is known as "Spike" to his intimates from Shanghai to Labrador. Spike has lived everywhere and seen everything. He is a citizen of the world—the ace of cosmopolites. And yet he is still a square-teed country how

square-toed country boy.

No man I have met is so quick to catch the faint sneer of snobbery or puncture the veneer of deceit. Consequently, his interview with the Prince of Wales in this issue is significantly illuminating.

Spike probably is the only journalist in the world to whom the Prince would have talked so freely. There is more than an ordinary acquaintance between him and the Prince. Their ranches adjoin in western Alberta. They have ridden range together.

Most of us have wondered just what would happen to the Prince in the new emergency occasioned by his sire's long illness. While he had that quality of lovable limpidity the British adore,

how would he react to monarchal responsibility?

All of us know the Prince has been a recklessly gayliving young man. He has ridden fiery chargers over
impossible hurdles and somersaulted several times to
what breathless spectators feared was oblivion. It is no
secret he has made incognito trips to Paris. I myself
have seen him dancing at Florence's in the pink flush
of a Paris dawn.



(LSpike Hunt on his Alberta ranch.

Not many months ago—in fact, while the King lay with glazed eyes in his Buckingham chambers—a famous and conscientious correspondent told me with grave solemnity that H. R. H. would abdicate when the time came. I believed him and was somehow just a little disappointed. But Spike has spiked that.

While the monarchy even in England is now a governmental expediency rather than the outmoded belief of divine right, yet it has, I believe, seemed to most of us an unshirkable duty when the call to ascension came.

And so the youthful heir to the British throne came to grips with his destiny and, as Spike tells us with such engaging simplicity, played the part of the man. England no longer has a royal play boy.

SOMEHOW, I get a great kick out of this. After all, as the Prince points out, we are indelibly linked with England not only in kinship of ideals but in kinship of blood. We think largely the same thoughts and speak the same language.

When the Prince, who is at heart the sportsman, "took it on the chin" and buckled down to what is perhaps one of the most difficult jobs in the world, he gave a sweeping answer to that increasingly querulous whine: "What is to become of the younger generation?"

The Prince has been a singularly conspicuous strand in the warp and woof of this age of "flaming youth." There is no intent to exaggerate when it is said "he went the pace." The most loyal Britisher would be the last to deny it.

It is betraying no confidence, either, to report that H. R. H. does not relish the job. He likes a good time and with his new anxieties is somewhat like a boy in Sunday school listening to the gang playing leapfrog behind a neighboring barn.

But it was his responsibility—his duty. And he did not muff it. He has forged his own chains and will never be free again. His gesture typifies the spunk of this irresponsible generation at which we old fossils have been hooting. It is time we kept our mouths shut.

## By GHARLES



He's a Big

DANA GIBSON



Boy Now

We Take Great Pride in

## The

In this Friendly Talk Points of Disagreement

St. James's Palace, in London, we fell to talking about western Alberta, six thousand miles away. It was almost two years since I had seen him on his ranch, and now he seemed even harder and fitter—and I might almost say calmer—than he had been then.

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The Prince's private living apartments are on the second floor of one of the wings of the sprawling old landmark. I had passed by redcoated Guard sentinels, a bobby or two, and then into the inner court. I was admitted to the royal suite by a footman in a scarlet dress coat.

For a few minutes I chatted with old friends

E IS a New Prince—a Prince reborn that day in the back country of East Africa when the word came that the King was sick unto death. From that moment when he started his dramatic six-thousand-mile race with possible death, duty

By

Frazier

Hunt

Associate Editor

of

Gosmopolitan

in

Europe

became the god of his waking hours.

The same old quick smile and good humor are still there, but suddenly he has grown up to the full measure of his responsibilities and his future. Today he is serious, hard-working and efficient—and the last thing in the world he is thinking

about is abdication.

"Busy. I've never been so busy in my life," he said, flashing his friendly smile. "Why, I don't even have time to ride any more. You know I've sold all my horses except one or two old pensioners. It costs a lot to keep horses when you're not using them."

He lowered his eyes a little when he said that. I imagine he knew he wasn't fooling me so very much. And it touched me to hear him dragging in a lame little excuse of economy when it was his own new sense of duty that had made him voluntarily decide to give up this desperate, neck-breaking point-to-point riding.

It was the wistful Prince of old who went on now: "I miss riding more than I can say. It's the one thrilling exercise that I have ever found. I wouldn't give a bob to get on an old crock and jog around a park. That isn't riding. And indoor squash and gymnasium exercise are no good for me. Hard riding is the real thing."

"Even the kind we do in the Northwest is something," I ventured.

His face lighted up. "It's fine," he pronounced. "To go galloping over those rolling hills, that's real riding, too . . ."

Then quite naturally, here in his great study in historic old

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1. The Prince went from cottage to cottage

Presenting the First Interview Ever Granted by

# rince of Wales

the Future King of England Advocates Settling Any Between His Country and Ours on the GOLF LINKS

of his staff with whom I had ridden and fished, and then I was shown up to the great study. On the stairs I passed an Indian maharaja in gorgeous native dress,

who had come to pay his respects to the future King. The Prince met me at the door and, with a cheery, friendly greeting, led me to a chair by his flat-topped working desk. I recall as I write that he wore a doublebreasted dark blue suit, a striped blue shirt with collar to match, a black knitted tie, low black shoes and gay black and white checked socks.

"There isn't a chance of my getting out to Canada for a year or two at the best," he said with a sigh. "I envy you being out there in another month. My brother, Henry, will be there early in June. I told him to stay at

the ranch as long as he wanted to. He's got some splendid fellows with him, and Carlyle will show them a good time. It will do him a lot of good. He'll see some beautiful country-won't he?"

He looked across the long room, and his gray, wistful eyes were seeing again the rolling foothills of Alberta. We reminisced about the cattle country of the north Rockies, and about old Gopher, his favorite cow pony, now grown stiff with rheumatism, of Will Somers, the stallion his father lent him to improve the running stock of the Northwest, of a score of other things that had to

do with his own E. P. Ranch.
"We've oil in our valleys now, haven't we?" he asked. "Yes, I'm rather sorry to say," I answered.
"Why sorry?" he demanded.

"Well, sir, in the first place, oil does something to a community. Its flowing black gold gives people false standards. It's too easy. It's money you don't really work for. And besides, we who actually own the land don't get anything out of

"Do you mean to say that if they find oil on your ranch or on mine we don't get part of the profits?" he demanded.

"Not a red cent," I answered. "The sub-soil rights belong to the crown. We may get a few dollars' recompense as damage to our land or crops but we don't get a quart of oil profit."

He was flabbergasted. "Well, that's no good," he said finally.

"Maybe when we get back we'll find derricks in our front yards," I added fatu-

The Prince shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Still, it will help the country," he went on, "and possibly everybody will share more or less in the general increased

prosperity. That'll be good."

It was a philosopher speaking—one phase of the new Prince.

Then almost unconsciously we started talking of Anglo-American relations.

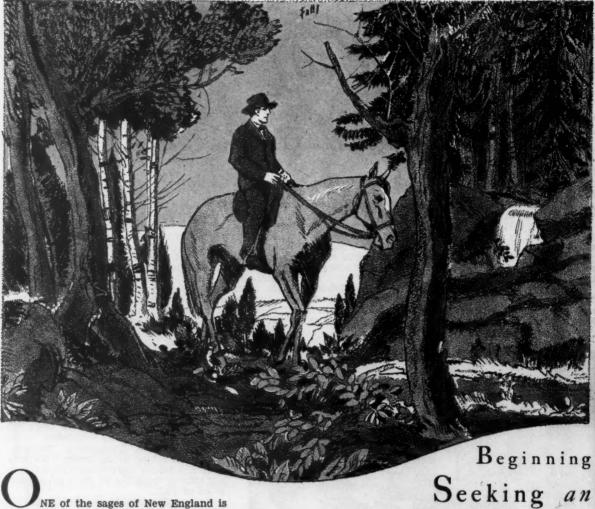
"More friendly understanding is all we need to iron out any little differences of opinion," he went on. "Fewer experts and more human beings to settle our difficulties. That's why travel and intimate interchange of ideas are so important. If we all could only play golf together, as I did recently with my good friend Mr. Kellogg and later with Walter Hagen, we'd realize how close and necessary we really are to one another.

"Why, only the other day I helped to open a great dental clinic that Mr. Eastman of your country gave a million dollars to found. Just (Continued on page 169)



in the coal fields, seeing for himself the urgent necessity of assistance.

## MR. COOLIDGE'S



NE of the sages of New England is reported to have declared that the education of a child should begin several generations before it is born. No doubt it does begin at a much earlier period and we enter life with a heritage that reaches back through the ages.

But we do not choose our ancestors. When we come into the world the gate of gifts is closed behind us. We can do nothing about it.

So far as each individual is concerned all he can do is to take the abilities he has and make the most of them. His power over the past is gone. His power over the future depends on what he does with himself in the present. If he wishes to live and progress he must work.

During early childhood the inspiration for anything like mental discipline comes almost entirely from the outside. It is supplied by the parents and teachers.

It was not until I left home in February of 1886 that I could say I had much thought of my own about getting an education. Thereafter I began to be more dependent on myself and assume more and more self direction. What I studied was the result of my own choice.

Instead of seeking to direct me, my father left me to decide. But when I had selected a course he was always solicitous to see that I diligently applied myself to it.

Autobiography of

Going away to school was my first great adventure in life. I shall never forget the impression it made on me. It was so deep and remains so vivid that whenever I have started out on a new enterprise a like feeling always returns to me.

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always returns to me.

It was the same when I went to college, when I left home to enter the law, when I began a public career in Boston, when I started for Washington to become Vice President and finally when I was called to the White House. Going to the Academy meant a complete break with the past and entering a new and untried field, larger and more alluring than the past, among unknown scenes and unknown people.

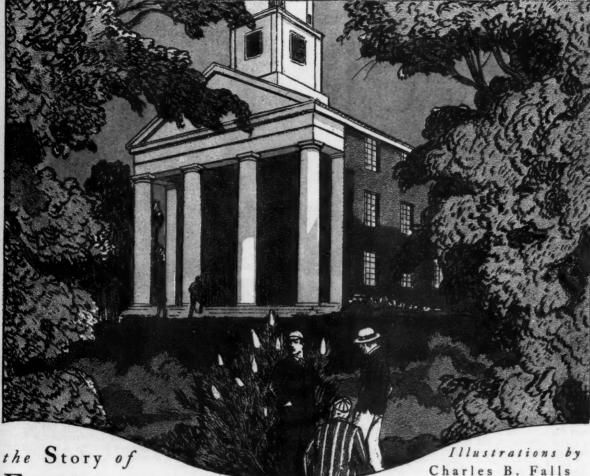
scenes and unknown people.

In the spring of 1886 Black River Academy had just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. While it had some distinguished alumni, the great body of its former students were the hard-working, every day people, that made the strength of rural New England.

My father and mother and grandmother Coolidge had been there a few terms. While it had a charter of its

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### College Days



Education in the

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### Calvin Coolidge

own, and was independent of the public authorities, it was nevertheless part village high school. At its head was a Principal who had under him two women assistants.

A red brick structure, built like a church, with an assembly room and a few recitation rooms made up its entire equipment so that those who did not live at home boarded in private families about the town of Ludlow. The spring term began in midwinter in order that the girls could be out by the first Monday in May to teach a summer district school and the boys could get home for the season's work on the farm.

For the very few who were preparing for college a classical course was offered in Latin, Greek, history and mathematics but most of the pupils kept to the Latin Scientific and the English courses. The student body was about one hundred and twenty-five in number.

During my first term I began algebra and finished grammar. For some reason I was attracted to Civil Government and took that.

This was my first introduction to the Constitution of the United States. Although I was but thirteen years old the subject interested me exceedingly.

The study of it which I then began has never ceased, and the more I study it the more I have come to admire it, realizing that no other document devised by the hand of man ever brought so much progress and happiness to humanity. The good it has wrought can never be measured.

It was not alone the school with its teachers, its students and courses of study that interested me, but also the village and its people. It all lay in a beautiful valley along the Black River supported on either side by high hills. The tradespeople all knew my father well and he had an intimate acquaintance with the lawyers. Very soon I too knew them all.

The chief industry of the town was a woolen mill that always remained a mystery to me. But the lesser activity of the village was a cab shop. I worked there some on Saturdays so I came to know how toys and baby wagons were made. It was my first acquaintance with the factory system, and my approach to it was that of a wage earner.

As I was employed at piece work my wages depended on my own ability, skill and industry. It was a good training. I was beginning to find out what existence



My real Academy course began the next fall term when I started to study Latin. In a few weeks I broke my right arm but it did not keep me out of school more than two days. Latin was not difficult for me to translate but I never became proficient in its composition.

Although I continued it until my sophomore year at college the only part of all the course that I found of much interest was the orations of Cicero. These held my attention to such a degree that I translated some of them in later life.

When Greek was begun the next year I found it difficult. It is a language that requires real attention and close application. Among its rewards are the moving poetry of Homer, the marvelous orations of Demosthenes, and in after life an increased power of observation.

Besides the classics we had a course in rhetoric, some ancient history, and a little American literature. Plane geometry completed our mathematics. In the modern languages there was only French.
In some subjects I began with the class when it

started to review and so did the work of a term in two weeks. I joined the French class in mid year and made up the work by starting my study at about three o'clock in the morning.

During the long vacations from May until September I went home and worked on the farm. We had a number of horses so that I was able to indulge my pleasures in riding.

As no one else in the neighborhood cared for this

diversion I had to ride alone. But a horse is much company and riding over the fields and along the country roads by himself where nothing interrupts his seeing and thinking is a good occupation for a boy. silences of Nature have a discipline all their own.

F COURSE our school life was not free from pranks. O The property of the townspeople was moved to strange places in the night. One morning as the janitor was starting the furnace he heard a loud bray from one of the class rooms. His investigation disclosed the presence there of a domestic animal noted for his long ears and discordant voice.

In some way during the night he had been stabled on the second floor. About as far as I deem it prudent to discuss my own connection with these escapades is to record that I was never convicted of any of them and so must be presumed innocent.

The expenses at the Academy were very moderate. The tuition was about seven dollars for each term and board and room for each week not over three dollars. Oftentimes students hired a room for about fifty cents per week and boarded themselves.

In my own case the cost for a school year averaged about one hundred and fifty dollars which was all paid by my father. Any money I earned he had me put in the savings bank, because, he wished me to be informed of the value of money at interest. He thought money invested in that way led to a self-respecting

expected to become the kind a final place on the Bench. dent days took me in charge

ALVIN COOLIDGE of country lawyer I saw all But it was decreed to be in next month's Cos- about me, spending my life in mopolitan says: "I fully the profession, with perhaps

otherwise. Some Power that I little suspected in my stu-

It Some my 1 even I oft Don river still 1

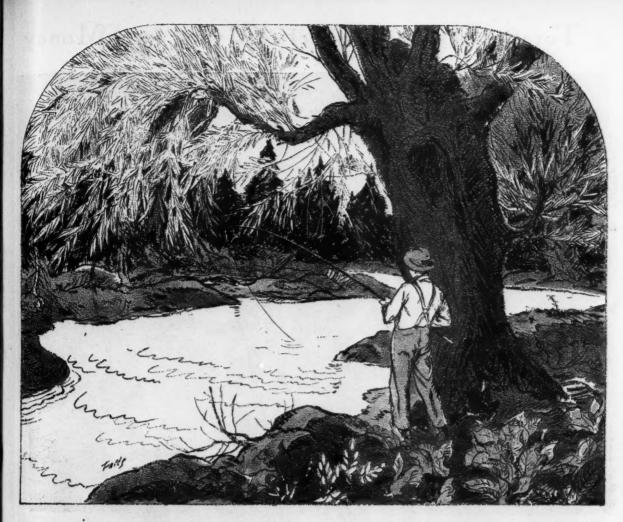
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independence that was one of the foundations of good

It was about twelve miles from Ludlow to Plymouth. Sometimes I walked home Friday afternoon but usually my father came for me and brought me back Sunday evening or Monday morning. When this was not done I often staid with the elder sister of my mother, Mrs. Don C. Pollard, who lived about three miles down the river at Proctorsville. This was my Aunt Sarah who is still living.

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She was wonderfully kind to me and did all she could to take the place of my own mother in affection for me and good influence over me while I was at the Academy and ever after. The sweetness of her nature was a benediction to all who came in contact with her. What men owe to the love and help of good women can never be told.

The Academy had no athletics in those days, as the boys from the farms did not feel the need of such activity. A few games of baseball were played, but no football or track athletics were possible. Games did not interest me much though I had some skill with a bat. I was rather slender and not so tall as many boys of

Those who attended the school from out-of-town were all there with a real purpose of improving themselves, so that while there was no lack of fun and play they all worked as best they could, for their coming had meant too much sacrifice at home not to be taken

seriously. They had come seeking to better their condition in life through what they might learn and the self discipline they might secure.

The school had much to be desired in organization and equipment but it possessed a sturdy spirit and a whole-some regard for truth. Of course the student body came from the country and had country ways but the boys were inspired with a purpose and the girls with a sweet sincerity which becomes superior to all the affectations of the drawing-rooms. In them the native capacity for making real men and women remained all unspoiled.

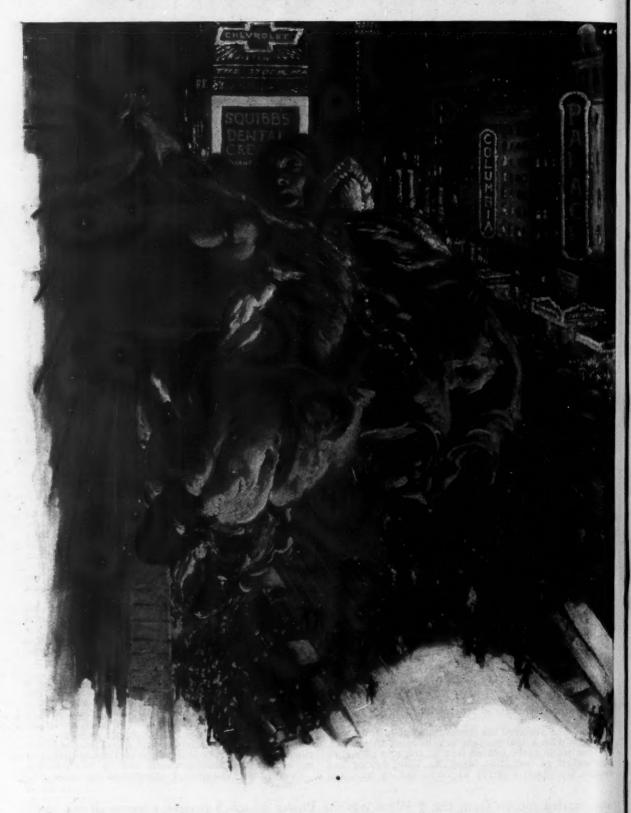
The Presidential election of 1888 created considerable interest among the students. Most of them favored the Republican candidate Benjamin Harrison against the then President Grover Cleveland. When Harrison was elected two nights were spent parading the streets with drums and trumpets celebrating the victory.

uring most of my course George Sherman was the Principal and Miss M. Belle Chellis was the first assistant. I owe much to the inspiration and scholarly direction which they gave to my undergraduate days. They both lived to see me President and sent me letters at the time, though they left the school long ago.

It was under their teaching that I first learned of the glory and grandeur of the ancient civilization that grew up around the Mediterranean and in Mesopotamia. Under their guidance I (Continued on page 151)

and carried me on from the obscure neighborhood at Ply- swept him from obscurity Follow Mr. Coolidge's automouth Notch to the occu- to the Presidency? Is this biography and figure the pancy of the White House." the same Fate that some answer for yourself.

#### A Totally Different Novel of Mystery and Money



Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead

#### by RUPERT HUGHES

# adies an

HOUSANDS of witnesses beheld that murder and could not prevent it; could not guess who the murdereror the murderess-might be; could not even learn till afterwards whether it was a man or a woman they saw done to

The slayer seemed to have selected the hour and the scene purposely to give the crime the awful dignity of a public execution, as if offering the victim for a moral to others of evil mirth and recklessness.

It was in the hot white flare of Broadway at its most poignant spell, past eleven, going on midnight; there where the crisscross of streets makes an hourglass of two triangular plazas. The theaters, the opera houses, the moving-picture colosseums had dis-gorged whole populaces into streets already so packed that progress was a mere oozing of warm lava, with here and there abrupt swirls around and in and out among dense columns of squawking taxicabs, burly, bellbanging street cars, portly limousines hemming and hawing in contemptuous impatience, a few belated trucks and unwieldy busses sullen and humble as bogged ele-

It was just before the Whalenian reformation of traffic laws, and a final proof that something had to be done to save the people

from smothering themselves to death in their hunt for fresh air. And on this midwinter night the air was fresh from Eden, a breeze from next spring or last fall with something of ecstasy or of regretted rapture in it, and a moon above it, an amorous white face flung back from a kiss, fleeing and imploring at once as it ran across the sky.

Instead of going to their homes, the restaurants or the night clubs, throngs lingered to revel in drafts of air not yet forbidden by law; others loitered to watch the influx of a new throng, a strange throng in gorgeous vestures from another country and another century, trying to worry through the other throng as if two periods of history had

met again in spherical space.

These newcomers from the past did not occupy appropriate coaches with harnessed and caparisoned horses and outriders; they were crowded incongruously into limousines, for they were on their way to the hotel where the most dazzling costume fête in American history was filling three great ballrooms with incredibly embellished men and women of wealth or other distinction.

Above the glass and bronze marquee of the hotel hung a cluster of foreign flags in honor of various ambassadors

E welcome Rupert Hughes to our pages as a writer of serial novels. Sixteen years ago I published the first serial Mr.
Hughes had written. It was so different
from other novels of that day that it
created a sensation. Each of the serials he has done since then has been different from its contemporaries. But none of them has been quite so out of the beaten path as "Ladies' Man." Here we have a mystery story without a detective; a novel in which the reader sees the turmoil of love, hate, greed, passion that leads to the crime, instead of trying to untangle the clues after the crime. I've read all but the last installment, and I'm still mystified. It's a whale of a story. R. L.

who were guests there. Crowded enough at all times, the hotel was now almost solid with its patrons, with the visitors to the ball and with prying outsiders who jammed the corridors to study the famous persons and their resplendent garb, all making so much noise that the outside noise was unheard.

Somebody in the street, letting his eye run idly up the vast honeycomb of windows, saw near the top of the hotel what looked to be an unfamiliar flag suddenly flung out of a window and fluttering at the ledge as if refusing to unfold, though someone inside the room twitched and shook it. Suddenly from the agitated depths of the banner broke a shrill wild cry, faint and

far away, but mad with terror.

The man below, realizing abruptly that the flag was a human being battling against implacable hate, stiffened with amazement, gripped his companion's elbow and pointed upward. She gasped, stared, clung to his arm, her white face flung back like the moon's.

Others craned their necks, and stopped short. They were jostled but would not budge. The jostlers cast up their eyes and added themselves to the blockade.

People darting among the darting cars paused, gazed, pointed, while brakes squealed and drivers yelled. Bawling traffic officers cast up their eyes and stood openmouthed, their orders dying in their throats. The impatient drivers of cabs and of street cars leaned out to see what madness checked the fools almost beneath their wheels. They froze where they leaned.

The passengers of the cabs, the busses, the limousines, the street cars, peered from the windows or tumbled out to look. The office buildings about were mostly dark, but here and there at a lighted window somebody hung out and gazed upward.

All Broadway stood fast in a growing hush, staring at one place, with hardly a stir except for the swaying of the interlocked herd.

Only the electric lights were restless, blinking on and off, making and erasing pictures in a wilderness of dazzling advertisement to an unheeding public. Letters chased letters

and fled from them, faces jumped into existence and out, puffs of electric smoke formed and floated away unseen, except for the light they gave to the death-struggle on high.

Their flickering come-and-go added a tremulous occultism to it, took from it something of the stark hideousness of an actual killing, gave it something of the glamour of high tragedy on the stage. And the victim was in costume, brilliant, unreal, of a royal splendor.

Was it a man or a woman clinging, clutching, writhing with all frenzy against the horror of annihilation, and against the hands fighting to eject the body into the ghastly void beneath? A wider ledge than at some of



¶. "You're a right pretty woman, aren't you? Prettier had spoken the words, Sibyl would have turned him she read into his passing glance. There was a fire

the other windows served to give the struggler outside a little more hope and the struggler inside a little more

Besides, the murderer stood in a dimly lighted room while the victim was suspended above a huge trench of footlights a hundred feet deep or more, a radiance, an emptiness in itself a terror justifying the cries of animal anguish, the wrath of fear inarticulate and uncouth, though some who listened heard, or thought they heard, a babbling of frantic syllables:

"Don't! don't! no! no! Oh, God, no!"

The people gazing upward from the bottom of the pit murmured: "It's a woman's voice!" or "It's a man's!"

Whichever voice it was and whoever it was inside that opulence of velvets and laces, satins and silks and flashing jewelry, whether a woman whose voice was raucous with fright or a man whose voice was womanish with the utter abjection of panic, no sound came from the grim being who stood safe within the window and thrust the condemned slowly outward, ruthlessly ripping loose the madly snatching hands, pushing off the knee or the foot that caught at the ledge in the quadrupedal instinct of a great inverted sloth.

The costume hid the form and troubled the hands. And such a costume!—a gonfalon in turmoil, confused and beaten about in a flashing spray that looked to be

a cloak of diamonds above a velvet cape lined with cloth of gold. Beneath that was a sumptuous silken doublet slashed through with puffs of orange and afoam with a froth of lace.

The purfled sleeves were broken into by creamy folds of satin. There were knots and ends of ribbons everywhere. Lashing in and out of the draperies were glimpses of long hose of different color, and shoes, one gold, one silver.

The bright moonlight, and the blaze of the electric furnace that was Broadway, enhanced these colors and textures and made the destruction of so beautiful a figure an almost inconceivable wantonness.

Everybody counted upon a rescue or a relenting; for, to the hardest heart in the throng beneath, it seemed that merely to have tortured an enemy with such fear would have been punishment enough for any crime, satisfaction of every needed revenge. But the fell purpose of the unseen was the conclusion of a life.

Long as it takes to tell, long as it felt to the beholders, the battle was too brief and too remote for intervening. Who could hope to climb the hotel's façade to the eighth story? Nobody inside the hotel except the assassin knew that murder was being done, or could hear the howls of the maniac pendent from its walls.

The windows beneath were closed; the curtains drawn on most of them. One man did leave the sidewalk and plunge into the hotel, only to



than you pretend to be, and more woman than you realize." If Jamie to ice with one frigid glare, but she had only herself to blame for what there behind his eyes, a smoldering that tempted women to blow on it.

find the corridors a bedlam that was not quelled but shrilly augmented by a quartet of trumpets resounding vainly in an attempt to call the guests to the beginning of the pageant.

While one of the guests hung outside a high window, dancing on air, the audience in the street stood fast, men, women, children, eyes and mouths agape, hearts and lungs aching, waiting the deferred inevitable.

Afterwards, when they had time to untangle their twisted thoughts, people quarreled over the hands that pushed the doomed wretch off the sill, whether they were a man's or a woman's. strength Their was masculine, yet one caught a glimpse of lace at the wrists: yet again this meant nothing on such an The final occasion. gesture was surely masculine-or was it? —when the two hands paused as if in malediction over the completed task before they were drawn within.

For suddenly the thing was done. With the swift thrust of a javelin of lightning, the long voyage began and ended. There was a last billowing swirl of the gems above the cape of velvet lined with cloth of Then all that gold. anarchy of color and fire came down, a huge jeweled bouquet tossed into an abyss a bouquet of mingled terrors and regrets, infinite memories and thwarted purposes—a bouquet with eyes, eyes starting from their sockets as they glared at the uprush-

ing earth—a bouquet with a soul and a voice, one last unbearable ululation of despair, one prolonged pitiful human O-o-oh! twisted by horror and crowded anguish into the howl of a flogged hound.

The wail ended in a sharp, splintering crackle as the body smote and broke a flagstaff holding forth the great banner of one of the ambassadors. Instant upon the snap of the wood came the thud of the body on the ornate rim of the marquee, and then the ugly scuffle it made as it slid to the concrete walk with a thump.

The flag of the ambassador followed slowly, benignly, and mercifully spread itself in a shroud over what had once been someone.

Nobody noticed that the window above was quietly closed as a wave of people broke back from the fall.



willing not only to threaten anything, but to carry it out.

ul and a voice, one last Many were trampled. Women fainted, and men. But, one prolonged pitiful no one had fainted till the fight was over.

Rebuffed by the wall of flesh behind it, the wave resurged toward the corpse. Men shouted in vain against the roaring surf of humanity breaking and swirling against the hotel wall. The frozen silence of the two plazas had become all at once a hurricane of insensate clamor. Everybody shouted, screamed, cursed, wailed, and nobody could escape from anybody.

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The horse of a mounted policeman reared above the crowd and came down, and reared again, pommeling the air with his fistlike hoofs. Magnificently but vainly, the police flung themselves into the maelstrom trying to compel it to orderly currents. They also were tossed like driftwood and rolled under the vortices.



From the side streets that should have served as spill-ways, other mobs were pouring to learn the cause of the uproar. More belated guests for the costume ball came, too, pleading for thoroughfare, only to be ridiculed or threatened like aristocrats caught in a Parisian mob of sans-culottes.

Somehow the reserves were summoned. Patrol wagons, ambulances came clanging from all sides. Motor cyclemen arrived. Platoons of police trotted in with clubs flailing. Fire engines were called and began to sweep the space with torrents that drove the people out into the side streets. Cavalcades of mounted officers galloped into the press and swung their horses here

and there, bunting the crowd away from the traffic lines, starting the street cars and the cabs on their way, breaking up the clotted masses and renewing circulation, driving the people off, with their bewilderments and their already perplexed and contradictory memories and dark surmises.

They would have to wait for the newspapers to tell them what they had witnessed, and each of the newspapers would tell half a dozen different stories.

The tumult in the streets finally penetrated the corridors of the hotel, but no one knew just what had happened and everybody spread a conflicting rumor. It seeped at last into the grand ballroom, where the bands had been blaring and repeating the fanfares for a parade that would not begin, though the trumpeters had been sent out into the corridors to repeat the commands and echo their own echoes.

The carnival had been designed to repeat the barbaric extravagance of the divertisement given to Catherine the Great, in 1791, as the last fling of her discarded lover, Potiemkin the Magnificent.

The deviser of this Manhattan savagery was Jamie Darricott. Either as a pretended rebuke to gossip, or, more probably, as a derisive slap in its face, he had dared to appear as Potiemkin with Mrs. Horace Fendley as the Empress.

Her infatuation for Jamie had already made her the laughingstock of the town, yet she had consented to play the rôle Jamie had urged upon her with his illimitable impudence.

The story was told that Jamie was trying to rid himself of the fool in order to marry her equally infatuated and frantic daughter, and was setting the mother intolerable tasks in the hope that she would break with him, but could not succeed since Mrs. Fendley would not give him an excuse for a quarrel.

When the time came, however, for Mrs. Fendley to march to the throne with her radiant escort, she was not to be found. Nor was her (Continued on page 193)

### -but never a

MEET Tommy Jones, as he leaves College -

EAN and lithe, a personable silhouette against the dimmed glow of many parked motors, Tommy Jones stood bareheaded to the soft spring night and smoked a cigaret. Across the campus the chapel bell assured whoever might be interested that the hour was eleven; from behind him, through the windows of the brilliantly lighted gym, came syncopated madness, created by a jazz orchestra to gain whose services tonight the undergraduate body had pledged their present and mortgaged their future.

"Pawn anything you canpreferably your roommate's best suit," was the campus slogan at this tide of the year. "We need the money."

For this was May and sleeklegged divinities from Vassar and Wellesley, Smith and elsewhere, were here for house-party time.

"So," the saxophone was moaning, poignantly if wordlessly, "that's my weak-

ness now."

Out under the misty stars Tommy's cool, casual young mouth twisted mockingly. The saxophone's plaint had given his thoughts a twist; he was considering that weakness known as love and the

This was merely the impression of an innocent bystander. He was not the victim of the case in his mind. The fate had befallen Bill Saunders, his roommate, the particular Damon to whom Tommy was popularly supposed to play Pythias.

"Ever ready to be a best man—but never a bride-groom," was Tommy's personal platform, so far as the

anything-but-gentle passion was concerned.

At the moment he had yet to discover what a sock in the eye an innocent bystander can receive when romance goes on a rampage; in him was no premonition of what his own far-from-minor rôle was to be.

In brief, Tommy took love as he took everything else anything but seriously.

"I wonder," his exasperated father had said to him,



during Tommy's spring vacation, "why I ever sent you

to college anyway."

Tommy's reply to that had been characteristic. "I sometimes wonder myself," he had remarked. "Just why did you?"

George Brehm

"Lord knows," his father had exploded.
"And that," Tommy had murmured reflectively, "makes it unanimous."

But that, so far as his father was concerned, was just

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## Bridegroom

FIRST of a Group of Stories by Royal Brown



"Oh, well," he mused philosophi-cally, "a lot can happen in twentyfour hours."

And again he had no thought of self. no premonition. He turned, about to reenter the gym, only to be stopped short.

By Bill's weak-ness now. A wideeyed, slim-shoul-dered sixty-two inches of breathless femininity. Bab Something-orother-he had forgotten her last name if he had ever known it, which was doubtful.

For nowadays when a man meets a girl he calls her by her first name until he gets to know her better or decides he wants

to.
"Tommy?" she asked, as if not quite sure.

"Guilty," he replied lazily.

"Have-have you seen Bill?" she asked anxiously. "Bill?" echoed Tommy, taken by surprise. "Why, I

"He got mad at me," explained Bab, reading the thought. "Awfully mad."

And there, decided Tommy, you had love. It not only addled a man's brain but it scrambled his disposition. Why, Bill, normally, was the most even-tempered man

Tommy knew.
"All," he suggested, "without the slightest provocation, of course.

"He had no right to call me a two-time girl," she protested indignantly. "I am Sam's guest—and I have to pay some attention to him."

Tommy grinned. This was the sort of thing that was forever happening at house parties. Any man might invite a girl to be his very own—but just try and keep her.

"Well," he demanded, "what do you expect me to do about it?"

"I-don't know," she confessed. "Of course I'd rather have danced with Bill, but-"And of course," he murmured, "you told Bill that."

one more of Tommy's wise-cracks. "Mark my words!" he had commanded vehemently. "You'll regret the time you've wasted yet."

Tommy. "I told him he

could go to the devil."

"The more I think of it," Tommy had assured him courteously-but with a grin, "the more I'm inclined to think you're right."

This May night, however, Tommy was considering not himself, but Bill

A total loss, Bill, all within twenty-four hours.

"Of course I didn't!" she denied hotly. "I-told him he could go to the devil."

"Did he go?" asked Tommy, still amused.

"I-I don't know where he went. He just gave me an awful look and—I haven't seen him since. I just asked Sam if he had seen him and he said he guessed he wouldn't be back tonight—that he had probably gone to visit his friend George. He said it as if it were some kind of joke.

Tommy's grin vanished. George—Tommy hadn't thought of George. Why, Bill, normally—— But there he remembered Bill was no longer normal.

"Wait here a moment, please," he said, and went

past her into the gym.

None of the stags had seen Bill recently. But: "I saw him about an hour ago," Al Tyler informed Tommy. "He had his coat on and he was headed for his car. He looked,"

added Al cheerfully, "as if somebody's sugar had told him she was none of his business."

That was enough for Tommy. He got his own coat from the check room and rejoined Bab.
"Please tell Sam I'm

borrowing his car," he said.

"Where are you going?" she demanded

quickly.

In her voice and in her eyes was that which made it plain that this was serious with her, too —Bill was her weakness now. And for a moment Tommy did not feel so sorry for poor Bill. There was a witchery to it, a heady sweetness.

Nevertheless, all he said was, "I'm going to look in on George and see if Bill is there. Any message?"

Bab hesitated. She was worried, but she was angry too. "You can tell him he can have his pin back if he wants it," she said. "I-

"And that," mured Tommy, doubtless make him feel a lot better."

Not that he believed she meant it. It was just that lovers were fated to quarrel and talk at cross-purposes; to inflict all manner of torture on themselves and the objects of their affections.

"I," soliloquized Tommy, as he inserted himself be-"I," soliloquized Tommy, as ne inserted nimes a behind the wheel of Sam's car, "have half a mind to take a shot at writing a love story myself. The real truth about love—it would be a bear cat!"

Take Bill's attack. Bill stood six-feet-two in his stocking feet—or without any stockings for that matter;

he weighed one hundred and ninety in nothing at all, and he might still be named as an All-American tackle even though the college eleven was small-time stuff.

They discussed that—he and Bill—as modern Damon

and Pythias would.
"Yeah!" Bill would protest derisively. "Fat chance. All I do is to open a hole big enough for a ten-ton truck to pass through, but who gets the glory? Some bum back like you—if you're careful and don't trip over your own feet."

"Or yours," Tommy would amend. "I don't mind taking out the mar you're supposed to, but it delays the game to have to push you out of the way first."

They got along very well on that basis and if Tommy

never acclaimed Bill as a potential hero of anything, to his face-least of all of a love story-tonight he could

see him as such.

In the first place Bill, unlike Tommy, some day would inherit a business that was worth a couple of millions or so. Bill, in brief, could afford to fall in love. Furthermore, Bill was clean-limbed, and if his map wasn't precisely of movie caliber, neither was he an ape, as Tommy usually called him.

So much for Bill. As for this Bab-well, Tommy didn't know so much about her but she was plainly the stuff

feminine leads were created of.

"The requisite number of eyes and ears and lips."



summarized Tommy as Sam's speedometer moved toward fifty. "The two of them make a fine start for a love story-and where does it get you?"

If Bill, seeking to drown his sorrows as many a better man has done when love's blight has settled upon him, was letting George assist, the course of true love was

going to develop bumps at once.
"And," mused Tommy, feeling the first quiver of premonition, "I'll probably turn out to be the first

casualty. In the three years he had known Bill he had seen him on a bender just once—and once was enough. Bill on a bender was an awful sight to see; he wanted to tear telegraph poles up by the roots and batter human brains out with them.

The worst of it was that Bill so seldom drank anything

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are hum me you-"C you, that two drinks of the stuff George sold would be enough to get him started.

The nose of Sam's roadster was headed toward a glow in the sky that hovered over the nearest approach to a metropolis to which the undergraduates had recourse. A sixth-rate city with absolutely no night life-unless one happened to know where to look for it.

Tommy did-it all came under the head of a college

education

The city, as he swung into it, slumbered. He entered its brief business section, turned at a corner occupied by an allnight lunch car and presently stopped beyond the head of an alley.

sonably. Entering, Tommy traversed a corridor and so came to where the various products of anonymous vintners

"Who could it be but me?" demanded Tommy rea-

were sold to the elect. The place was, at the moment, quite deserted save for one person and that was Bill. He sat at a table and if the room was not well illuminated, he was. Oh, absolutely.
"Although," thought Tommy, "I should

say he suggests a smoldering volcano rather than a bright and shining light." He moved toward his roommate.
"What—you here?" he asked of Bill.

The latter looked up, regarding Tommy as no Damon-not even a modern Damon should ever look at Pythias.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded belligerently.

"Me?" replied Tommy. "Why, I'm about to buy myself a drink-if you won't." He removed his overcoat, slipped into the chair opposite Bill and added, "I find these house parties rather dry myself."

Bill said nothing; he had relapsed into sullen misanthropy again.

"What will you have?" George

asked Tommy.
"I'll take whatever the boy friend here has been hav-ing," said Tommy. "I'd like to discover what it is that makes him so bright and cheery."

Bill glanced up to glower at him, then turned and glowered at George. "Bring me another too," he commanded curtly, and

dropped his anarchistic glare to the table again. George, standing behind him, held up five fingers

expressively.
"So he's had five already," interpreted Tommy. "Whew! Time to lower the lifeboats and put women and children aboard."

Nevertheless, he nodded, reassuring George. If he knew anything about Bill, Bill was not to be crossed at the moment.

And this was what love had done to poor Bill. Why, only yesterday Bill, now a menace to life and property, had been his own man, an intelligent, reasonable, eventempered human being who, like Tommy, was stagging it through house-party time instead of importing a girl, although he could have afforded that luxurywhich Tommy couldn't.

"Invite a girl and you invite trouble," Bill had assured Tommy as he had sat with his long legs outstretched and his number twelve brogues on the table. "Let the rest of them run loco-it will be fun to watch them."

Loco was right. A chap met some girl and for no particular reason went plumb out of his head. The way Bill had.

The symptoms had been unmistakable. At two o'clock in the morning of what was now yesterday Tommy had perceived them. He had had his back to Bill but he could see the ape in the mirror. Sitting on the edge of the bed, holding one shoe in his hand. Just sitting there, six-feet-two of restless (Continued on page 160)

This was dimly lighted but Tommy, proceeding on foot, had no difficulty in finding his way to the door he sought. On this he knocked according to a prescribed

The door opened but an inch. "What do you want?" growled a husky voice from within. "Banging on doors this time of night!"

This, however, was but camouflage, recognized as such by Tommy.

S

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"George," he protested, "I agree with you that these are degenerate days when benefactors of the so-called human race must operate by stealth. But you know me and I know you-and if you love me as I love

"Oh!" said George, opening the door widely. "It's you, is it?"



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# Karana Should I have ILLED this MAN?

I might have Saved THREE Lives by Taking ONE

Did I Resist Temptation or Was I Weak?

#### By Dorothy Thompson

O THIS day I have a bad conscience because I did not murder him.

I once had an opportunity to save three lives at the cost of one—and that a life of little value to its owner.

I myself would have run but trifling risk. Murderers must have motives—motives of revenge, cupidity, passion; personal motives; who ever heard of a murder being committed merely because to kill was reasonable? And I was in no way personally concerned in this case. I merely saw a dreadful situation, ruining normal, healthy lives, and was given an opportunity to remedy it by one drastic act.

Neither pity nor fear held me back. Only some unconscious taboo, some deep-seated inhibition, which, in the critical moment. I was unable to overcome

the critical moment, I was unable to overcome.

Why didn't I do it? Did I resist "temptation"? Or
was I simply weak—human, all too human, in a moment which demanded the superman?

At any rate—here is the story; a true story, in which I have merely changed names and somewhat disguised the background. Because the man I might have murdered is still alive.

My macabre opportunity leaped into the midst of a holiday as the dark dancer Kreuzberg leaps into the middle of Reinhardt's "Turandot." It was to see this "Turandot," and this greatest dancer since Nijinsky, that I was in Salzburg for that extraordinary festival which combines so much beauty, sincerity and art with so much tawdriness and snobbery. It was in August of 1926—and I was standing in the Hôtel de l'Europe, leaning against the porter's desk, watching the crowd at the bar, which stands open as a soda fountain in the lobby.

I was thinking that I was about fed up with the society which the Festspiel assembles—discontented-looking American women in search of Kultur, self-important international critics, temperamental theat-rical producers, Europe's highest-class daughters of joy, browned from the Lido, and hard-drinking ladies of the world's upper classes who were giving them such hard competition. Yes, I was saying to myself, I shall come again to this loveliest baroque city in the world, when the cathedral is a cathedral and not a stage for ham actors. I am weary of a lovely reality turned into back drop. Yes, certainly, I shall leave here, and immediately.

But where to go? It was still too hot to wish to return to Berlin. I had insufficient time for a bolt to the Vorarlberg, in the snows and simplicities of which I

might wash away the grease-paint taste of the Festspiel. And I was wondering idly whether I might not take myself off for a week to one of the Salzkammergut lakes, in the neighborhood of Salzburg, when the porter leaned across his desk and said, "An urgent letter has just come in for you."

It was addressed in a round, schoolgirl hand, completely unfamiliar to me, and bore the postmark of a village on the St. Wolfgang-See, one of the larger lakes in the Salzburg district. The signature, however, recalled its writer vividly. Anne Melchior and I had been at school in America together. She had been a girl distinguished neither for brains nor for beauty, and we had not met in fully ten years. Yet anyone would have remembered her, for she had two of the greatest gifts—vitality and a warm heart.

Holding her letter in my hand I saw her clearly: a brown-haired, brown-skinned, brown-eyed girl, in a middy and plaid skirt, wielding a hockey stick, hurling a basket ball, laughing for pleasure in being alive. Without a single beautiful feature—her nose was ever so slightly snubby, her mouth a shade too wide, her eyes a bit too far apart—she had been enormously attractive, so that to hold her letter in my hand gave me a cordial pleasure.

RECALLED, too, what sketchy knowledge I had of her since we had left school. She had gone abroad immediately to join her widowed mother. They had lived for a while in Switzerland; there she had met a young German count and had married him.

I remembered that the conventional idea of European-American marriages had, in this case, been reversed. Anne had had no money at all; her mother lived on the income of a trust fund from a brother, which, at her death, would pass to a nephew. And the young German Junker had been fabulously rich; his father, I seemed to remember, had made a fortune in shipping. All this darted into my mind in a flash as I turned over the letter in my hand.

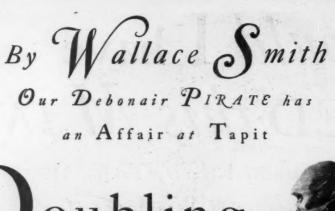
the letter in my hand.

"I saw your name in the local paper, as one of the guests at the Festspiel," I read. "Surely you haven't forgotten Anne Melchior. I am crazy to see you again, after all these years, and Eugene and I are living near Salzburg at Schloss Gruenstein, on the St. Wolfgang-See. Eugene hasn't been well during the last few years, and we have been staying here, in the house which he inherited from his Austrian grandfather.

inherited from his Austrian grandfather.

"It is an historic old place—I suppose the oldest house in this part of the world—and (Continued on page 169)

This account of a Personal Experience, by the wife of a Distinguished Novelist, is One of the Most Thought-provoking manuscripts any Magazine ever received.



Joubling for Pupid

T WAS the breathless moment of twilight for which the whole tropic evening had conspired. The violent pastels of the setting sun had painted their flamboyant, daily allegory behind the island. The palms of Tapit -lazy, mongrel Tapit—were etched low on the horizon. A last glow of amber hung over the sea. Then night dropped swiftly from the sky.

Far out from the island, a tiny launch sputtered through the indolent waves. At its wheel stood a man with the shoulders of a wrestler and the face of a dyspeptic inquisidor. He responded to the movement of the launch as a rider responds to the gait of his horse.

Ahead of the launch, through the sudden dark, were sketched the lines of a sturdy yacht. It was a cruiser-type vessel, that might have been the pleasure craft of some seagoing millionaire. It had been, as a matter of fact.

There was a pugnacious thrust of its hull forward, though, that gave it a sinister look in the soft night. That, and the circumstance that the ship rode without lights.

On its prow was the ship's name: the Golden Rule. Just above the name of the craft, from the trim line of the deck, poked the snout of a machine gun. It followed the movement of the launch. The man at the wheel looked up.

"Get away from that gun, you blowzy, ape-headed maniac!" he bellowed.

The head of a giant negro came from behind the gun and looked apologetically over the rail.

"Oh? Dat you, Mist' McDougal?"

"You'll find out, you misbegot lump o' gallows' meat, when I come aboard and plant some boot leather in your bloody carcass."

" 'Pologize, Mist' McDougal, sir."

The launch rode a slow wave to the side of the yacht. McDougal, still muttering, heaved himself aboard. The big negro was not among the half-dozen members of the crew who stood by. Their striped jerseys and dungarees made something like a uniform, an illusion encouraged by the knife that each one wore at his belt.

In front of the crew stood a young fellow whose fairness was startling in the swarthy company. He wore



of his superior.

McDougal nodded gravely. They stepped out of

hearing of the crew.

"We've sailed smack into a hornet's nest, Larson," said McDougal. "We'll be lucky to get away with whole skins. Keep a sharp lookout and make the crew ready for an all-night run south."

From forward came the thin complaint of a guitar. Someone was playing "La Golondrina," the song that has in it for every man a wistful memory. McDougal's eyes now asked a question.

"In his quarters, sir," said Larson. "And, if you ask me, Mac, he's got the devil in him tonight bigger than a woodchuck.'

McDougal started to say something, thought better

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neckerchief, fixed with a ring of jade. Lastro bowed and indicated the interior of his cabin with a gesture that lacked only the sweep of a sombrero.

"E NTER your house, amigo querido," he invited, after the fashion of another country. McDougal stepped into the cabin. "I am very happy that you return," Lastro added. "I was beginning to grow bored. In fact, I was about to go ashore to see what had happened to the dove I sent out from my ark. You were not recognized in the town?"

"The answer to that is that I'm back," replied Mc-Dougal. "We've got to run for it, chief, and run fast." His stern features twisted into a grimace as his nostrils encountered a voluptuous incense that per-

fumed the cabin. His cough was a not-too-indiscreet comment on the scent and the room it adorned.

The room was too luxurious, even for such a luxurious yacht. Lush draperies hung against panels of lustrous tropical wood. Deep-cushioned chairs and a wide couch made languorous invitations. A heavy table was set with crystal and gleaming silver.

Lastro laughed at McDougal's palpable distaste.

"Ah, what a moral man you are, Señor McDougal! In spite of how well you know me, you suspect there is a woman somewhere. Why do moral men—and French detectives—always suspect there is a woman?"

think you got me fooled by all your tall talk against the sex."

'Let me assure you again, my sardonic friend," said Lastro, "that I respect and admire women. But then I also respect and admire the panther. The panther is beautiful, stalking its prey-or locked in a cage. I would not desire one for a what-you-call pet."

The first mate mumbled over this. Then his manner became brisk. "Have it your own way about panthers," he said, "but take my advice and get your ship running

"My fame, then, has reached Tapit?"

By way of answer, McDougal brought a handbill from his pocket. Across the top of it was printed: "\$10,000 Reward-Dead or Alive." Under this was a smudgy half tone of Lastro.

Lastro smiled over the bold type. "The familiar melodrama in capital letters," he commented. "But they should offer a greater reward." He frowned. "It is a very bad likeness, is it not?" he asked. "It was taken by an amateur photographer during the revolution of 1917. Do you suppose I could arrange to give

the authorities a better portrait? I have several."
"They're arranging that themselves," said McDougal. "Listen, chief: the government destroyer put in at Tapit two nights ago looking for the Golden Rule.

She's somewhere near right now. The wireless could bring her back in three hours."

Lastro was reading the handbill. Suddenly he smiled again, his teeth surprisingly white and even against his dark face.

"But this is splendid!" he cried. "Look, amigo mio, how they have done me honor. Did you read this?"

"Not beyond the reward," admitted McDougal. "I thought I'd be familiar with the details. We'd better be getting started, chief."

"Only look, my friend." Lastro thrust the handbill at McDougal. "They designate me here as a pirate."

"They also refer to you as a robber and a murderer."

"Oh, yes. One expects such things. But—pirate! That is a distinction. It places me with such excellent caballeros as Sir Henry Morgan, Capitán Kidd, Blackbeard—ah, this is charming! Lastro has cruised only six months in these seas and already Lastro is a legend. And you do not even congratulate me, Señor McDougal."

"There'll be time for that," remarked McDougal, "when we've put a hundred knots between us and that destroyer."

"But compañero, you would not have me leave the delightful community that has so honored me?"

"You'll leave it," said McDougal, "or they'll blow the Golden Rule right out from under you."

"I have not been so honored, mused Lastro, "sin.e, after the revolution of 1918, General Enrique Gonzales decorated me with the Cross of Santiago Rey. Poor Gonzales. I had to execute him next day when my counter - revolution triumphed. But—

fortuna de guerra, as Gonzales himself remarked at the time." He seemed lost in a sentimental reverie.

"Tell me, Señor McDougal, would the citizens of Tapit be pleased, do you think, if I paid them a visit in person?"

"They'd like nothing better," McDougal began grimly. Then: "But you ain't in earnest, chief? You simply can't do it. The native soldiers'd wipe out a landing party before it reached the pier."

"I am going ashore alone," announced Lastro. "It may be amusing."

"You can't do it. If you want to put your own neck in the rope, all right. But you can't risk your crew." "Certainly not, amigo. I go ashore alone. I leave you in command of the Golden Rule. If I do not return an hour before sunrise, you have my permission to take the ship south or wherever you wish."

Lastro, slipping out of his pajama coat, crossed to



Certainly, Beall will not cease to worship you if you, both of you can go ashore." "It's a bargain,

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the door of his sleeping quarters. He halted and turned to McDougal, who was still staring at him.

"I know what you are thinking, good McDougal," he declared genially. "You are wondering why I trust you with the ship when I know that you can sail away the moment I go ashore."

He chuckled at the confession on McDougal's face. "But no, my friend. You will not run away. You are a moral man, in spite of your denials. It is true that you killed a man in Marseille but that was a what-you-call youthful indiscretion; a romantic attitude

toward women—or a woman. Yes, you are a moral man, Señor McDougal, and moral men have consciences. The consciences of moral men are very consoling to villains. And to such an excellent villain as Lastro——"

He disappeared. A few minutes later, half clad in smart yachting togs, he stuck his head out of the door. a continuous holiday, the alien confined his merry-making to Saturday night. But they accepted the Saturday nights gratefully.

There was a band concert on the plaza overlooking the harbor. Cheerful, small crowds sauntered along the five streets of the town. Men rode in from inland plantations to beguile their valiant nostalgia by drink-

ing and gossiping with men from other plantations. Sailors from visiting ships scattered in the crowd. Eventually, everyone went to the Café Barbary.

This Saturday night there was a fresh excitement to the gossip of the little port. Junipero La Roche, captain of the Tapit constabulary, marched a squad of his men stiffly down the principal thoroughfare to the wharf.

He halted and, in a dramatic attitude, glared at the black sea. He barked important orders. His squad shouldered arms and stamped its black boots. Its white-trousered legs moved in faultless cadence back to the constabulary headquarters, which was also the Tapit jail.

The spectacle was appreciated; almost applauded. It gave new taste to the fantastic rumors inspired by the recent visit of the government destroyer. It revived tales of Lastro, thrice political renegade, who, after an unsuccessful revolution, had stolen a ship and turned pirate.

His first mate was a murderer, the story ran. His second officer, formerly of the navy, had wrecked a battleship to spite his captain. Lastro's crew, black and yellow, brown and white, was worthy of its officers. It was recruited from the wharves and jails of a dozen dirty ports.

Lastro had forced three men to walk the plank in the best tradition of the pirates while he strummed a sprightly death march on his guitar. He had tossed a Chinese cook, discovered stirring arsenic into a turtle-egg omelet, to the sharks. He had raided a village in the Calabras Islands and had carried off a dozen women.

There were a hundred fantastic tales and only half of them, of course, were true. The story about the Chinese cook, for instance. He had not been fed to the sharks. He had been invited (Continued on page 174)



you make the what-you call sacrifice to save his life. And at dawn, I pledge Lastro," Nydra said slowly. "You win." She did not glance again at Beall.

Angus McDougal was standing where he had left him. "By the way, Señor McDougal, when we borrowed petrol from that reluctant steamer off Wenitchi, I was bold enough also to borrow the capitân's library. There is a copy of the Poultry Fanciers' Monthly on the table."

It was the ambition of Angus McDougal to quit the sea and operate a chicken farm in Wisconsin.

The natives of Tapit never could understand why, in a land that was obviously intended by Nature for



#### T MUST have been along about 1916 that I gave away my clubs to a man against whom I cherished a secret but implacable hate and left golf flat on its back. I did this after a great light came to me. I found out I wasn't making any headway. I was going backwards all the time. I was like a man I know who went to California to cure himself of lung trouble. His lungs got well but he contracted Hollywood. I was like

If I cured myself of one fault I caught a dozen others to take its place. If I kept my head down both my legs went up at an inopportune moment and spoiled the drive for anybody except a student of Swedish gymnastics. I tried high-church golf, with strict adherence

to all the rites and ceremonials, which got me nowhere except into fresh difficulties. I then became a nonconformist, just hauling off without regard to ritual and trusting for general results, and that set people won-dering why a man would deliberately go out on a golf course and practice to be a circus contortionist.

In all that period—and it covered years and years—I was praised for my work only twice. The professional at Sleepy Hollow once told me that my form was correct in one detail anyhow-I did wear golf stockings. And I shall never forget the day when a G. A. R. veteran, after watching the repeated execution of my celebrated world's championship slice stroke in and out and back and forth through the densest woodland in Westchester County, said he wanted to compliment me and thank me at the same time. He said it reminded him so of Grant's Wilderness Campaign.

So finally I just up and quit and began leading a better life. But here last year, having moved to the country, I found

myself with a lot of spare hours on my hands and in sheer defense I went in again for golf and became-if I do say it myself-an outstanding figure, especially if viewed while standing sideways to you. Then it was I discovered that while I was out on parole, the general task of turning our golf links into unbreachable for-tresses and individual golf holes into impregnable citadels had gone on and on.

I discovered that constantly multiplying millions of my fellow creatures were doing what I was: endeavoring

# Can't we

to perform an achievement meant only for a few demigods. Nobody was seeking to make golf easier for amateurs to master. Everybody was in a conspiracy to make it increasingly harder, even for the professionals.

Take the course where I spend most of my leisure afternoons this summer, and where, unless I recover my sanity, I shall probably spend my afternoons during

ensuing summers.

I am given to understand that originally this course was an amiable and friendly course—a trysting place for blithe foursomes and merry-hearted twosomes. they rebuilt it under the direction, I think, of Miss Annie Peck and Gertrude Ederle, working in conjunction with the explorer Nansen. Now it's the haunt of gruesomes and lonesomes and wearisomes, not to say

Observe me as I set out from the golf house followed by my special deaf-and-dumb caddie. Practically all caddies are dumbish, but I keep under retainer one who is all dumb, so he can't laugh aloud. I am carrying my compass, my iron ration, my miner's lamp (to be worn while down in the deeper bunkers), my lineman's spurs; my machete or brush hook for the roughs; my press-ing case for divots—I already have one of the largest collections of specimen divots in the United States-my bedroll, my portable adding machine, et cetera.

As necessity arises I am constantly adding items to my equipment but this partial summary will serve to give you a general notion. I am full of hope. I figure
that at last I have licked this

thing called golf. Away I start, leaving word behind that unless I fail to return by dark the good Monks of St. Bernard need not set out.

Well, what happens? Just as I am driving off Number One tee, a wren comes stamping across the turf and throws me off my game and of course I hook the ball, and, next thing, I am down at the bottom of the hand-excavated gorge or pitfall at the left.

The pride of our founders is our geographical hole, Number Nine. It is one of America's scenic marvels and to look at it you'd never guess it was all done by hand. You approach it by way of Death Valley, and after skirting the Dismal Swamp on one flank,

you advance upward until you stand upon the edge of the Grand Canyon of the

Having come this far without loss of life or limb, you have an iron shot across the Missouri River, and if your ball doesn't stick against the side of Mount McKinley on the right, or bounce into Whirlpool Rapids on the left, to be swept off and away by the raging current behind one of the Thousand Islands, you should then be within easy putting distance of the cup—say, about two long shrill putts followed by three sharp short ones.



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# S. Cobb make Golf Democracy?

Others have done this. In time to come others may do it. But I haven't and I shan't. Usually, when I get that far I call it a day and turn back further to examine the mound builders' relics that I unearthed with my midiron while chopping my way deep into the hitherto unexplored forest primeval adjacent to Number Three.

ber Three.

My golf has greatly enriched the realm of early American ethnology. Because when I'm at the top of my slicing form I often go where the foot of civilized man never before has trod. The Museum of Natural History has a whole case full of my golf trophies. What price a silver loving cup beside stuff so precious to the cause of historical research?

The science of archæology profited greatly through the ever-memorable trip I made last fall out to the Canadian Rockies. On this side of the international boundary the air was full of political clamor and I craved to get away from it all. So I crossed the line and headed for the sunset, and where I landed was joined by Mr. Robert H. Davis, the Putting Demon of West Fifty-eighth Street, who's so good that when they see him on the green the boys of St. Andrews yell: "Issy Putnam?" And the answer is, he is.

We played over the course at Jasper Park several times. That's one course from which I have derived genuine pleasure and where I have done real

To begin with, it lies at several thousand feet above

sea level. In fact its altitude practically corresponds with the score for the full eighteen holes that I made on my best day out there.

As an engineering and architectural achievement, it likewise is unique on this hemisphere. They'll tell you how the designers had to climb up the precipitous slopes of the encompassing mountains because the forest growth below was too thick for them to make plats; and from those elevations, with cameras and surveying instruments, they mapped the course literally on the tops of the trees. I forget how many millions of sticks of timber they had to cut down then and how many thousands of carloads of earth were transported for hundreds of miles

in order that the fairways and greens might have the right sort of top-dressing over the rocks and the soil already there. Statistics only make me dizzy, anyhow.

What appealed to me was the setting of the picture—the links meandering in and out through a gorgeous valley with white-polled peaks rising on every side. Of course a real golfer has no time for the beauties of nature but I'm not far along yet.

As a lover of our Fauna—I care for Flora too, but I'm certainly crazy about Fauna—I likewise enjoyed the



Illustrations by Tony Sarg

daily contact at close hand with the big four-footed natives, Jasper Park being a Dominion sanctuary for wild life.

Lordly moose stand at the edge of the thickets, projecting profiles like those of Old Testament characters, and watch you drive and then go stalking home to tell their little meece what a dub you are. Beaver putter about the verges of the frequent little sapphire-colored lakes, scarcely lifting their round heads as your straying ball plumps into the pool and is lost forever. Probably they're used to that sound by now, or anyhow they were before I left.

One morning we were held up at the first tee while a six-hundred-pound black bear waddled athwart the

fairway on ahead; and there was a sly and grinning coyote who thought to have the laugh on me by flattening himself in a far-distant bunker just as I was making my regular third approach shot for the hole appropriately known as "Bad Baby." He little recked that he was dealing with the undisputed bunker-king of the Western World. I beaned him right in his foolish face. And he now enjoys the distinction—if it's any pleasure to him—of being the only permanently pug-nosed coyote in Canada.

Out yonder where they've chiseled their eighteen holes out of the flinty heart of the Rocky Mountains and where, if so minded, you can use the back side of a snow-clad peak for a trap and put a glacier-fed torrent to work as a hazard, it is not necessary to call in a specialist for the purpose of increasing the supply of pitfalls and handicaps. Even so, I might add that when I got through, the adjacent landscape was much worse rumpled up than it had been before I started

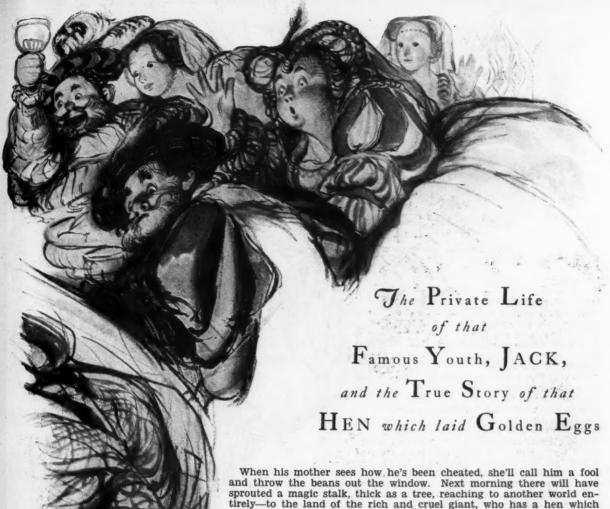
in. Turn me loose in the rough with my strong right arm and my trusty niblick and I leave scars behind me which only time can heal—a whole lot of time, at that.

Please get the point that I'm not quarreling with Nature's handiwork. What I fain would complain of is the mania for making vital areas of the average course resemble the track of Sherman's March to the Sea.

The job of making golf in this country impregnable against the assaults of anybody (Continued on page 136)



### eanstal Erskine "It's gold," said Jack, "and you're welcome to take it home." "Really!" said the Earl's daughter, as though she didn't care for money with her meals. OU can tell the story with no giant in it, and no beanstalk. In that case, Jack would be a philosopher. He started out with his wages, a piece of silver the size of your head, and since it was hard to carry, he traded it for a lively horse, and when the beast threw him, he exchanged it for a cow, the cow for a pig, the pig for a goose, and the goose for a stone to sharpen knives on. When the stone made his hand rough, he threw it into the river and ran home to tell his mother how easily, if only you knew how, you can be rid of possessions, which are a care. How his mother took the news, this version does not say. Or, if you prefer, you can start him off with no wages at all, and no horse-just give him the cow, and let him go to market to sell it. The first thing you know, he'll meet a tall man with a mean glint in his eye and a few beans in his hand, and he'll trade the cow for the beans.



tirely—to the land of the rich and cruel giant, who has a hen which lays golden eggs, a harp which plays itself, and a fat bag of money.

Just to see what is at the top, Jack will climb the stalk, and at great personal risk remove the treasures, one by one. On his third and last visit, you'll have to tell how the giant woke up and came after—indeed, would have caught up and put an end to him, if the boy, in the nick of time, hadn't slid down the vine, seized an ax and chopped the stalk through at the roots. In the course of nature, the giant will try to use the same staircase, the thing will give way, and he'll break his neck.

His second version is the one children like, and those of their elders who admire a good turn of luck and aren't accustomed to giants. So long as you think of the giant as a foreigner, there's little to take exception to in the way he's treated—but you may wish Jack's mother had come off better.

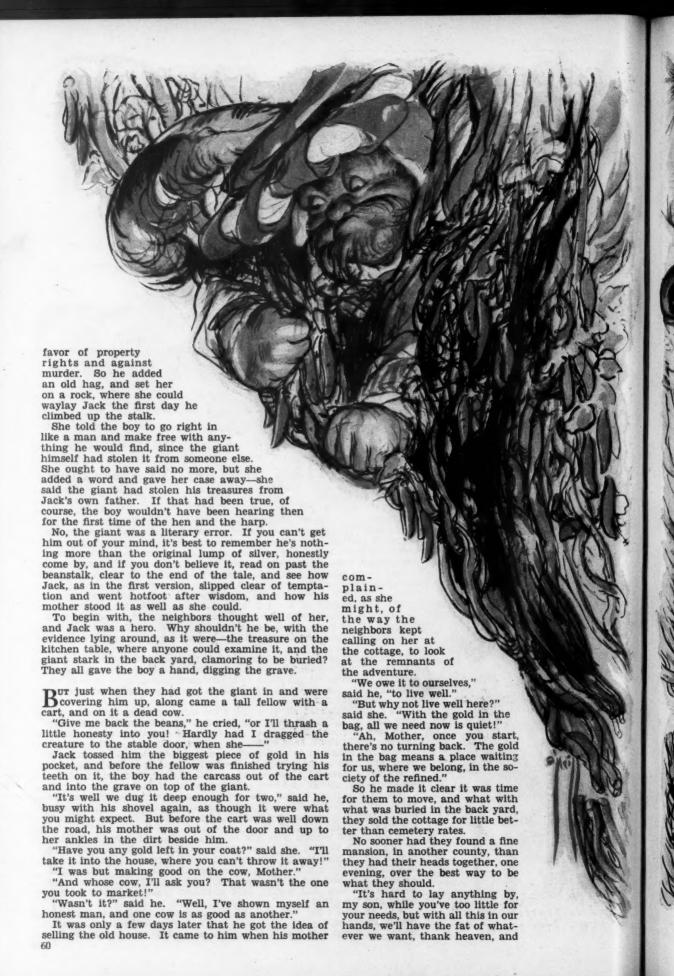
It's not what's said about her, it's the questions that bristle on the very stem of the story: If she had been a good manager, would they have been so poor? Did she put off selling the cow till it was too late? Did she really think Jack could make a better bargain at the market, or was she ashamed to go herself-the cow being too old for milk or meat, and none too promising for leather? And if he traded the horned wreck for a handful of beans, was it he, anyway, who got cheatedbeans having, merely as beans, a high nutritive value?

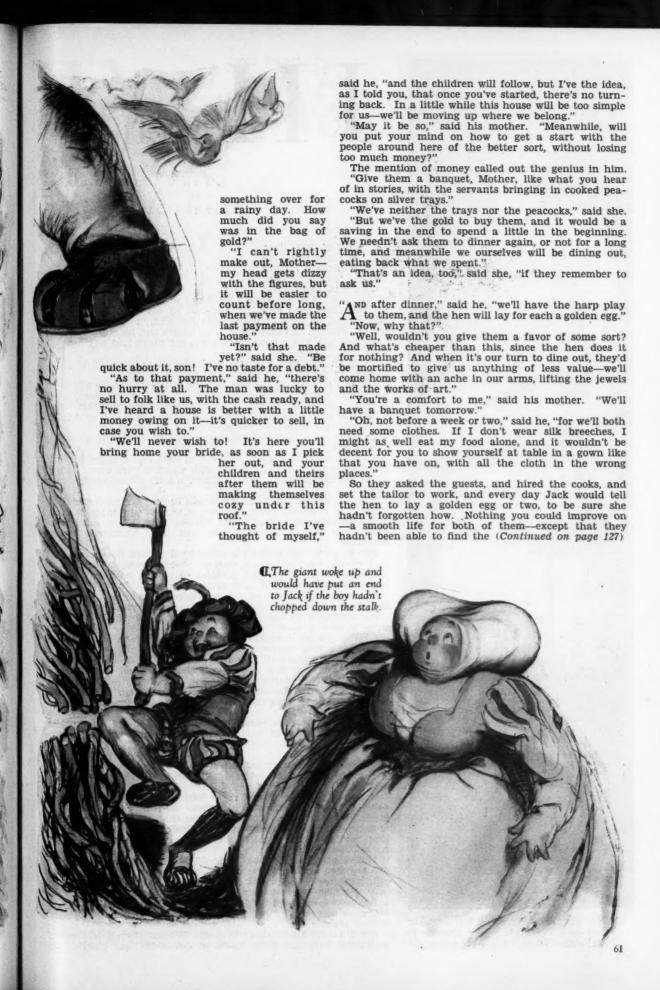
But as a matter of fact, the second version and the first are the same. If the first makes Jack somewhat simple, it gives him the kind of folly which is wisdom in disguise and a hopeful disposition, which is the main heritage of poets.

If the second version puts him in a bad light and raises a sad slur or two on his mother, it's because some cautious myth-editor doubted that a lad of his prodigal temper ever could earn the lump of silver, to start with; the utmost that could be conceded was a cow belonging to someone else, and not a very good cow. Then to bridge over the gap between the cow and wealth, this unknown feeble-wit invented the beans and the giant.

Well, he wasn't the first nor the last to bark his shins putting logic into a stretch of poetry. No sooner had he invented the giant than he feared we might side with him, because of a conventional prejudice in

Illustrations by Rose O'Neill







C."I bought a dress for thirty dollars that went limp as a rag when it was cleaned. It had been worn twice—fifteen dollars a wear."

#### I Haven't a

And when a Woman Means that She is Not

NE of these days there will take place a famous murder trial of a man who has popped By May

off his wife. The newspaper headlines will disclose the fact that the wife had been spending one-half of his yearly income for clothes and all he ever heard from her was, "I have nothing to Finally, he could stand it no longer and he murdered her. He said she was a good woman but she never had anything to

wear.

Many an otherwise pleasant matrimonial partnership is jeop-ardized by the constant use of that plaintive line.

In cases of financial distress or force of circumstances which do not permit a woman to display her good taste and judgment, there is an excuse for it, but with a lot of women it's pure habit. And a habit as hard to break as criticizing Husband's bridge or driving the family car from the back seat.

In other cases, it is carelessness or lack of wisdom in selecting

wardrobe.

To be a hundred percent efficient in that line and yet get our full dollar's worth is not a talent with which we are born. It has to be acquired through fatiguing and utterly discouraging expe-

I am not suggesting that dress should become the predominating thought in a woman's life. There are women who make it their main business; who can talk of nothing but clothes, until they drive their friends to distraction and their husbands to the

But to dress well is the business of all women nowadays; and part of the business of all married women being to avoid un-pleasant tiffs at home, this problem of having nothing to wear is not so inconsequential as it first appears.

I've noted that some of the wealthiest women are the worst offenders. Apparently, money does not ameliorate the situation. My education in the matter of clothes has been divided into three distinct phases.

First, a period of extravagance when my screen salary check mounted to four figures and my time for shopping was limited. Second, an attack of conscience because of the amounts of money I was spending and a radical swing from extravagance to indiscriminate bargain hunting. The futility of this great indoor sport brought about a period of complete hopelessness, when I was caught on the rebound and made some of my worst

Then came the third period: A systematic study of the problem and the realization of a few fundamental principles of clothes and shopping.

AM still struggling in the direction of proficiency and recently have shown some improvement, but not without stumbling again and again.

During my screen days I never had time for getting the full value of money expended for clothes. So many days had to be given to the fitting of screen costumes that I acquired the habit of letting one shop dress me, exclusively. The shop knew my lines, my preference of colors, and all appointments were arranged for my special comfort.

This consideration came high. The simplest dress cost me one hundred and sixty-five dollars, but I never thought of shopping elsewhere. I did not have the time necessary for looking over the field before I purchased, and furthermore, my modiste would have considered it high treason on my part.

On one occasion, I rebelled at her exorbitant prices and decided to look about a bit.

But I hardly knew where to start! Women friends told me of wonderful bargains to be found in out-of-the-way places. My

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### Thing to Wear!

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Doing Her Job Well

Allison Quirk

enthusiasm led me to a small shop which had been recommended as smart and inexpensive a rare combination.

If I hadn't encountered a saleswoman there who talked me out of my senses I might have left with a worth-while purchase, but she completely exhausted me with her incessant chatter. I struggled into dresses and out of dresses, feeling my will power growing weaker by the minute.

It went on for hours, it seemed. I should have liked to try on a gown in peace and quiet and survey it calmly. No use; the magpie never ceased. Everything I tried on was "just darling; so chic, so chic." She pronounced it "chick."

Eventually, we were surrounded by the assistant buyer, the buyer and the manager of the shop. The reinforcements did not improve the situation. I had to buy something or they never would have let me out of that shop. My faintly protesting soul gave up the struggle.

I bought a beige flat-crêpe dress for thirty dollars and hoped it would look as if it were worth double that amount when I got it home.

But here is the trick. The dress wasn't so bad until it was cleaned, then the material lost all body and went limp as a rag. The silk was heavily weighted and the cleaning finished it. My thirty-dollar frock had been worn twice—fifteen dollars a wear.

I then and there decided that inferior material is never a bargain.

MY ARDOR for bargains was somewhat dampened by this experience, but hats and shoes had always been such an expensive item with me that I welcomed with joy the address of a little French milliner who made hats at eight dollars a bonnet. It sounded too marvelous.

I found her tiny one-room shop filled to overflowing with women, all demanding attention at once. Hats were piled ceiling-high on chairs, boxes and benches. It was something of a madhouse. I was pushed about in this frenzied atmosphere for two hours and finally escaped to the street, clutching a small hatbox and praying fervently that my nerves had not been irreparably damaged.

The lines of her hats were good, but the workmanship was poor. The stitches came out of mine after a few wearings and there was considerable sewing to be done to keep it in shape.

An adventure in shoes completed my career as a bargain hunter. I had learned the whereabouts of a bootmaker who would make all one's footgear for eight-fifty a pair. I couldn't resist that. My shoes had been averaging twenty-two dollars and fifty cents to twenty-five dollars a pair.

I recalled a man down home whose blood pressure used to rise several points each month when he got his wife's shoe bill. "Eighteen dollars for plain leather shoes," I had heard him rave. "Jumping catfish, every skinned calf in this county will make twenty pairs of shoes and I can buy the whole lot for three dollars a skin!"

Obviously, shoemakers must be growing fabulously rich from our dollars.

I hied myself over to the East Side and found that the bootmaker did, in fact, turn out good-looking shoes at eight-fifty a pair.

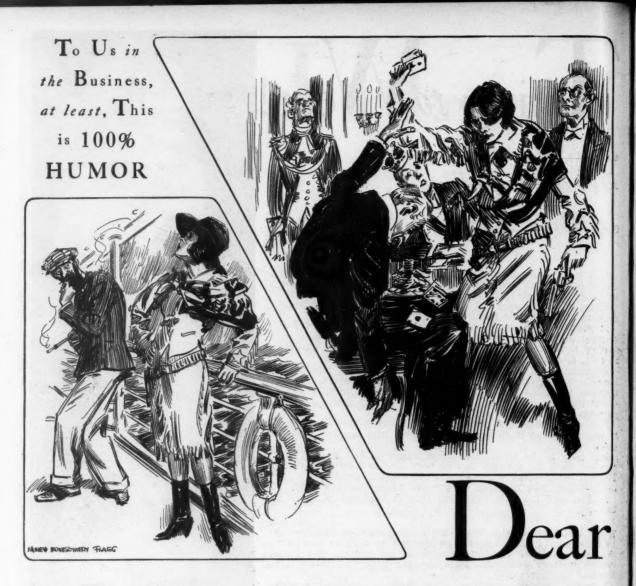
I ordered several pairs, and not until the hot summer months arrived did I learn the difference between hand-sewn shoes and machine-made ones, between the feel of leather well treated and leather poorly treated.

Mercy, how my feet did burn! Shortly after these disheartening experiences, Doris Kenyon and I came East, determined to rest (Continued on page 118)



Hal Plant

¶."By the use of beautiful material and simple draping an expensive gown, with a little readjusting and dyeing, can be worn two seasons."



Dear Editor, Cosmopolitan Mag., Sirs:
Having finished my course in Short Stories, Scenario Writing, & Profitable Correspondence for Newspapers with the Kalamazoo Korrespondence Kollege, in which received mark of 100% which they inform me is highest mark they have ever granted, have composed and written enclosed short story and wish to submit same to you. You will note that as it follows all rules laid down for writing a short story by teachers of same, it may be called a perfect short.

called a perfect short.

called a perfect short.

You will probably note that scene of story is laid in England. While I have not been in England, have read the works of Michael Arlen, O. O. McIntyre and other English authors, so feel perfectly familiar with the scene, besides advantages of having scientific training in Describing Backgrounds in my Short Story Course.

And as I wish to be perfectly frank with you on behalf of our future dealings must also say that I have never been in the Far West, but also know that thoroughly from reading, so can describe Betty's life on represents

reading, so can describe Betty's life on ranches, etc.

Also note that story is typewritten on one side only of a good-quality bond paper, with name and address in upper left-hand corner of first page and number of words in upper right-hand. Kindly send check to (Miss) Mabel
Trivet Barley, New Genf, Iowa, immediately, as I wish
to leave for New York at once and get my studio and
start literary life. Thanking you in advance, I am
Yrs. truly,
Mabel Trivet Barley

Y JUMPING jiminy, you may think me nothing but a vulgar little American girl from out West, where the handshake grows a little warmer. But let me tell you, friends, there's nobody to whose heart appeals more deeply the beauty of this quiet English sylvan scene, as the sun creeps along these ancient lanes, striking with kindly touch the thatched roofs of cottages, while the doves coo on the ancient stone church and you can hear a fluttering of oldfashioned flowers, such as hollyhocks, pansies, magnolias, etc."

The speaker of these lines was a beautiful young girl of about eighteen. Though she was surrounded by a stylish group of English people wearing polo clothes, linen knickers, monocles, and all the appurtenances of the world that is equally gay and heartless and are accustomed to Lido, Italy, she was simply dressed in buckskin riding clothes. For her name was Betty Burlingthwaite, though she was better known all through the West as "Bareback Betty."

Betty's father, Mr. Burlingthwaite, was famous as a sheriff in Idaho, Nevada, etc., but her mother died and the poor little motherless girl, Betty, accompanied her good old daddy on some of his most thrilling expeditions to capture Badmen. At the same time she had a kind teacher in the old red country schoolhouse, and read teacher in the old red country schoolhouse, and read many of the best books, such as Zane Grey, Harold Bell-Wright, and Gene Stratton Porter.

So though she was, indeed, in her simple brave way entirely unlike girls in England, Germany, etc., as she could ride any piece of horseflesh that ever galloped out of a corral, could also throw a lariat and follow the trail of a redskin with the best of them, yet she was

a young girl of culture and learning. But Mr. Burlingthwaite, Betty's father, died when Betty was eighteen, her mother having died a number of years previously, and it was discovered upon reading of

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the will that because of unfortunate investments by her

father, the poor orphan was left penniless.
"What shall I do, what shall I do?" moaned Betty.
But being the brave girl she was, Betty bethought her

of a plan.

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Her father had a sister living in England, a very nice widow lady whose husband had been one of the highestclass undertakers in London, so she would be able to introduce Betty into English society which Betty felt would round out her education, so brave little Betty went to work, fearlessly turning her hand to whatever came along, as clerking in a dry-goods store, winning prizes etc. in a rodeo, getting subscriptions for magazines, etc.

With the money thus earned, our heroine took passage for England. And after all, had she not a right to do so, this little orphan girl? For she was not one of these foreigners, who are now ruining American life and turning it from the fine old American civilization of Daniel Webster and William Jennings Bryan, but of fine old English stock. Yes, wildly though Betty might gallop upon mustangs over the wide free prairies of the West, yet at heart she was as much a lady of the old school as any haughty dame of high degree in her ancient castle.

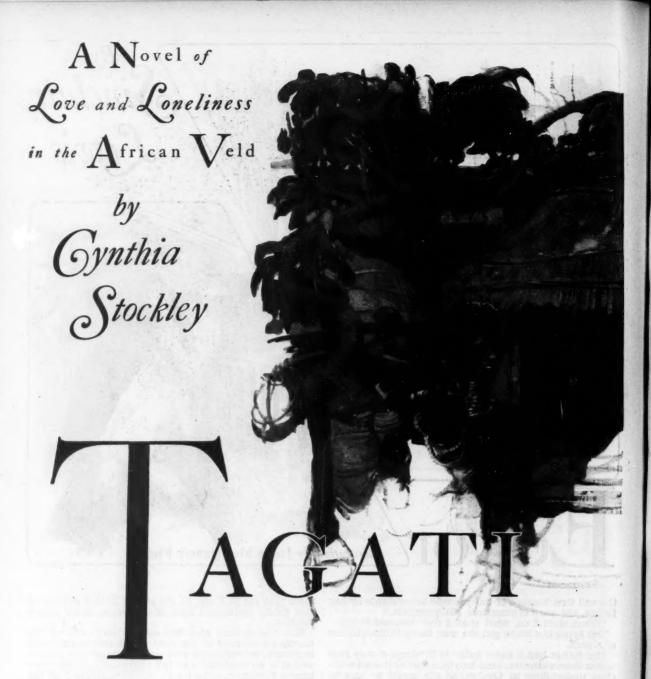
She did not, as so many of these young girls that you see around now with their disgracefully short skirts, lip salve, rouge, hip flasks, etc.—and what can be the future of American greatness if future mothers act in this immodest way?—spend all her money on fancy dresses, etc. No, said Betty, if England wants me they

must take me as I am, in the simple buckskin hunting and riding costumes I have always worn in my native Rockies.

She had a very nice trip on the ship, one of the mammoth caravels of the deep which, due to American ingenuity, are equipped with every comfort and luxury, and it is an illustration of her character that one evening a Foreigner, in fact a Frenchman, approached her as she leaned pensively over the rail admiring the sun-set and said to her, "Mademoiselle, commez vous portez vous, desirez vous une cocktail?'

Drawing herself up Betty, who understood French perfectly having studied it by correspondence, said in that language, but I will translate, "Sir, my father who was one of the best and bravest men I ever knew once told me that in all his life he had never touched lip to the vice of alcohol, also that he would never employ any man or woman who had ever been known to indulge in this practice. And if it is necessary for me, in order to enter the smart social life which I am about to enter, under my aunt's tutelage, in London, England, to indulge in the vice of cocktails, then I must simply return to my native heath, and you, sir, should be ashamed thus to tempt a girl who is traveling alone and unchaperoned!"

At which the Frenchman slunk away, his hard heart touched by this spectacle of a fearless young American girl, and after that Betty was let alone on the entire voyage. And so she came to London, England, and at the depot looked into her suitcase to find the address of her aunt, and a terrible thing had happened, she had lost the address and here she (Continued on page 164)



The Story So Far:

T WAS on the night of Shonnie (Felicia) Lissell's arrival in the midlands of Rhodesia that the ghastly contretemps occurred. And though Shonnie kept insisting such a thing could not have happened to her, there was her lost slipper to prove that it had not been

The way of it was this: Shonnie had stepped from her room to the wide balcony in front of the hotel to escape from an all-too-active mosquito and had fallen asleep in one of the deck chairs. When she awoke it had grown chilly and she had groped her way back to her gone slurring across the floor when she was arrested by a sound from the bed—a whisper dramatically clear:

"Confound you, Stella! Won't you ever learn to play

the game?

"Oh! The wrong room!" The words escaped from her in a gasp of dismay as she realized the truth and spun for the door, while behind her the stifled voice from the bed muttered:

"Good Lord!"

Now, safe in her own room again, she continued to

tremble at the ghastliness of the situation. To keep her mind from dwelling on the distasteful episode, she turned her thoughts to her arrival in the noisy, cluttered station after the long, boring journey with the tempestuous Countess Karamine and her prim maid

Dick Cardross had met them and her first thought at sight of him had been: "Can this be handsome Dick?" For in the years since the war he had grown far too jowly and his eyes were bloodshot.

But, in spite of these things, Shonnie decided that she liked him and understood why he was the countess' favorite nephew. And she had soon dismissed her criti-

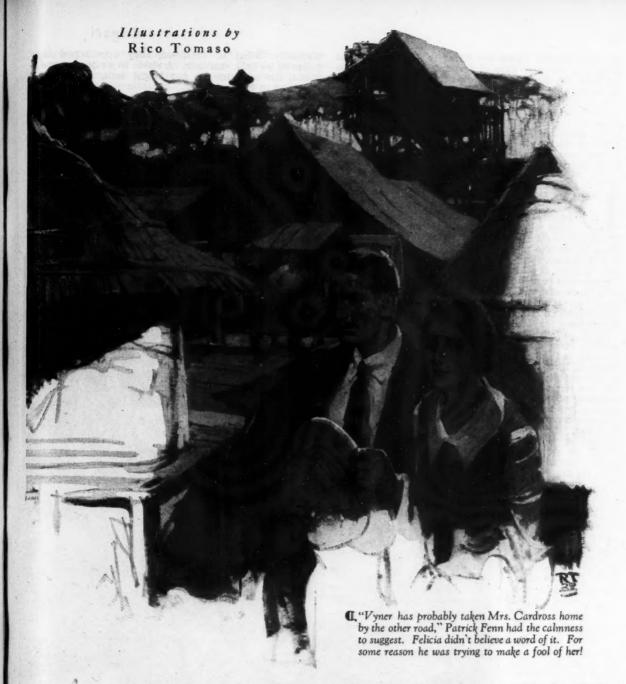
cal thoughts in her joy at being in Rhodesia again.

In her girlhood Shonnie had accompanied her father, Sir John Lissell, in his Rhodesian journeys. Her mother had died when she was a tiny child and thereafter she had been her father's constant companion, meeting his friends—wanderers, adventurers, black sheep; hard livers and hard drinkers, most of them, but always with some unforgettable quality predominant in them. They had given her friendship, confidence, understanding.

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What wonder, then, that after her father's death and ner return to England she had longed unceasingly to revisit those scenes of adventure!

It was in order to escape from the sameness of life in London that she was traveling with Letitia Karamine. For many years the countess, whose early life in Russia had been an epic of tragic love, had been writing her Memoirs, and she was planning to finish them during this visit at the home of Dick Cardross, her nephew, and his wife Stella.

Dick had bundled them off to the hotel and thereafter Felicia had met a number of people, few of whom interested her particularly. In fact, there were only three men, of all those she had encountered, who had captured her fancy.

One she had seen for a moment only. His sea-blue eyes had rested on her, searching, dissatisfied, seeking she knew not what. He had turned from her at once, leaving her, curiously, with a sense of loneliness. Then there was a Catholic priest, Father Drago, who had seemed shrewd and kindly. And finally there was Paget Vyner, whose brown eyes had lighted up at sight of her.

When they were introduced he had said, with whimsical menace: "You will see quite a lot of me, Miss Lissell."

Vyner had come in with Stella Cardross, who had been unable to meet her guests at the station because the etiquette of the dorp had demanded her attendance at a ball at which the governor was present—so Dick had explained to them, in apology for her absence.

But to think of Stella was to bring back to her mind

But to think of Stella was to bring back to her mind that dramatic whisper in the darkness. She had no idea of the man's identity. Certainly it was not Dick Cardross—she knew that he had gone to spend the night with Felix and Kitty Amery, while Stella had a room in the hotel—and the moment she admitted that, she hastened to insist that there must be other Stellas in Rhodesia than the one she knew. The situation was ghastly enough without trying to fathom its significance.

She lay white and worried until the dawn. With the first streak of light her neighbor was up. She heard him pad softly past her door, and as she listened to the sound, she prayed that he was also going out of her life. Later, when she revisited the scene of her unpleasant adventure, in order to retrieve her slipper of scarlet

Algerian leather, which she hated to lose since it was bought in the dear days of roaming, one glance about the bare, deserted room disclosed that her property was no longer there! . . .

At eleven o'clock Dick appeared to "tool" them out to his farm. Stella had already departed so as to be at home to receive her guests. They were packed into Dick's astounding car, a second-hand model of doubtful age and origin. In it, they rattled merrily along and in due time emerged from the dry bed of the Ngamo River upon the scene of their destination.

ICK CARDROSS' farm was not what the countess imagined, and perhaps, considering the solidity of her financial benefactions, had some right to expect. From remarks let drop from time to time she had evidently pictured something like

those wonderful old Dutch houses they had visited at the Cape—white-walled, with mullioned windows, set about by stately trees and trim flower beds.

But Mañana merely resembled dozens of other farms in Rhodesiaa homestead just like the next man's, composed of anæmiclooking bricks with the same corrugatediron roof, the same clustering beehive huts to supplement accommodation; the same kitchen a hundred yards away from the dining room, and the same bathroom and domestic offices across the compound.

But newcomers seldom observe these defects at first sight. The glamour of such a veld home, with its sun-flecked spaces and unusual trees, overwhelms them.

The natives who sprang up like an army of ants round them were astonishingly dressed (or undressed) in shorts without shirts, shirts without shorts, brimless hats and crownless brims. Giggling and chattering, they cast many an inquisitive glance at the three strange women.

"Come on!" Dick began busily shoving and pushing them through the untidiest yard in Rhodesia and that is saying something!

He finally had everybody piloted through the outer gates and into the householdcompound. Naturally, being in Rhodesia, they approached the house by its back entrance. A vision in white emerged: Stella, the sunshine on her bright hair, hands outstretched in gay welcome.

"There you are at last! Darling Cousin Letty, how lovely to see you! You must be dying for tea after that beastly drive! Don't you hate Rhodesia? How are you, Shonnie?"

Shonnie was perfectly composed, thank you, and not gushing about it any more than Stella. For the moment she was busy with the discovery that one of the two bareheaded men loitering behind her hostess had the curiously disenchanted eyes she had seen in a doorway yesternight!

He was introduced as Captain Patrick Fenn, lately a rear admiral in the British Navy. The other, handsome, eyes warm as ever for Felicia, and smile as whimsical, was Vyner. When someone mentioned that he was



¶. "Those awful people simply stuck and stuck," Stella was struck dumb at this statement so far removed

told I

from

lately of the Irish Brigade, she realized—of course!—the soldier and sailor partners of Tagati Mine! The Englishman and the Irishman! A surmise confirmed by Dick's hearty declaration: "My two best friends!"

Stella Cardross put her arm round the countess' waist and led the way through a wide open passage to a big veranda in front of the house, occupied by about half a dozen people whom Felicia had already met, with the exception of a Mrs. Wyndham who sat silent, a cloche hat jammed over her nose and a look of desperate gloom in her eyes.

But Mrs. de Wilton, whose daughter bore the odd name of Hibiscus and seemed to warrant it by her flaming hair; a pert young man with a Harrow tie whom everyone called the Biscuit, and a big handsome shy fellow with white hair, mustache and imperial, who for obvious reasons was referred to as Buffalo Bill, already greeted Felicia as an old friend. In that tropical

clime friendship like everything else develops rapidly. Most of them, however, looked rather nervously askance at the countess, whose reputation for direct attack had evidently got abroad. That lady had found a kindred soul in pink and beaming Felix Amery, and they settled down like two doves on one olive branch, while Stella and Dick ministered to the thirst of their guests. All Rhodesians, men as well as women, drink

tea at eleven o'clock. It is almost a national custom. With the Tagati partners hovering near, and most eyes turned her way, Felicia was once more aware of being the center of attraction. However, she took no undue glory for this, knowing that on the stage of the world the youngest and freshest always gets the spotlight for a time at least.

The other women were good-looking enough, and Stella was indubitably lovely. But no doubt, thought Felicia, there was truth in what Paget said about the irre-

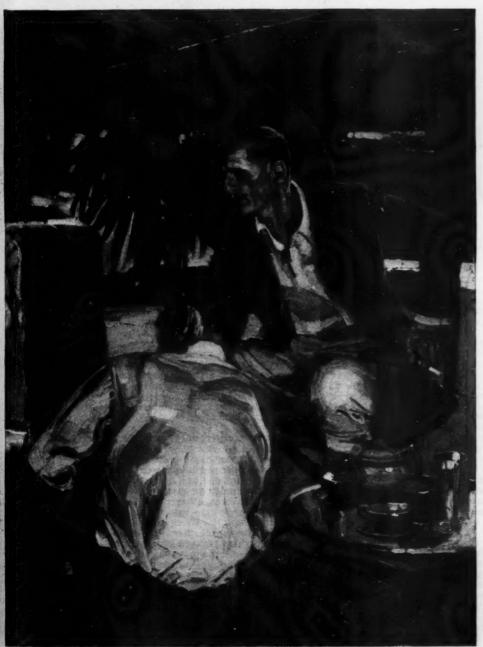
sistible spell of those coming straight from Home. As for Patrick Fenn, he said little to her directly, but once she saw him looking at her and seemed to hear again the words of the Chinese exile:

Stranger, from my old home you come, Oh, tell me, has the winter plum Yet blossomed

This man possessed a habit of unembarrassed silence and she found it odd that so typical a seaman should have left his native element to mine in Rhodesia! Much odder than that the colonel should quit soldiering, the world being overrun with "axed" officers out of their natural jobs. But to have left the navy seemed unusual in a man she judged to be still in his early thirties.

With these casual reflections flitting through her head she listened to and joined in the light talk and jests, meanwhile making men-tal notes for future Usually reference. her initial impressions of people were extraordinarily true. She possessed that gift of first sight which seldom goes astray in its primary conclusions, though sometimes it is obscured by later eventualities.

The study of under-surfaces had always been a passion with her and while they talked and jested she was considering who in (Cont. on page 182)



told Dick. "I had to stay at the mine and help Padge out." Felicia from the real facts, and Paget Vyner's face wore a worried scowl.



Illustration by

HE observation platform was thinning for dinner. Fresh from shower bath and the colored maid's ministrations, Ava Pennant waited for Tom who was in the club car with the Wardes. All afternoon the desert had tossed up sand to annoy window-protected but hot travelers. For miles whirling individual sand storms had raced across the ground in furious series of tawny funnels.

"Oh!" Her exclamation carried dismay. The hot wind had unexpectedly sucked away her scarf, a wisp of silver net embroidered in rose, fuchsia-colored, black and wood-green butterflies. It was a costly frail article. The color medley was Oriental. Jarvis Moore had brought it to her from Tunis, or some such place.

With consternation she watched it flutter up, flutter off, backward, lost soon even to the eye.

She had liked that scarf so well. She had liked Jarvis Moore more than well. Her lips twisted wryly now, recalling the year or more spent in acrid dublety before she decided once and for all that Tom Pennant who wished to marry her was a better choice than Jarvis who did not wish to marry her or any woman.

Tom had never liked the scarf. Ava was a little superstitious. Was she, then, done for aye with Jarvis? A Limited train could not stop for a scarf, even one from Tunis or some such place.

Tom was unexpectedly behind her chair. "Waiting for me, Ava?"

A desert wind has the pulling power of something infernal. The strip of silver net blew on, on. Its butter-flies had been woven too lightly, with Oriental needle-necromancy, to weight the diaphanous surface.

The sand sucked it down and spewed it up. The yellow sand-particles, erosion of eons, had anyhow their own snarling, hissing feud with the hot air above them.

It blew to the north. It blew to the south. It blew to the east. It blew toward Orion. Sand-pawed, the silver net fluttered far from the rails that wound across waste land. It caught and almost held on the grotesque arm of a Judas tree. Lightly it wrested free and upward. A desert snake darted away at one of its descents to

the moon-beaten sand. A desert marsupial once sniffed it and loped off with distaste for the Parisian scent.

It blew kisses at desert clumps of red blossoms and yellow. At dawn the scarf was a prone and wearied hobo-gewgaw. Its frailty and beauty were sand-streaked. Sometime in the night it had succumbed.

A while after dawn Jake Kearwill saw it glisten on the ground half a mile beyond the road he was following. He wasted his time to find out what it was.

He picked it up with mild satisfaction. Verna Ellsbrug at the Santa Pacific lunch room twelve miles on would like the article. Verna was a nice girl, with the healthiest firm young neck that Jake had ever known. Jake was sixty and unamorous now, but he remembered that Verna always remembered that he liked sugar in his stewed tomatoes.

VERNA came from Arkansas. Her parents had too many children. But they had given Verna remarkably white, even teeth and a disposition inclined to laughter. Her desert-tanned hands were rather large but capable of lifting unaided and gracefully a hot coffee-tank.

By her hands ye may know a woman—and by her mouth and eyes. Verna had soft docile red lips. But her blue eyes were as sensible as her clean checkered gingham apron. When she leaned sideways to reach the coffee faucet, her firm breasts under her thin chambray dress curved like a young Diana's.

By mid-afternoon in the desert the sun kissed the earth ragefully like a jungle beast who has overpowered a sulky errant mate. On Verna's face little drops of moisture stood out. like a soft bandeau.

moisture stood out, like a soft bandeau.

She had preened all day with the scarf. Giving it, Jake had said casually, "Ef I was younger, I'd make you pay handsome for this, Verna. Never regretted the sins of my youth, only my moral hours. But I ain't a bargainer now with women."

She had giggled. Her untrained but beauty-loving

She had giggled. Her untrained but beauty-loving eyes had sparkled at the unique loveliness of the desert-combing. Her forefinger caressed each soft wing.

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William C. Hoople

Various patrons of the lunch room shared her appreciation of Jake's gift. Mostly unamorous men, like Jake himself; men who had loved gold, silver, copper or oil

too long to care overmuch for any woman's charms.

Afternoon ebbed. The hot blue sky prepared to discard the unwelcome sun. The distant mountains made ready for their maroon and *fraise* night clothes. It was Saturday. Younger men appeared.

mong the first-comers for the usual Saturday-night A powwows was Lyle Harvey. He had a vast felt hat and a pair of arrogant dark eyes. He was tanned and he swung his legs like a western horseman. But he wore "Hello, baby," he greeted Verna. "Feeling good to-night? Ready to dance eight hours or so?"

"Maybe nine." She was coquettish while she quickly

"Maybe nine." She was coquettish whipoured coffee. "Look. Isn't this sweet?"

"Where did you get that?" Like the mountains at a shift of sun, his voice had changed and darkened. "A man gave it to me," she said with coquetry

"Oh. That so? And who was he? Listen, that cost something. I was born where stuff like that is sold."
"Well!" Her hot color had mounted.

"Well? Come clean, Verna. He must have stolen it.

And what did he get for it?"
"My, listen to the questions!" No coquetry now. It

had gone, leaving a vast displeasure.
"Who gave it to you?" he demanded. "I'll bet"—uglily— "he never came across with that without some return!"

After a moment the girl said heavily, "Well, he didn't steal it. And it isn't particularly your business, Lyle." "No? None of my business?" He slammed back cup and saucer so that thick coffee slopped and the slopped cup lost a thick chip. "Do you know what you are, Verna my girl? The kind that brings out all the evil in men." His tan was burnt through by brick-red anger.

With a high color, she swept coffee cups and chile con carne plates from counter to pan so rapidly that much earthenware chipped. He slammed outside.

In the door he almost collided with another vast felt hat which topped a tanned young face and a grin. Otherwise, Carev Ross was sober. His eyes focused upon Verna like a telescope seeking its best star.

"How's the chile this week-end, Verna? Any colder with the beans? Whew!"
"Why the whew?" she asked coolly.

"Whence came all this finery?"
"A man gave it to me." She spoke evenly and looked from under low dark lashes at this questioner. It is impossible to read a girl's glance when her lashes are low. But one may be quite sure that such a glance is not naïve or guileless.

"Oh!" He was checked. "Did he? Harvey, I dare say."

She was uncommunicative.

"Or someone else?" he coaxed. "There's safety in numbers. Anyhow, bet I know"—his voice had changed subtly, indefinably, like the mountains in a soft shift of sun—"why he gave it to you, Verna."
"And why?" She shot the question.

He put a forefinger on a mauve wing delicately woven and anatomically perfect in its fuchsia veining.

cause it is beautiful. Like you!"
"Oh!" The girl's laugh was light, bright, soft and relieved. "Carey, you're the kind that makes women keep

on believing in marriage as a dependable institution."
"What do you mean? Come clear, Verna." The boy's knuckles had whitened on the edge of the counter.
"Do I win over Harvey? Gee, Verna, it's been two years of hoping, wanting....." of hoping, wanting-

No dillydally person, Verna. "Lyle Harvey," she said distinctly, "is the kind that makes some girls prefer a coyote for steady company."

In a Limited drawing-room, past the desert heat and the purple veil that many mountains prefer for steady wear, Tom Pennant was saying to his wife: "Darling, I saw last night. Dear, I wasn't sure before. But when you deliberately flung that scarf away—"

"Don't be silly, Tom," said Ava in the calm, reassuring wifely tone which wives often use and whose sincerity is not always to be relied upon by husbands.



FF and on I know Feet Samuels a matter of eight or ten years, up and down Broadway, and in and out, but I never have much truck with him because he is a guy I consider no dice. In fact, he does not mean

In the first place, Feet Samuels is generally broke, and there is no percentage in hanging around brokers. The way I look at it, you are not going to get anything off a guy who has not got anything. So while I am very sorry for brokers, and am always willing to hope that they get hold of something, I do not like to be around them. Long ago an old-timer who knows what

"My boy," he says, "always try to rub up against money, for if you rub up against money long enough, some of it may rub off on you."

So in all the years I am around this town, I always try to keep in with the high shots and guys who carry these large coarse bank notes around with them, and I stay away from small operators and chiselers and brokers. And Feet Samuels is one of the worst brokers in this town, and has been such as long as I know

He is a big heavy guy with several chins and very funny feet, which is why he is called Feet. These feet are extra large feet, even for a big guy, and Dave the Dude says Feet wears violin cases for shoes. Of course this is not true, because Feet cannot get either of his feet in a violin case, unless it is a case for a very large violin, such as a cello.

I see Feet one night in the Hot Box, which is a night club, dancing with a doll by the name of Hortense Hathaway, who is in Georgie White's "Scandals," and what is she doing but standing on Feet's feet as if she is on sled runners, and Feet never knows it. He only thinks the old gondolas are a little extra heavy to shove around this night, because Hortense is no in-

valid. In fact, she is a good rangy welterweight.

She has blond hair and plenty to say, and her square monoger is Annie O'Brien, and not Hortense Hathaway at all. Furthermore, she comes from Newark, which is in New Jersey, and her papa is a taxi jockey by the name of Skush O'Brien, and a very rough guy, at that, if anybody asks you. But of course the daughter of a taxi jockey is as good as anybody else for Georgie White's "Scandals" as long as her shape is okay, and nobody ever hears any complaint from the customers

to walk around and about Georgie White's stage with only a few light bandages on and everybody considers her very beautiful, especially from the neck down, although personally I never care much for

Hortense because she is very fresh to people. I often see her around the night clubs, and when she is in these deadfalls Hortense generally is wearing quite a number of diamond bracelets and fur

other, so I judge she is not doing bad for a doll from Newark,

New Jersey. Of course Samuels never knows why so many other dolls besides Hortense are wishing to dance with him, but gets to thinking maybe it is

because he has the old sex appeal and he is very sore indeed when Henri, the head waiter at the Hot Box, asks him to please stay off the floor except for every tenth dance, because Feet's feet take up so much room when he is on the floor that only two other dancers can

work out at the same time, it being a very small floor.

I must tell you more about Feet's feet, because they are very remarkable feet indeed. They go off at different directions under him, very sharp, so if you see Feet standing on a corner it is very difficult to tell which way he is going, because one foot will be headed one way, and the other foot the other way. In fact, guys around Mindy's restaurant often make bets on this proposition as to which way Feet is headed when he is standing still.

What Feet Samuels does for a living is the best he can, which is the same thing many other guys in this town do for a living. He hustles some around the race tracks and crap games and prize fights, picking up a

few bobs here and there as a runner for the bookmakers, or scalping bets, or steering suckers, but he is never really in the money in his whole life. He is always owing and always paying off, and I never see him but what he is troubled with the shorts as regards to dough.

The only good thing you can say about Feet Samuels is he is very honorable about his debts, and what he owes he pays when he can. Anybody will tell you this about Feet Samuels, although of course it is only what



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## Honorable Gin the Roaring Forties

any hustler such as Feet must do if he wishes to protect his credit and keep in action. Still, you will be sur-

prised how many guys forget to pay. It is because Feet's word is considered good at all times that he is nearly always able to raise a little dough, even off The Brain, and The Brain is not an easy guy for anybody to raise dough off of. In fact, The Brain is very tough about letting people raise

dough off of him.

If anybody gets any dough off of The Brain he wishes to know right away what time they are going to pay it back, with certain interest, and if they say at five-thirty Tuesday morning, they better not make it five-thirty-one Tuesday morning, or The Brain will consider them very unreliable and never let them have any money again. And when a guy loses his credit with The Brain he is in a very tough spot indeed in this town, for The Brain is the only man who always has

Furthermore, some very unusual things often happen to guys who get money off of The Brain and fail to kick it back just when they promise, such as broken noses and sprained ankles and other injuries, for The Brain has people around him who seem to resent guys getting dough off of him and not kicking it back. Still, I know of The Brain letting some very surprising guys have dough, because he has a bug that he is a wonderful judge of guys' characters, and that he is never wrong on them, although I must say that no guy who gets dough off of The Brain is more surprising than

Feet Samuels. The Brain's right name is Armand Rosenthal, and he is called The Brain because he is so smart. He is well known to one and all in this town as a very large operator in gambling, and one thing and another, and nobody knows how much dough The Brain has, except that he must have plenty, because no matter how much dough is around, The Brain sooner or later gets hold

of all of it. Some day I will tell you more about The Brain, but right now wish to tell you about Feet Samuels.

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It comes on a tough winter in New York, what with nearly all hands who have the price going to Miami and Havana and New Orleans, leaving the brokers behind. There is very little action of any kind in town with the high shots gone, and one night I run into Feet Samuels in Mindy's, and he is very sad indeed. He asks me if I happen to have a finnif on me, but of course I am not giving finnifs to guys like Feet Samuels, and finally he offers to compromise with me for a deuce, so I can see things must be very bad with Feet for him to come down from five dollars to two.

"My rent is away overdue for the shovel and broom," Feet says, "and I have a hard-hearted landlady who will not listen to reason. She says she will give me the wind if I do not lay something on the line at once. Things are never so bad with me," Feet says, "and

I am thinking of doing something very desperate." I cannot think of anything very desperate."

I cannot think of anything very desperate for Feet Samuels to do, except maybe go to work, and I know he is not going to do such a thing no matter what happens. In fact, in all the years I am around Broadway I never know any heater that way I never know any broker to get desperate enough to go to work.

I once hear Dave the Dude offer Feet Samuels a job



riding rum between here and Philly at good wages, but feet turns it down because he claims he cannot stand the open air, and anyway Feet says he hears riding rum is illegal and may land a guy in the pokey. So I know whatever Feet is going to do will be nothing difficult.

"The Brain is still in town," I say to Feet. "Why do you not put the lug on him? You stand okay with him.

"There is the big trouble," Feet says.

Brain a C note already, and I am supposed to pay him back by four o'clock Monday morning, and where I am going to get a hundred dollars I do not know, to say nothing of the other ten I must give him for interest."

"What are you figuring on doing?" I ask, for it is now a Thursday, and I can see Feet has very little time to get together such a

"I am figuring on scragging myself," Feet says, very sad. "What good am I to anybody? I have no family and no friends, and the world is packing enough weight with-out me. Yes, I think I will scrag myself."

"It is against the law to commit suicide in this man's town," I say, "although what the law can do to a guy who commits suicide

I am never able to figure out."
"I do not care," Feet says. "I am sick and tired of it all. I am especially sick and tired of being broke. I never have more than a few quarters to rub together in my pants pocket. Everything I try turns out wrong. The only thing that keeps me from scragging myself at once is the C note I owe The Brain, because I do not wish to have him

going around after I am dead and gone saying I am no good. And the toughest thing of all," Feet says, "is I "Hortense?" I say, very much astonished indeed.
"Why, Hortense is nothing but a big—"
"Stop!" Feet says. "Stop right here! I will not have

her called a big boloney or whatever else big you are



going to call her, because I love her. I cannot live with-out her. In fact," Feet says, "I do not wish to live

"Well," I say, "what does Hortense think about you

loving her?"

"She does not know it," Feet says. "I am ashamed to tell her, because naturally if I tell her I love her, Hortense will expect me to buy her some diamond bracelets, and naturally I cannot do this. But I think she likes me more than somewhat, because she looks at me in a certain way. But," Feet says, "there is some other guy who likes her also, and

who is buying her diamond bracelets and what goes with them, which makes it very tough on me. I do not know who the guy is, and I do not think Hortense cares for him so much, but naturally any doll must give serious consideration to a guy who can buy her diamond bracelets. So I guess there is nothing for me to do but scrag myself."

Naturally I do not take Feet

Samuels serious, and I forget about his troubles at once, because I figure he will wiggle out some way, but the next night he comes into Mindy's all pleasured up, and I figure he must make a scratch somewhere, for he is walking like a man with about sixtyfive dollars on him.

But it seems Feet only has an idea, and very few ideas are worth sixty-

five dollars.

"I am laying in bed thinking this afternoon," Feet says, "and I get to thinking how I can raise enough dough to pay off The Brain, and maybe a few other guys, and my landlady, and leave a few bobs over to help bury me. I am going to sell my body."

Well, naturally I am somewhat bewildered by this

statement, so I ask Feet to explain, and here is his idea: He is going to find some doctor who wishes a dead body and sell his body to this doctor for as much as he can get, the body to be delivered after Feet scrags himself, which is to be within a certain time.
"I understand," Feet says, "that these croakers are

always looking for bodies to practice on, and that good bodies are not easy to get nowadays."

"How much do you figure your body is worth?" I ask.

"Well," Feet says, "a body as big as mine ought to be worth at least a G."
"Feet," I say, "this all sounds most gruesome to me.

Personally I do not know much about such a proposition, but I do not believe if doctors buy bodies at all that they buy them by the pound. And I do not believe you can get a thousand dollars for your body, especially while you are still alive, because how does a doctor

know if you will deliver your body to him?"
"Why," Feet says, very indignant, "everybody knows
I pay what I owe. I can give The Brain for reference, and he will okay me with anybody for keeping my

Well, it seems to me that there is very little sense to what Feet Samuels is talking about, and anyway I o'clock, I am in Mindy's, and what happens but in walks Feet with a handful of money, looking much pleased.

The Brain is also there at the table where he always sits facing the door so nobody can pop in on him without him seeing them first, because there are many people in this town that The Brain likes to see first if they are coming in where he is. Feet steps up to the table and lays a  $\mathcal C$  note in front of The Brain and also a sawbuck, and The Brain looks up at the clock and smiles and says:

"Okay, Feet, you are on time."

It is very unusual for The Brain to smile about anything, but afterwards I hear he wins two C's off of Manny Mandelbaum, who bets him Feet will not pay off on time, so The Brain has a smile coming.
"By the way, Feet," The Brain says, "some doctor

calls me up today and asks me if your word is good and you may be glad to know I tell him you are one hundred percent. I put the okay on you because I know you never fail to deliver on a promise. Are you sick, or something?"

"No," Feet says, "I am not sick. I just have a little business deal on with the guy. Thanks

for the okay."

Then he comes over to the table where I am sitting, and I can see he still has money left in his duke. Naturally I am anxious to know where he makes the scratch, and by and by he

"I put over the proposition I am telling you about," Feet says. "I sell my body to a doctor over on Park Avenue by the name of Bodeeker, but I do not get a G for it as I expect. It seems bodies are not worth much right now because there are so many on the mar-ket, but Doc Bodeeker gives me four

ket, but Doc Bouecaer B.... C's on thirty days' delivery. "I never know it is so much trouble "I never know it is so much trouble "Thever know it is so much trouble selling a body before," Feet says. "Three doctors call the cops on me when I proposition them, thinking I am daffy, but Doc Bodeeker is a nice old guy and is glad to do business with me, espe-cially when I give The Brain as reference. Doc Bodeeker says he is looking for a head shaped just like mine for years, because it seems he is a shark on heads. But," Feet says, "I got to figure out some way of scragging myself be-sides jumping out a window, like I plan, because Doc

Bodeeker does not wish my head mussed up."

"Well," I say, "this is certainly most ghastly to me and does not sound legitimate. Does The Brain know you

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because he

is so smart.

"No," Feet says, "Doc Bodeeker only asks him over the phone if my word is good and does not tell him why he wishes to know, but he is satisfied with The Brain's okay. Now I am going to pay my landlady, and take up a few other markers here and there, and feed myself up good until it is time to leave this bad old world behind."

But it seems Feet Samuels does not go to pay his landlady right away. Where he goes is to Johnny Crackow's crap game downtown, which is a crap game with a \$500 limit where the high shots seldom go, but where there is always some action for a small operator. And as Feet walks into the joint it seems that Big Nig is trying to make four with the dice, and everybody knows that four is a hard point for Big Nig, or anybody else, to make.

So Feet Samuels looks on awhile watching Big Nig trying to make four, and a guy by the name of Whitey offers to take two to one for a C note that Big Nig makes this four, which is certainly more confidence than I will ever have in Big Nig. Naturally Feet hauls out a couple of his C notes at once, as anybody must do who has a couple of C notes, and bets Whitey two



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#### Damon Runyon

hundred to a hundred that Big Nig does not make the four. And right away Big Nig outs with a seven, so Feet wins the bet.

Well, to make a long story short, Feet stands there for some time betting guys that other guys will not make four, or whatever it is they are trying to make with the dice, and the first thing anybody knows Feet Samuels is six G's winner, and has the crap game all crippled up. I see him the next night up in the Hot Box, and this big first baseman, Hortense, is with him, sliding around on Feet's feet, and a blind man can see that she has on at least three more diamond bracelets than ever before.

A night or two later I hear of Feet beating Long George McCormack, a high shot from Los Angeles, out of eighteen G's playing a card game that is called low ball, and Feet Samuels has no more license to beat a guy like Long George playing low ball than I have to lick Jack Dempsey. But when a guy finally gets his rushes in gambling nothing can stop him for a while, and this is the way it is with Feet. Every night you hear of him winning plenty of dough at this or that.

He comes into Mindy's one morning, and naturally I move over to his table at once, because Feet is now in the money and is a guy anybody can associate with freely. I am just about to ask him how things are going with him, although I know they are going pretty good, when in pops a fierce-looking old guy with his face all covered with gray whiskers that stick out every which way, and whose eyes peek out of these whiskers very wild indeed. Feet turns pale as he sees the guy, but nods at him, and the guy nods back and goes out.
"Who is the Whiskers?" I ask Feet. "He is in here

the other morning looking around, and he makes people very nervous because nobody can figure who he is or what his dodge may be."

"It is old Doc Bodeeker," Feet says. "He is around

checking up on me to make sure I am still in town.

Say, I am in a very hot spot one way and another."

"What are you worrying about?" I ask. "You got plenty of dough and about two weeks left to enjoy

yourself before this Doc Bodeeker forecloses on you."
"I know," Feet says, very sad. "But now I get this dough things do not look as tough to me as formerly, and I am very sorry I make the deal with the doctor. Especially," Feet says, "on account of Hortense."
"What about Hortense?" I ask.

"I think she is commencing to love me since I am able to buy her more diamond bracelets than the other guy," Feet says. "If it is not for this thing hanging over me, I will ask her to marry me, and maybe she

will do it, at that."
"Well, then," I say, "why do you not go to old Whiskers and pay him his dough

back, and tell him you change your mind about selling your body, al-though of course if it is not for Whiskers' buying your body you will not have all this dough."

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"I do go to him," Feet says, and I can see there are big tears in his eyes. "But he says he will not cancel the deal. He says he will not take the money back; what he wants is my body, be-cause I have such a funny-shaped head. I offer him four times what he pays me, but he will not take it. He says my body must be delivered to him promptly on March first."

"Does Hortense know about this deal?" I ask. "Oh, no, no!" Feet says. "And I will never tell her,

because she will think I

C,"Go away or I will chuck a moth in your whiskers, you old fool," says Hortense, and she gives the ham a heave without even stopping to take aim.

am crazy, and Hortense does not care for crazy guys. In fact, she is always complaining about the other guy who buys her the diamond bracelets, claiming he is a little crazy, and if she thinks I am the same way the chances are she will give me the breeze."

Now this is a situation, indeed, but what to do about it I do not know. I put the proposition up to a lawyer friend of mine the next day, and he says he does not believe the deal will hold good in court, but of

course I know Feet Samuels does not wish to go to court, because the last time Feet goes to court he is held as a material witness and is in the Tombs ten days. The lawyer says Feet can run away, but per-

sonally I consider this a very dishonorable idea after The Brain putting the okay on Feet with old Doc Bodeeker, and anyway I can see Feet is not going to do such a thing as long as Hortense is around. I can

see that one hair of her head is stronger than the Atlantic cable with Feet Samuels.

A week slides by, and I do not see so much of Feet, but I hear of him murdering crap games and short card players, and winning plenty, and also going around the night clubs with Hortense who finally has so many bracelets there is no more room on her arms, and she puts a few of them on her ankles, (Continued on page 112)



1. The sight of her only seems to make old Doc Bodeeker a little wilder than somewhat.



OERABAJA, situated, as it is, close to the extreme northeastern tip of Java, is the point where the East may be said to end. Beyond are the spicy islands of the Dutch East Indies, the "outer possessions," so called. Beyond them again are the countless reefs and atolls and volcanic peaks which make up that vast and trackless area loosely known as the South Seas.

Soerabaja is a fascinating, cosmopolitan town; a strange composite of the tropies, of the Orient and of Continental Europe. It is a city of contrasts. It is reached by a filthy twelve-mile canal crowded with tugs and sampans, lined with "godowns" and electric cranes; in the harbor itself ocean liners, rimed with the salt of many seas, rub sides with odd-looking praus and na'ive craft of outlandish design, many of which bear picturesque red-brown sails.

In the streets of the city pongee-clad white men go about their business brushing shoulders with Malays, Chinese, Arabs, Japanese and half-breed mongrels of those and many other races. Lumbering carts, piled high with coffee, copra, rubber or sugar, and drawn by patient water buffaloes or humpbacked oxen, creak over the hot roads; smart motor cars whiz past with discordant warnings from their brazen horns; diminutive Deli ponies hitched to little closed carriages hardly larger than toys scamper through the turmoil, their harness bells incessantly jangling.

On the sidewalks are native venders of fried rice neatly wrapped in banana leaves, unspeakably sickly drinks, tawdry knickknacks made in Japan or Germany; kris peddlers selling wicked serpentine-bladed Malay knives, and barbers perilously cutting hair with razors. On the better streets there are cafés, in front of which men and women of many nationalities sit at small tables under striped awnings drinking coffee and gin pâhits.

SOERABAJA is a place of clashing colors, conflicting customs, crossed bloods and mixed motives, a town where the weird is commonplace and things extraordinary occur every day. Anything can, and most things do, happen in Soerabaja, so it is said.

Java itself is a land of contradictions and of phenomena strange to European eyes. Majestic temples, lost and forgotten for centuries in the dark remoteness of dripping jungles; sand seas that stretch for miles in rippling, blinding undulations; flying cats, musical worms, bird-killing spiders—these are a few of

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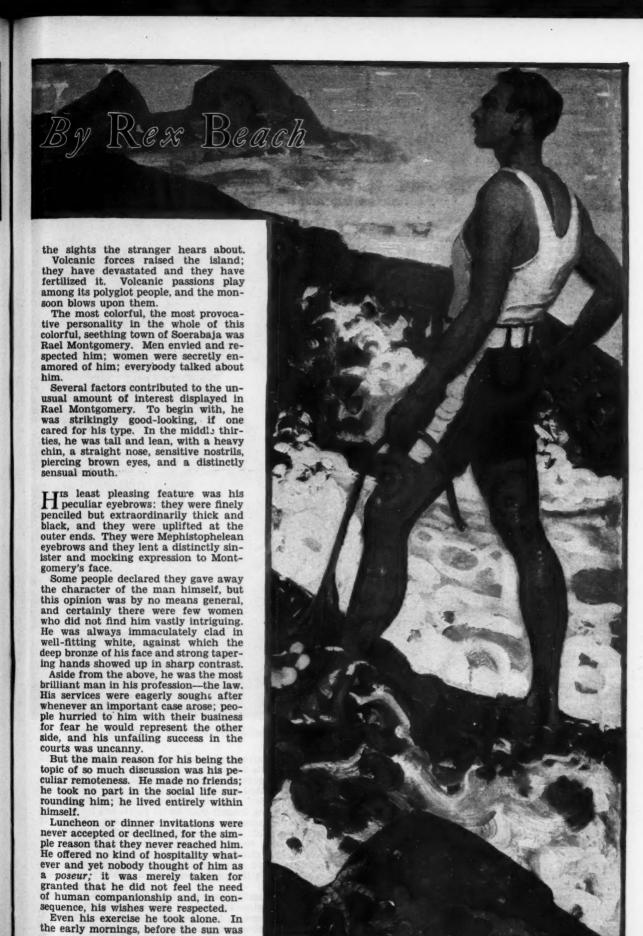
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too hot, he would ride out of his compound on one of his well-groomed Walers and go cantering off by himself.

When he could get through his work at the office in time, he would jump into his car, pick up his head house boy, a Malay named Batjo Sembilan, who had been in his service for many years, and drive down to the harbor where he kept a fast motor launch. Away they would go — just the two of them—far out to sea.

There Rael would strip, plunge over-board holding on to the end of a long rope, the other end of which was made fast to a cleat in the launch, and allow Batjo to tow him at a rapid pace through the luxuriously warm water. In a climate as enervating as that of Soerabaja, exercise more vizorous than riding or bathing takes it out of a man.

Returning to his city club after this pastime he would walk briskly up the well-raked path through the lawn to the clubhouse, nod affably but without enthusiasm to fellow members, drink a long whisky and soda in the breeze of a punkah, then drive off home. That was about as much as any of his club mates ever saw of him.

Some talk concerning him invariably followed his departure.

"Queer bird," somebody would say. It was not necessary to mention the

object of this remark.

"Yes," another would reply. "Beats the devil how he keeps to himself. Hasn't got a real friend in the world—and apparently doesn't want one. Do you suppose he'll ever marry?"

"Never."
"He might, at that."

"Oh, who can tell anything about him! He's hard to understand. All the same, I wish I had half Montgomery's ability."

"Perhaps he's got a wife tucked away in some part of the world."

"That's possible, of course—but even so I don't see why he treats all the women like dirt under his feet. Most men wouldn't if they were in his shoes." This with a meaning nod.

"And he doesn't have anything to do with the Malay girls, either. Some of his servants would certainly talk



QUnder Rael's polished European exterior he possessed Oriental traits

if he had anyone at his bungalow, and there's never been even the vaguest rumor."

"It's this business of having himself towed all over the bally place that gets me. And the sea alive with sharks and crocodiles! His theory that they won't come near a fast-moving launch may be all right, but he can test it out for himself. None of that for me. Those big 'crocks' wouldn't need to make two bites of a man."

"He's been doing it for years. And nothing ever....."

"He's been doing it for years. And nothing ever—"
"Oh, let's chuck gossiping about the fellow and have
another drink. We spend half our time discussing him
—and what's the use? Call him a mystery and let it
go at that."

This strangely unsociable man lived alone in a large white bungalow surrounded by several acres of well-kept compound in the choicest part of the residential quarter. Velvety green lawns sloped away from the house, the garden paths were bordered with gay cockscombs, crotons and ground orchids, and here and there,

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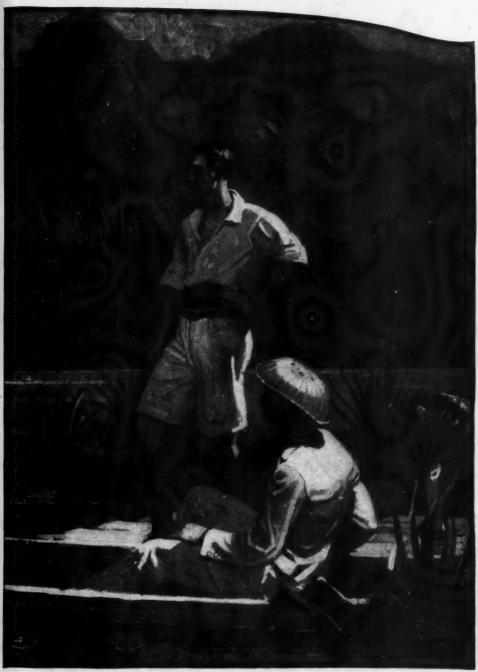
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which bewildered and offended Vera. Boyce Gordon was another type altogether.

like dignified sentinels guarding their master's seclusion, were tall graceful palms, flame trees, and red and white hibiscus bushes. High, thick hedges on all four sides of the grounds gave the place an austere air curiously in keeping with its owner.

The bungalow was filled with treasures. Some Rael had inherited, others he had bought in India and China and during his trips to Europe: paintings, etchings, rugs, old silver. He was a keen judge of these things. The walls of his study were lined with books, rare

editions and original manuscripts, and in a corner of the room stood a plano which he played with a fine touch and depth of feeling.

The Montgomery family had lived in Soerabaja and had possessed money for several generations. Rael's grandfather had come there from Scotland towards the middle of the last century, amassed a sizable fortune in sugar and married a half-caste Arab woman, a rare beauty, so it was said. His own father had further

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developed the family wealth and had died of dysentery shortly after Rael, an only child, returned from Europe where he had been educated. He had never known his mother, who had not long survived his birth.

At the law courts Rael got through his cases with amazing speed and sureness He represented the largest exporting companies and steamship lines and likewise many of the rich planters of the back country, especially those who were in need of an attorney more than usually adroit.

This is not to say that Montgomery was crooked. People never even called him unscrupulous; they merely admit-ted that he was a master of craft and subtlety and that he had a genius for legal technicalities.

The most anybody found to say about him was that he was "too confounded clever" or that he was at heart an Arab. What could be expected of a fellow who was not "all white"? Even in appearance the fellow was a throwback. Needless to say, these critics were not clients of Montgomery's; more often they were people who had failed to hire him

If these criticisms reached Rael's ears, they made no visible impression upon him. He carried on as usual, winning whatever causes he

undertook. Defeat remained in his eyes a disgrace, and victory he accepted as a matter of course.

He was considered the most powerful man in Soera-baja, and it became a question whether he was stronger than the law or whether the law was stronger than Rael Montgomery. There were times, too, when he showed a ruthless daring and a lofty Arabic contempt for the restrictions and the red tape of his profession.

When, in due course, he returned from a trip abroad and brought with him a wife, an extremely handsome Russian woman some ten years younger than himself, it was assumed that his method of living would undergo a radical change. Gay dinners, dancing, tea and cocktail parties on the lawn of the Montgomery bungalow were visualized. But nothing of the sort happened.

Apart from making and receiving the usual introductory, duty calls Vera Montgomery turned out to be as inaccessible as her husband. She, also, made no attempt to mingle with those around (Continued on page 122)



German shepherd dog, or, as his species is better known, a police dog. He was, perhaps, the largest dog of his kind in the United States; the wolf strain in him was dominant.

His under body was almost golden: his

His under-body was almost golden; his jowls and muzzle fawn-colored; his back and tail a steel-gray. He was sweet-tempered and friendly, amenable to discipline and rated the most brilliant canine star in the motion-picture industry.

And he had this distinction. Because of his size and peculiar coloration and a certain adorable little trick of cocking his head on one side and looking profoundly wise, no dog ever could double for him. In the patois of the industry he was a riot; the pictures in which he appeared were sure-fire winners, for Oscar would carry the picture even though the story was as banal as the picture people could make it.

Oscar was owned by Jerry Brewster, a man born apparently with the ability to train animals. Oscar earned a thousand dollars a week and was seldom out

of a job.

Jerry also had a Siberian bear that was, if anything, more human than Oscar. He was a comedian, with a silly leer like a clown. He earned a hundred and fifty

dollars a week when he worked.

Then Jerry had an American brown bear that was in considerable demand and earned forty dollars a week as scenery. He had in addition raccoons, trained cockatoos, Joe Bush, the orang-utang whose antics convulsed children the world over, and half a dozen timber wolves for use in pictures of the Frozen North. Also he had a cream-colored Anglo-Arab high-school horse and a tiny mule that would buck to order so wonderfully that, just for the sake of the laughs he could inspire, producers pitchforked him into the picture, notwithstanding the fact that the mule had nothing to do with the story.

By the time Oscar was two years old he had starred in three pictures, which made the producer a million dollars. Also he had made Jerry fifty thousand dollars; whereupon Jerry decided to garner all the "gravy" for

himself thereafter.

Jerry Brewster was a rara avis among producers. He was highly intelligent. He could put "production value" in a picture without spending money for it—production value usually being the result of wanton and lunatic waste of money on big sets and expensive costumes under the mistaken apprehension that the public cares a hoot.

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Jerry's production value lay in his story and its outdoor setting; in its drama and pathos and utter simplicity, without a weird-striving for "effects," or shocks to the nervous system. The result was that when Oscar was three years old and in the prime of doghood, Jerry Brewster was worth a million dollars and Oscar was insured for a hundred thousand dollars against death. Of course the premium was murderous but Jerry considered it cheap.

Upon discovering he was a motion-picture magnate, Jerry decided to spend a little more money on his pictures. He knew the public never tired of wild and beautiful scenery beautifully photographed—and he made up his mind not to use any of the old locations. He wanted mountains and lakes, tall timber, cliffs, big trees—in short, what he termed a he-country that never had been "shot" before. Also he needed a ranch and cattle and cowboys, so he chartered an airplane and scouted over northern California until he found the country he wanted; then he had his pilot "sit down" in a mountain meadow while he went up to an adjacent ranch to interview the owner.

From the porch of the ranch house, where he sat drinking a high ball, a leathery old man with a kindly, quizzical smile tossed him a hearty welcome while Jerry Brewster was fifty yards distant. When Brewster introduced himself, the cattleman announced that he was Jeb Tully.

"Known in these parts as Dad Tully," he added. "As the first airplane visitor to the 70 Ranch you're doubly welcome. Out o' gas, I s'pose. I'll tell the foreman to fill you up."

Brewster thanked him and explained his mission.

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# star's holiday

"I can put you an' your people up here an' feed you while you're makin' the picture," Dad declared. "There'll be no charge. You're welcome for the sake of your company, an' besides, all my life I've had a hankerin'

to see a motion picture made.

"I got upwards o' twenty thousand head o' white-faced cattle scattered over three hundred thousand acres of fine range; I got lots o' good saddle stock an' we can saddle a few buckers if you're lookin' for action. My boys are all good riders an' surprisin'ly intelligent, even if they have got faces that only a mother could love—with the exception o' Keno Bowles, who's young an' most too beautiful.

"The brandin's done, the beef round-up won't start for a month, the hayin' will be finished next week an' the boys won't have much to do for three weeks. So they'll be glad to work for you. Make your own deal with them. I'm willin' they should make some extry

money."

"You are very kind," Jerry Brewster murmured. He

was amazed at Dad Tully's generosity.

"I ain't. I'm as hard as a picnic egg, Mr. Brewster,"
Dad replied, and yelled to his Chinese servant to come
in haste with another high ball. "Could you use some
Indians in the picture, Mr. Brewster?" he went on.
"I hadn't figured on any but if

"I hadn't figured on any but if they're real and handy I could use them. Indians are always colorful, and I can rearrange my story to make a part for them. How many have you got?"

have you got?"

Dad Tully waved his hand in the direction of a distant meadow, where, at the edge of some scrub timber, half a dozen tepees stood. About fifty ponies grazed in the

meadow.

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"All that's left o' the Modoc tribe," he said. "I reckon they belong to me—about forty head of 'em, all ages an' sexes. The Modocs," he went on in explanation, "have been sort o' on the outs with Uncle Sam ever since the Modoc war, when the tribe was powerful an' taught the soldiers how to take a joke. They ain't got a reservation an' that's a blessin', because they don't have to suffer under one o' those holy Indian agents."

"On the other hand, not havin' a reservation they don't get no rations from the government, so they use the 70 Ranch for a reservation an' I issue 'em rations in the wintertime. I don't miss the grass for their ponies. They work out their debt hayin', an' a

couple o' the young bucks work for me steady. They're not half-bad riders an' ropers. You an' your friends got any cast-off clothin' you was figurin' on sendin' to the

Salvation Army?"
"Of course we have."

"Send it up to me," old Dad urged. "I got to keep my Indians warm in the wintertime. There's about a dozen bucks in the tribe that are too old to hunt, an' with the young bucks away on jobs in the wintertime the old folks would starve to death if it wasn't for me." He turned fiercely upon Jerry Brewster. "You got to pay my Indians five dollars a day, even if they're only scenery."

Jerry Brewster nodded, smilingly. "Very well, you

picnic egg," he agreed.

"Indians are good people if white folks would only let 'em alone an' not try to civilize 'em," old Dad continued. "There was an Indian agent down to the Round Valley Reservation that got shocked by the careless way Indians take each other in marriage, although at that they're right faithful an' deevorce is rare. When they can't get along together they quit quiet an' peaceable an' the children ain't no social problem. You see, they belong to the tribe just the same as they always did.

"But this agent resolves to change all that, so he issues an order to the effect that on an' after that date the Indians of his reservation will no longer commit adultery, which is what he calls marryin' after the tribal custom. No, sir-ee. They have to go to the



county clerk an' pay two dollars for a marriage license an' get married regular by a justice o' the peace or a prelate.

a prelate.

"I had some Indian friends livin' down there, but this order riled 'em, so they all come up here to ask my advice in the matter. I advised 'em to forget it an' any time they wanted to get married like white folks I'd perform the ceremony an' give the squaw an' the buck ten dollars each, which the same was

highly satisfactory.

"T'm a-goin' to marry
Hattie the Hustler an' Johnny Skunk Tallow next fall.
Johnny's my line-rider an' Hattie's a half-breed an' as
pretty as that meadow in springtime. I call her Hattie
the Hustler because she's the up-an'-goin'est gal I ever
did see. She sort o' mothers the tribe.

"The responsibility o' the old folks sure does bear down on Hat'ie. You might make her your leadin' lady an' give her ten dollars a day. She'll furnish her own horse an' wardrobe. She's smart. She's been to school." "You say she's pretty?"

"She's better than that. She's regal, mister. When she walks she makes you think of old Spanish waltzes. She's beautiful."

"If she stacks up and I can get her to work the way I want to she'll do for the factor's daughter. I don't need any stars in my picture, Mr. Tully. I'm only featuring one star and that's a big German police dog named Oscar."

"We'll have to tie up the Indian curs when Oscar comes," Dad Tully decided.

Jerry Brewster and his pilot stayed all night at the 70 Ranch, made due investigation of all the natural facilities, including Hattle the Hustler, who more than fulfilled expectations, and then flew away to Hollywood to get the cameramen, Oscar and other needful impedimenta. By the time he returned he had his story written and in continuity form and the making of the

picture commenced immediately.

Dad Tully glanced at Oscar once and shook his silvery head. "I wouldn't trust him as far as I could see him," he declared. "When Oscar ain't workin', Mr. Brewster, you keep him on a chain. It just don't lie in nature that a dog with as much volf in him as Oscar can resist the sight of a frolickin' calf."

"He's as gentle as a setter," Brewster said.

"He'd love to kill his own meat just the same. Are you sure them tame timber wolves you got won't quit their jobs to wrastle a calf down?"

"They're as tame as dogs, Mr. Tully. Neither Oscar nor the wolves has ever seen a calf."

"They got a new thrill comin' to 'em," said Dad Tully. Nevertheless, despite Dad's suspicions, both Oscar and the wolves behaved themselves with meticulous nicety. In fact, they proved to be better actors than Dad Tully's cowboys and Indians, if we except from the Indians lovely Hattle the Hustler. In the Hollywood costume Jerry Brewster provided, Hattle was ravishing, and when the reports came back from the studio, to which the exposed film was sent each day to be developed, Jerry

Brewster was more than ever convinced that he had

indeed unearthed a pearl of great price.

The studio people wired that she was a natural; that she was gorgeous; that she would knock their eyes out. His business manager urged Jerry Brewster to sign her up at once on a long-term contract, but when he broached the subject to Hattie she, like a dutiful child, referred him to Dad

But Dad shook his head. "I'd druther killher with a dull ax," he declared. "Hattie's just a simple child o' nature. Put her in Hollywood an' make her rich an' famous an' she'd forget all about Johnny Skunk Tallow. Then Skunk Tallow would get morose an' take to drink, most likely, an' get in jail an' I'd have to bail him out an' a good linerider would be sp'iled.

"Hattie's happy in her environment. Take her away from it an' she might be unhappy; bring her back again an' she'll be unhappier still. The request is denied."

The making of the picture proceeded. It was threequarters done when one day they were shooting a scene high up in the wooded hills, at an old cabin where one of Dad's outposts resided. Hattie the Hustler, abducted by the villain, was locked in the cabin. Oscar, having taken up the trail, had reached the cabin door and was giving every evidence, not only of his knowledge that Hattie was a prisoner there, but that he



would, in a few seconds, solve the problem of getting her out. To that end he had commenced digging furiously under the mudsills, when clear and mellow over a neighboring hill came the baying of foxhounds.

Instantly Oscar backed out of the hole he was excavating, cocked one ear in the direction of the baying and looked unutterably wise.

and looked unutterably wise.

"Get that," Brewster yelled. "He thinks he hears
the villain approaching. Good! He's turning around;
he's getting ready to greet the abductor—great! Look
at his back hackles come up! Confound those hounds.
They're coming this way. They'll spoil the scene."

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Across the clearing a big buck bounded. Thirty seconds later two foxhounds broke from the woods, baying furiously. With rare canine instinct Oscar saw that those foxhounds were no match for the speed of that buck. And he had seen the buck and noticed that it was running. And Oscar had been trained to pursue things that ran—in pictures.

So he barked, leaped in the air, came down, hesitated, then yielded to a primitive instinct that all his life had been hidden under the routine of a false existence. Uttering two short and rapturous barks he committed the unpardonable crime of the cinema. He quit in the middle of a scene! A flurry of dirt and leaves and he had joined the foxhounds. In a moment the forest had swallowed him. He was resolved to stop that buck!

Dad Tully gazed after the absconder. "Good-by, Oscar," he murmured. "If this be treason, old pup, take my advice an' make the most of it."

"He'll come back," Jerry Brewster assured the old cattleman, albeit Jerry was annoyed. For the first time in Oscar's life the dog had paid no attention to his master's shrill whistle.

"Well, he won't work no more today, Mr. Brewster, so we'd better mosey along back to the house. If Oscar should return he'll come back to the ranch; if he stops by here, my man will tie him up."

Jerry Brewster was obstinate, however.

stinate, however. He waited for Oscar until sundown, but Oscar was still A. W. O. L. Indeed, he was A. W. O. L. all the following week; nor did a hundred cowboys and Indians, scattered wide over the countryside, catch a glimpse of him.

Eventually Dad Tully saw some buzzards circling and repaired there with Brewster. Their noses presently led them to two dead foxhounds and the skeleton of a buck.

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"Oscar caught
the buck," Dad decided. "He had quite a run
—'most twenty mile. The buck was fresh when
he passed us, so it was quite a chase until
Oscar struck open goin'. He pulled the buck
down an' commenced to enjoy a meal of venison; presently the two tired foxhounds came
by

by.

"Reckon they were hungry enough to want in on the party, so a fight developed and Oscar killed both foxhounds, which was foolish of him because the foxhounds would have led him back to civilization. Remember, we had a heavy rainfall the night Oscar left us an' that blotted out his trail so he couldn't smell his way back. Bein' a hothouse plant, so

to speak, I doubt if he has an instinctive sense of direction, like a country dog"

"These foxhounds probably chewed

him up so badly before he killed them that he crept away to die," Brewster mourned.

"You're as bad as Oscar," Dad complained gently. "These foxhounds never had a chance. They show one slash per each—this hound's had his innards ripped out an' the other had his jug'lar vein tore out. It was a short fight an' Oscar got all the breaks. An' he isn't dead, or the buzzards would tell us where he is. My jedgment is that he's wanderin' around, helpin' himself to fresh venison whenever he feels hungry. I'll bet he's enjoyin' himself."

"Well, I have him insured, but against death, not disappearance. To collect my insurance I'll have to prove the corpus delicti."

"You'll have to prove it in a hurry, then. The carcass





pair by pair, in the large square room

of Peralta's place in Granada.
"I will make her famous," thought

Roberto Santiago, the celebrated artist.
"She shall have pearls and diamonds. At the same age Augustina herself was not more beautiful or more Greek."

Domingo del Antro hurried forward and introduced himself as the father of the two talented children who were making their début. But Domingo needed no introduction to Santiago.

"I could tell you many things about yourself," said the artist. "Of your hospitality, for instance, to little

strangers washed up on the beaches of the sea."

It was no affair of the police, but Santiago knew the story of the small American boy who had been adopted into this family of Spanish gypsies. In a garden of the Generalife, the small boy, Buzo, had told him of that morning on the coast of Spain when the Del Antro children had come dancing and laughing to meet a little waif from the sea, and had all kissed him-first Estrella and Astron, the two eldest, and then Bastante and

Concepción and Cuchillo, and the littlest girl, Mosca the Fly. And then they had all raced with him up to the cave where they lived with Mother Perfección and Father Domingo.

Domingo had said that it would be lucky to keep the small boy with yellow hair, and to rear him as one of their own. That person always looked ahead, and he was teaching his sons to fight bulls, and all the children to dance and sing and play the guitar like true Spanish gypsies. Looking ahead, Domingo had seen Estrella one of the most finished dancers in all Spain.

Roberto Santiago had taken a real fancy to the small boy; but with Estrella he had fallen suddenly and completely in love.

He did not know his exact intentions concerning her, but at least he could paint a portrait of the gypsy dancing girl that would make her famous, and when Estrella came to his studio, the small boy was permitted to eith lear pie self

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and the expenses of Astron's marriage to his cousin Concha were more than made up by the inflow of money. For Buzo and the other children, running wild in a city given over to merrymaking, it was a beautiful life, and full. In Seville, at that season of the year, it seemed that nobody actually went to bed.

On the last day before the week of real bullfighting, Astron fought his first threeyear-old bull. You would have thought that he and his bull had rehearsed every step and pass of their death dance together, and as they faced each other at the end he could be heard speaking to the bull and praising him.

"Good, brave bull . I am sorry!" he said, and lunged-and as the bull went down as if struck by lightning, Domingo knew that the headship of his family had passed into younger hands.

to come too. "The child," Santiago explained, "has either a talent for art or an impulse toward it. He will learn a little from watching me."

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When the portrait was finished, a genuine master-piece, the artist begged Estrella to marry him, and she went down the worn stairs of the studio smiling to herself. She knew that she was going to be a great success, and that when she felt the need of a lover she would be able to choose from among painters and musicians, millionaires from America and grandees of

And eventually I shall pick on some handsome young man of my own race, and give myself to him under the stars, and bear him one dozen children, and die in rags . . . But it will be worth it!"

On the road again, the Del Antros hurried forward to Seville for the great festival of Holy Week. It was a busy and triumphant season for the gypsy family,

HE crowds were on their way to the bullfight, but Domingo. Perfección and the three younger members of the Del Antro family, Buzo, Cuchillo and Mosca, still lingered at the last café on the right just before you cross the river. Perfección had not finished her long glass of coffee and milk, and Domingo was having his shoes dusted.

He was wearing the low white canvas Basque shoe with the rope sole and the cross ties, a blue Basque hat, a well-cut blue serge suit, a shirt of lighter blue with a stick pin and sleeve links of red coral.

He gave out an air of great well-being, prosperity and self-satisfaction. He had gained weight, and no

longer dreaded the sight of a policeman.

The years were touching Perfección lightly. Her black hair was brushed back smoothly from her fine brows. She wore a black silk dress with an embroidered shawl. She was quiet and smiling. She could afford to be; Astron was not fighting on that day, and a telegram from Paris reported a huge success for Estrella. Bastante was carving his own career. Concepción had married a fine young gypsy and had just been delivered of a son. Mother and child were doing well.

There was indeed no fly in the family ointment.

The family no longer lived in caves and wagons. Señor Brasa, the camel, had been sold. Señor Cochino, the baboon, no longer picked bou-quets of flowers and abandoned them in inaccessible places. He had died of the 'flu. Mosca was growing tall and pretty. She was still a little girl, of course, with about six inches of petticoat and long brown arms and legs. but she could dance beautifully and many predicted that she would one day be more famous than her famous sister.

Buzo and Cuchillo in a year or two more would be young men. In the meanwhile they were promising lads. They knew bull-fighting from A to Z, and were learning to play pelota. For this game Buzo was said at the Frontón to have a distinct talent. When he got to be a man, he might even make a living at it.

But Buzo had still another talent which might stand him in good stead. He had always a sketchbook with him and his drawing hand was seldom idle. He could draw anything now, quickly, accurately, and when he pleased, with humor.

While Perfección was finishing her coffee, he made a charming drawing of her, and another of Mosca in which the length of her arms and legs, the shortness of her skirt and the bigness of her wide dark eyes were all exaggerated.

Perfección having finished, and Domingo having paid the check and tipped the waiter, the family got to its feet and moved sedately toward the bridge and the bull ring. Domingo could well have afforded to hire a carriage, but he preferred to walk. Walking brought a distinguished person, such as himself, into more intimate contact with other distinguished persons.

A beautiful car with two liveried men on the box became momentarily blocked in the traffic on the bridge, and Domingo had an opportunity to exchange pleasant greetings with the Ambassador of the United States. This one, who had made friends with thousands of persons in Spain, high, low, grandees, shopkeepers, peasants, fishermen, asked after Estrella and Astron.

The car moved on, and the Ambassador, leaning from the window, called back to Buzo and Cuchillo. "Be



C "One day when old Jacinto was very drunk," they have in Ubeda. After that I did all

good boys," he said. "Don't do anything that I wouldn't

And Domingo, well puffed with pride, explained in a loud voice that the Ambassador was a very great man. And when Mosca wanted to know what the Ambassador had done to make himself so great he told her

had done to make himself so great, he told her.

"When the dictatorship was established," said Domingo, "the King was in San Sebastián, and it was rumored that the train upon which he was about to leave for Madrid would be destroyed by dynamite. When the Ambassador heard this, he remembered that his

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Gene "A serpe strict government had instructed him to remain close to the King, and snatching a revolver, he rushed to the station and boarded the train just as it was pulling out of the station. That was brave."

"Was the train destroyed by dynamite?" asked Mosca.

is no longer bought and sold. Such money as is collected from the people is at once returned to them in the form of improvements, useful to all. The art of bull-fighting has enjoyed a genuine revival. In addition to the old and incomparable Belmonte, there are such

newcomers in the ring as Marcial Lalanda, Niño de la Palma and Litry."

"How about young Astron del Antro?" called some friendly listener

"That," said Domingo with a great show of modesty, "is not for this person to answer. But whatever his rank as a matador, he is known to be a good son to his father."

It was early and groups of people still lingered on the long flights of stone steps by which the bull ring of San Sebastián is best approached. To most of these people Domingo seemed to be well known, and his slow ascent of the steps was in the nature of a personal triumph. There seemed to be a general and gratifying desire to learn his aninions on the weather, the situa-tion in Morocco and bullfighting, and he supplied these opinions, for the most part shrewd and optimistic, with great generosity.

Morocco? That was bad, lives and treasure. Nothing to gain -no cities-no fields. But whatever Don Alfonso and General de Rivera had put their minds to had turned out satisfactorily to themselves and Spain. It would be the same with Morocco. When? Soon The weather? Wasn't the wind in the right quarter? The weather would continue to be cool and beautiful.

But Domingo's opinions on bull-fighting and bull-fighters were so

many and so voluminous that they cannot be quoted. After some good-natured pushing and struggling, the family reached the seats in Tendidos I on the shady side of the bull ring, and Domingo noted with amusement that an adjoining block of some thirty or forty seats was occupied by English and Americans, who had come over from French Biarritz to see their first, and in most cases, their last bullfight.

He called the boys' attention to an Englishman

with a flery red face and white eyebrows and mustache.

"That is an Englishman, a (Continued on page 138)



Buzo told Kittywinks, "I took our painting materials and copied a Virgin the painting, while Jacinto continued as before to do all the drinking."

"It was," said Domingo, "and so were the King and the Ambassador."

After that Mosca did not speak to anyone for twenty

And Domingo, not willing to give up at once a topic which was agreeable to him, talked about the advantages which had accrued to Spain under the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera.

"A regular gypsy, that fellow," he said, "wise as any serpent. Spain has now a police force which attends strictly to matters which pertain to the police. Justice

# By Edward Hope Detective, by

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

BATT hated meeting strangers. All the way down on the train from New York Batt had cursed himself for allowing Gertrude Hudson to lure him to her week-end party. He had been well aware that the whole thing would be an ordeal.

And now he found it wasn't.

Of the six strangers he had met, only one made him uncomfortable. That was the girl who was now sitting at his right. She was entirely too beautiful. Her eyes were too dark and dizzying. Her voice was too musical, and her bare shoulders too sleek for his peace of mind. He had been unable to look at her, so far, without having a shivery sensation at the back of his neck, but perhaps that would pass upon further acquaintance. He rather hoped not ....

All he knew about the girl was that she was Olivia Dale, and a cousin of Gertrude Hudson's and worth the train trip and anything else that might befall. And as it was only Friday evening and she would be living in the same house with him for at least two days more, he was unconcerned about his lack of information.

For the others about the table, Batt approved them. Gertrude, his hostess, he had always liked, and she was livelier and more charming since she had divorced Tommy. Mr. Gerrish was a trifle gruff, and his wife was too thin for a woman so unhappily close to middle age. Mr. Burnett might have been less hearty, and his wife, you could see, was one of those young married women who would become cute at the sketchiest provocation.

The other unattached young man, Lawler, who was seated across from Batt, at Gertrude Hudson's left, labored under the dual disadvantage of being too goodlooking and too self-assured. He also had what seemed to Batt a boorish way of meeting Olivia Dale's eyes with his, and seeming to exchange messages with her.

his, and seeming to exchange messages with her.

Even without speaking, he conveyed the impression that there were intimacies between himself and this beautiful girl. Batt was inclined to believe that this manner must be annoying to the girl at his side, but he dared not look at her to find out.

Still, Batt was at ease. The others kept the conversation going. They laughed a lot. And they left him pretty much to himself until Gertrude decided to spoil it all.

"Mr. Battersby is a celebrity, you know," she said.
"Oh, please," protested Batt, and took refuge in his glass of water. He felt that goggle-eyed expression creeping over his face. He felt his ears turning red and sticking out, a thing he wouldn't have had happen for the world in the presence of Olivia Dale. "Please."
Gertrude arched her neck. "You don't think I'm go-

Gertrude arched her neck. "You don't think I'm going to introduce them to you and not get credit?" she pouted. And then, to the others: "Batt is J. J. Battersby. The J. J. Battersby. You've all read him.

> "Ah-ha!" exclaimed Batt light were the prints of two it showed two more prints.

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'The Higby Murders,' 'The Three Oaks Mystery,' 'The Dripping Dagger,' and, of course, 'The Deadly

The Gerrishes and the Burnetts and Lawler paused to look at the celebrity. Presumably Olivia Dale looked, too, but he hadn't the courage to turn to her. He was thankful for a maid who arrived at his side with a platter of lobster patties. He concentrated on that.

The thin Mrs. Gerrish leaned sidewise to see him past the flowers. "Oh, did you write those? Really?" "I remember "The Deadly Thing," said Burnett from the far end of the table. "What's that detec-

"Year of the table." What's that detective fellow's name, the one who always solves the mystery when the police can't? Putts? Potts?"

"Don't be absurd, Jim," Mrs. Gerrish burbled.

"Kenyon Pitts, of course."

"That's it," Burnett agreed, as Batt finally succeeded it describes the succeeded in ceeded in dumping a patty, upside down, on his plate. "Mighty amusing. Mighty amusing. Yep."
"Amusing?" Mrs. Gerrish caught him up. "Wonderful. Perfectly wonderful."

"Oh, really," said Batt weakly.

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"I don't think Batt claims to be any better than Poe," said Gertrude, "but he is the most popular mysterystory writer in the country."

"Are you really?" asked the girl at his right.

E MANAGED not to squirm. "Oh, the last couple of books have gone pretty well. That was a formula."
"Of course," she said, "I've read two or three of your stories. I remember 'The Higby Murders' very well. It kept me lying awake all one night. But I thought you'd be older and-sort of austere. With whiskers."

He managed to smile at her. Imbecilely, he felt sure. Then he tried a bold piece of strategy that had worked once or twice: "What's your business, Mr. Lawler?"

"I haven't any," Lawler smiled. "I dabble in Wall Street a little. And travel. Amuse myself."

"He loafs," said Olivia Dale, disapproving. "But who wouldn't?" asked Batt. Yet the ruse was unsuccessful.

"What I've never understood," Gertrude said, "is how

melodramatically. In the disk of white galoshes. As the light traveled inland, "So this is where they landed," said Olivia.

Batt thinks up all those horrible murders. He's the mildest man in the world, you know."
"They're the most wonderful stories I've ever read,"

burst in Mrs. Gerrish.
"Oh, now!" Mrs. Burnett protested. "Do you think they're quite true to life, Marian? Do you, Mr. Battersby?"

But Mrs. Gerrish would not allow Batt to answer. "True to life? Read your newspapers! You'll find just such crimes happening all the time."

Her husband seemed to have listened to all he could

"What I've never understood, Battersby, now that we're on the subject," he said, "is why you fellows never let a regular detective solve a mystery. Why do you always have to have a society leader or a newspaper man or a collector of antiques for the amateur detective who shows up the police?"

Batt fumbled with his words. "Possibly—ah—because we want more colorful leading characters than can be made of ordinary policemen. Possibly because we like to set up problems that would be beyond the reasoning powers of police detectives. But—ah—that's business, and it will bore you."

"If I could understand your amateurs," continued

Gerrish, "your stories wouldn't bore me as they do. I don't mean only yours. All mystery stories. Why should an amateur be able to do things that are beyond the reasoning powers of a professional?"

"The police," said Batt, measuring his words for this antagonist, "especially the police in the United States, start as bruisers, and the brave and dutiful bruisers are made detectives. Bravery and dutifulness have very little to do with the value of a detective."

"What has, then?"
"Now, Howard!" his wife protested.

"No, no. They're good questions," said Batt; then to Gerrish: "The good detective is a man who can observe completely and scientifically, and can reason logically from his observations. That takes high-grade intelligence and the kind of mental training a policeman doesn't get."

"Just the same," said Gerrish, unconvinced, "I'd rather have a New York detective sergeant working on a crime for me than any ten mystery-story writers you care to name."

"There's a point," said Lawler.

"Not that I've ever tried detective work," Batt admitted, "but you have to grant that Conan Doyle dug up evidence enough to get that What's-his-name out of prison, after he'd served fourteen years or something on police ideas. The man was innocent."

"Now, in "The Higby Murders'--" Mrs. Gerrish began hopefully.

"It seems to me," said Lawler, on Gerrish's side now, but not so vehement in his argument, "that you fellows make it pretty easy for yourselves. set up a nice crime and a nice lot of concealed clues, and then you have only to lead your amateur to them, while the police pass them by. Don't you think so, Livvy?" He even had a nickname for Olivia Dale.

"If the police were as nit-witted as you make them out, they'd never catch a murderer," growled Gerrish.

"The police are extremely nit-witted," said



¶."Our amateur detectives are pure fancy," said Batt. "And we fix our plots so they have all the luck." "I've read enough of your books to know that isn't fair to you," said Olivia.

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¶ "I've had enough of cards," Mrs. Burnett said, "but I'll walk out in the moonlight with almost anybody." "Will I do?" asked Lawler. "The full May moon comes but once a year."

Batt. "Perhaps the ideal amateurs that appear in mystery stories don't really exist, but-

"Ah!" breathed Gerrish.

Burnett's big voice took the air: "Mr. Battersby aims to divert and entertain, and he seems to be pretty successful in that line.'

"He has given me plenty of creeps," said the soft voice

of Olivia Dale at Batt's elbow.

The defendant turned his head to her and felt a shiver he hoped could not be seen, as his eyes met hers. His ears, which had been paling and sinking back into place during the argument, stood out again, fiery red. He gulped and turned hastily back to the battle.

"Why don't you break all precedents," asked Lawler, "and write a detective story with a detective as the

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"Because detective stories are games of the intelligence. It would be too great a stretch of the imagina-

gence. It would be too great a stretch of the imagination to grant any decent sort of intelligence to a man who has spent his life as a policeman."
"Bosh!" exploded Gerrish. "What about the intelligence of people who will read about your amateur, Botts or Bitts, or whatever you call him?"
Gertrude Hudson relieved the situation.
"What I object to, Batt," she said, "now that we're all telling our objections, is the way you make it seem as if the world were teeming with theyes and murder. as if the world were teeming with thieves and murderers all of 'em just housebreaking and murdering twenty-four hours a day." She raised the loop of her pearl necklace in diamond-decked fingers. "Now, these pearls are worth pretty nearly as much as this whole house and all the grounds around it. Of course I don't wear them all the time, and I don't go around to strange places with them, but I wear them at home whenever I feel like it, and when I'm not wearing them, I keep them in the little one-horse bank in Strykersburg. And nobody's ever tried to steal them yet."

"Oh, aren't they beautiful!" gurgled Mrs. Gerrish.
"They were my mother's . . . But I mean to say, Batt,

the world is much more honest and decent than you detective-story writers would make people think."
"Oh, no," Batt protested. "We don't discuss all the

people who are not robbed and murdered. There are lots more mysterious crimes in a year than there are mystery books.

"And most of 'em are solved by regular police detec-

tives," said Gerrish.

"One more word out of you on that subject and you won't have any brandy after dinner or any high balls with bridge," said Gertrude Hudson. "And, by the way, who knows the penalty for being set, doubled and vulnerable, four tricks?" That turned the conversation.

J. J. Battersby—the J. J. Battersby—became cheerful

and confident again. He even managed, before the meal was finished, to look into Olivia Dale's eyes without trembling, and to strike up a few minutes of quiet talk

with her.

Barr found himself at a table with Mrs. Burnett and her cuteness, Mr. Gerrish, who had now definitely declared himself anti-Battersby (a new passage of words having occurred over the brandy before they joined the ladies), and Olivia Dale, who merely by being in his

line of vision, was enough to ruin his game.

He overbid and underbid; he led from the wrong hand and was called to account; he dreamed when he should have been leading; and once, when Olivia said something to him and moved her eyebrows in an ever-soconfusing suggestion of intimacy, he reneged and was duly penalized, together with the indignant Gerrish,

who was his partner at the moment.

He was relieved when, at one o'clock, Gertrude Hudson called from the other table that they were to finish that rubber, and then pause for refreshment. Not, he thought to himself, that he could make a worse ninny of himself in Olivia Dale's sight if they should play for

Sandwiches were brought (Continued on page 152)



Mollie Panter-Downes

EFORE the extraordinary conduct of Clara Kid, everyone had heard of the Kid Sisters. Their public lives were everybody's property-if they had any private life they kept it dark. Colored (highly colored) limelights continued to focus on them even when they had left the checked rompers, the kid socks and the famous hair bows behind in the dressing

They had that mysterious quality which tickles the world's fancy-some spice of gorgeously earthy diablerie lifting them out of mere "prettiness"; some tremendous store of vitality crackling in those flery red curls. A jaded summer-night audience would sit up involuntarily when those hoarse little voices rasped:

"I've gotta cutie I'd like you to meet, Oh, baby! he's divi-i-hine . . .

If you happened to be strolling through any casino along the Riviera you stood a good chance of seeing them at the tables. Sitting side by side, stacking up the louis like a couple of inspired monkeys, it was only by seventeen three-inch diamond bracelets and a cabochon emerald slightly larger than a walnut that you were able to distinguish Glory from Clara. They were one of the sights of the baccarat rooms—their expressionless little painted faces, their endless chain of cheap cigarets, and the crowd six deep behind the chairs murmuring:

"Can you see that emerald? Come a little closer, dear, and have a peep under the colonel's elbow . . . Yes, Goldstein found them both singing in a cabaret show on the East Side . . . Tumbling about a Montmartre gutter ten

years ago ... I knew them when . . ."

They spoke, it was true, a vile and inimitable slang of both Paris and New York, but in an accent thick with the smoke of an English provincial town. A compact little bunch of Kids, Ma, Pa and Ed, went most places with them. Old man Kid—you must have seen his photograph at some time or other—a small depressed-looking man with drooping eyelids and mustaches, "snapped" at Deauville with Glory or Clara, or

both, hanging on his arm.

They were excellent daughters. They were excellent daughters. They built their parents a hideous red-brick palace at Broadstairs, gave them a handsome car and a chauffeur of whom they were frightened. Until their death Ma and Pa Kid rode about like royalty in an imported coupé de ville, and ate caviar at the Ambassadeurs when they would have preferred, if they had dared, to sneak around the corner for a tasty packet of fish and chips.

They were well trained with reporters. had always been uncommon light on her feet, and when Clara was only a little shaver she used to take off the neighbors until you could of died. Ma would never forget-would you, Pa?-the day they got their first

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Such dear little girls, both of them—but then they still were, wasn't that so,

a? Just regular Kids! . . . The newspapers ate it. Then there was young Ed. If the miracle of Glory and Clara had not cropped up where it did, young Ed would have worked eight hours a day in a bottle factory. As it was, he hung round wherever the family happened to be, doing nothing in particular, playing cards and buying his friends drinks.

A HANDSOME young man, smiling at the world through a sulky length of lash. He had a weakness for light suits and large diamond scarf pins-a weakness, too, for a certain type of skirt that once or twice had turned out somewhat expensive. But the family indulged and adored him. Clara and Glory might be drawing four figures a week and having their name in six-foot electrics—it was Ed, with his dark, petulant good looks, who was the real glory of the Kid family.

They were constantly hauling him out of the financial

scrapes into which he was always landing. That charmingly weak mouth of his was a clear signpost.

If the nearest you ever got to the Kid Sisters was the fourth row of the stalls or a sign in red electrics, you might be surprised to see them in their home life away from the theater or the baccarat tables. Home for them meant London, Paris or New York-a succession of ornate hotel suites or expensive furnished apartments where Pa could "potter round," Ma sit about in rocking-chairs eating things out of paper bags, and Ed bring his friends for a drink.

Their surroundings were always eloquent of a peculiar kind of sluttish magnificence. Somewhere around noon the family breakfasted together, Ma Kid in curlpapers, Clara and Glory in slightly soiled ostrich-trimmed wrappers with their arms stiff in diamond bracelets. The rooms were perpetually filled with noisy people, masses of beautiful flowers, and the smell and ash of old man Kid's cigars.

Later on, when the girls departed for the theater, in a huge canary-yellow car, quite (Continued on page 114)

#### The Old Man Gleans his Revolver

HEY never spoke of the years. Between them was the fiercely maintained fiction of youth; eternal, passionate, virile youth.

When she lagged on her ridiculous heels he would pause, breathless and asthmatic, and they would admire the view.

"Charming, eh, darling?"

"Lovely. The sun on the river—"
She would ease her small feet in her tight slippers, frivolous with buckles, and look for a bench; and, seated, she would slide her feet out of her pumps, and he would take in long breaths of air. He would look out over the river, so as not to see what she had done, and she never slipped her arm through his until he had ceased that old fight of his for air.

Sometimes people passing stared at them; the little old lady, with her dyed hair, her bangles, her unutterably frivolous hat. Her loose throat was secured by a wide band of black velvet, with a paste buckle in front, and this she wore very tight, so that at night there was the mark of it on her neck, a red rectangle which would not rub away. On warm days the band made her hot, and small thin trickles

of the black paste she used on her eyebrows and lashes would extend down onto her cheeks.

Then he would say: "There is a tiny smudge of soot

on your cheek, dearest."

She would get out her mirror and wipe off the stain, while he gazed out at the panorama of life which passed them as they sat on their bench. It moved so fast, so incredibly fast. There were days when he felt slightly dizzy from it, although he never told her. He

would not wear glasses.
"I am dirty," she would say, repairing the damage. "They burn so much soft coal. There ought to be a

And as if to support this fiction between them, to bolster up her pride, sometimes she would lean toward him and flick imaginary soot from his stiff white col-

was very straight, very aquiline, very old. From H the rear, as he marched along, he gave a jaunty impression of youth—his flat back, his swinging cane, his neat spats. And before her he never relaxed. His chest was out, his shoulders squared.

Crossing streets, he had to resist the impulse to offer her his arm. She did not like him to offer her his arm. It was as though she was old and needed help.

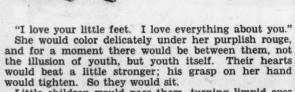
Not that she told him that. She said it was quaint; quaint and old-fashioned.

"Nobody does it, dear."

"It is those heels of yours," he would grumble. "They are deadly, and with things moving so fast-

"You would hate me in anything else. You know you would."

From under the mascaro she would glance up at him coquettishly, and he would look around quickly and then kiss her beringed hand. So many rings, one after another; little diamonds, scraps of sapphires sapphires were her birth stone-baby pearls.



Little children would pass them, turning limpid eyes

"Look, Annie! Look at the funny people!"

"Hush, for goodness' sake! How often have I told

But for that moment they were armored against intrusion: just the two of them on a park bench, seeing about them, like young lovers, only a shadowy world of no importance.

On lainy days, or when the wind came fiercely down the river, they did not go out. They sat in their tiny apartment, their two chairs by the window, their knees touching. And often he read aloud to her, the stilted romances of their youth.

"My dear master, I am Jane Eyre: I have found you out—I have come back to you."

When he read a line like that she would hesitate in her sewing—she would be making herself some dreadful bit of frippery out of scraps from her trunk—and glance at him, but he would read steadily on. He had not noticed, or if he had-

Years ago she herself had gone away from him. wild impulse, soon regretted. She had gone away with another man. But she had come back again.

He would read on:

"In truth? In the flesh? My living Jane?"
"You touch me, sir—you hold me, and fast enough: I am not cold like a corpse, nor vacant like air, am I?"

Yes, she had come back. It was a long time ago. He had blamed himself as well as her. He had been jealous, and maybe inattentive. He had had to work

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so hard, but that was so they could lay up something for their old age. But it had been hard for him. He had been quieter since. It had done something to his belief in himself. That was why she was so careful

"That's such a nice tle, dear. It matches your eyes."
"You're a ridiculous woman. Matches my eyes, indeed!" And he would draw himself up to his full height and look down at her. "So you like me a little,

do you?"
"I adore you."

But sometimes, at night when he was sleeping, she would think of those old mad days, and feel young and oddly light. She had almost forgotten the other man. She could not even recapture his image. He was unimportant now, save for the one thing. He had desired her. He had loved her madly. Her memory discarded those later days when he had ceased to desire her or

to love her, and clung tenaciously to the rest.

In the morning she would have forgotten, but she would be happy. She would fetch from the trunk some terrible bit of velvet and a cluster of flowers and make herself a hat, and when it was made they would go out for the daily walk, the flowers bobbing, people staring, and a little song in her heart.

She did not know that what she had gained was reassurance: the belief that she could still hold her own man. For that, too, was a part of the fiction between them, built so carefully that now they believed it: that each was still attractive to the other sex, that the men who stared at her curiously needed but a look to follow her, that the young women who eyed him as a relic of some queer past were predatory creatures, bent on luring him from her.

"That's rather a pretty girl, darling," he would say. "She's a trifle fat, don't you think?"

Or:

"That's an interesting man."

"He's not a gentleman."

"Why?

"I don't like the way he looked at you."

She would be secretly delighted, and at the next turning of the path she would glance back. Casually; oh, very casually, but she never fooled him. He would walk on, swinging his stick almost violently. Once she was quite certain that the person who was not a gentleman had halted and was gazing after them.

Perhaps it was because they were so entirely alone. There had never been any children, and they had no money for friends. There were (Continued on page 134)

# The Story So Far:

ACK in the days when young John Rarick, clerking in a hardware store in St. Louis, dreamed his youthful dreams about life, he never had imagined that one day he would become one of the richest men in the world, with the seventy-nine-story Rarick Building as a fitting monument to his genius and the grave responsibility of millions of dollars to dispose of at his death. But after his marriage to Jenny Avery, money came to him in incredible fashion with the phenomenal growth of the Rarick Five and Tens.

With the money came also its inevitable accompani-ment of "things" to smother their love, since Rarick could not understand Jenny's passion for possessions— for herself and her children, Jennifer and Avery. Yet all too soon Jenny discovered that money could not buy

happiness for any of them.

First of all, there was Jennifer, who loved Berry Rhodes and lost him to Leslie Edgerton and for a time thereafter-indeed, until she met Gratton Davies, a rising young playwright-felt that life had lost its savor. Then, Avery, who pleaded for freedom to work out, alone, dreams of the sort that once had been Rarick's. Being denied that road of escape from his rôle of a son of millions, he took the terrifying path of suicide to end his torment, leaving behind him only a pathetic penciled scrawl: "Dears, it was too much."

Swift on the heels of her son's death came a final blow for Jenny Rarick. For young Ramond Lopez, with whom she was finding the love she had missed with Rarick, seemed suddenly to be growing tired of her. The thought kept her face pale with terror, and the sharp pain in her side that had been bothering her of late became more acute. She went, finally, to a specialist, who advised her to spend a week-end at a hos-

pital for observation.

It was after this week-end that Rarick received a peremptory summons to the doctor's office and for the first time wondered whether Jenny's condition was more serious than he had considered it. In his interview with the physician Rarick learned that an immediate operation was necessary. Only the knife could tell whether Jenny's complaint would respond to surgery . . .

ACRED COW," a three-act comedy by Gratton Davies, produced by Internationalists, Inc., failed.

It was a galling failure to Gratton. "Sacred Cow" had been written purposely in the key of high comedy. A burlesque in sheep's clothing; the bray to sound behind the straight-faced baa. Nothing of the sort happened. Gradually but surely, during rehearsals, it seemed to Gratton that his play became broadly the thing he had wanted it to be only inferentially.

"Sacred Cow" as a social satire wore its burlesque on



Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

its sleeve and, failing, carried down with it three years of the work and high hope of its author.

As Gratton, in the few words he had to say about the debacle, remarked, it was not the failure that hurt. A legitimate failure that was a fellow's own, was one matter. But—hang it!—"Sacred Cow" had not been his failure. It had been a failure of interpretation, direction and production.

His own version of "Sacred Cow" still remained to be

Gratton's tongue had been so neatly in his cheek when he wrote that play, and yet all the loud braying had gone over the footlights in his name. In his young, passionately ambitious, rebellious name.

In the eyes of certain of the groups about whose opinions he still cared most, he had written a rather To Gratobvious and old-fashioned slap-stick satire. ton, at that stage, the most damning of all possible indictments was "old-fashioned."

In the eyes of certain critics, he had sprained a wrist trying to be clever, but a wrist that conceivably might

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In lonely, Gratton," said Jennifer. "Are you really, Jennifer, or is it just a dramatic state of mind that seems desirable?" "Lord, you're cold."

some day write the significant comedy of manners that this one seemed to forecast.

In the eyes of the box office, he had committed the fatal sin of failing to entertain.

And so Gratton wore his failure ruefully, if silently. It hurt.

Strangely enough, and bothersome to her because she thought it despicable, a sense of relief welled in Jennifer when Gratton's failure came. But she had not until then realized with what submerged sense of dread she had read the brilliant manuscript, lingered through many of the rehearsals, attended try-outs, and for long hours sat opposite Gratton across a restaurant table after a siege in the theater had been particularly trying or discouraging to him.

Dispassionately, Jennifer desired success for Gratton. But passionately, greedily, almost enviously, she was jealous of it. He was somehow more closely hers while he only skirted achievement. Not that he ever permitted her to cross certain ice barriers of aloofness

in him that baffled and wounded her terribly, but while he was hungry and hankered, she was a sort of selfconstituted wailing wall. He needed her to come to when he was tired and discouraged almost beyond endurance.

He sought her out over their favorite restaurant table in the bow window of a small restaurant opposite the theater or they journeyed down for a kitchenette-brewed luncheon in the quiet of his three small rooms over a bookstore in West Fourth Street or sometimes they had tea out of beautiful little white jade cups in Jennifer's small sitting room.

There was no outside world to lean in. Neither Gratton's world, which was one you wedged into and which would not come to you, nor Jennifer's, which seldom, if ever, played up that kind of street. Gratton came mighty near needing Jennifer, those days of rehearsals, and Jennifer was jealous of her rôle.

His success might snatch it from her, and about Gratton, to Jennifer at least, was something of the fore-ordained success of a single-track mind. There was



C. "Jennifer, if anything unforeseen should happen I want you to be good—and happy. I haven't been either. I'm rotten at moralizing, darling; I've never done much for you except love you and——" "If I'm a mess, I've myself to blame, Mother. Nobody but myself."

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about him, even before he achieved, the aroma of a man who cannot be deterred. He had given up a place in the throne room of a magazine that was rapidly becoming a significant publication without a backward glance, because the time had come, owing to a scanty inheritance, when he could afford to fasten his level eyes upon the goal of his choice.

Gratton wanted to say it in dramatic form. You knew that inevitably sooner or later he would say what he had to say, without compromise. He had

started to do that with his magazine.

Jennifer, in inchoate fashion, sensed this. He was elusive, self-sufficient by nature to a degree that she found terrifying; his success, when it came, would hedge him more securely in a world which he loved a little more than he despised and which he was one day to rebuke brilliantly in his two notable plays— "Marsdon and Son" and "The Tragedy of Laughter."

Gratton wanted one thing, really. To get said this brilliant foment. Jennifer knew that and found it frightening.

She told him so one evening about a month after "Sacred Cow" had gone down to its byno-means ignominious failure. They were at dinner in his rooms, a Japanese student, who came in by the hour, serving them at a table drawn up before the fire.

It was Jennifer who had first suggested these excursions to Gratton's rooms. Their booky, firelit shabbiness rested her; fascinated her a little. They were intimate, lived-in, pur-

poseful rooms.

They pretended no period. They catered to the needs of their owner. The need of a good couch with a lamp at its head. The need of a table with a spacious top for spreading papers. The need of bookshelves that had overflowed into stacks of volumes stand-ing in rows on the floor.

The smell of these rooms was tobacco and wood fire, leather and wire-haired terrier.

When Jennifer had first suggested going there, Gratton had acquiesced at once. As a matter of fact, she had said it out of an indefinable desire to arouse in him some spark of

the personal or protective.

Gratton should have demurred at subjecting her to what so easily might be interpreted as a compromising act. Instead, he casually agreed, in the impersonal

manner characteristic of him.

In all her subsequent visits to his rooms, for meals, for afternoon cocktails, for brief interludes between the exigencies of rehearsal, Gratton never so much as lingered at the business of helping her remove her

Her coming was too impersonal to matter much one way or another. He fell in with her suggestion to dine at a restaurant just as casually. It was as it should be. It was as Jennifer, bruised, would have told you she desired it to be and yet . .

"Are you as self-centered as you seem, Gratton?" she asked him one evening after the Japanese student had departed, leaving them seated over coffee.

"I reckon I are, Jennifer. I think an awful lot of

"You do nothing of the sort. You are interested in everything from better Chinese babies to the decadence of our decade; from the decline of philosophy to, 'Kilts, why plaid?' Movements and causes and literatures and new schools and, to use a grand old phrase of my

father's famous fossil, Doctor Gerkes, who eloped with a Lapp or something off-color, things ideational are your major interests. I want you to be interested in me, Gratt. I may not be ideational, but I'm mighty nice, if I do say it as shouldn't."

"Hang it, Jennifer, I'm not even sure you're nice."
"You mean that, Gratt?"

"I think I do, Jennifer."

"I'm not so sure, either, that I'm nice," she said.
"Wonder if we both mean the same thing by 'nice." "Don't qualify."

"Haven't the slightest intention of it. I don't know whether money has harmed you, Jennifer, but it hasn't made you a nicer person."

"Money-conscious!"

President Hoover

Had a Good Laugh

IT WAS after luncheon at the White House. The President and Irvin Cobb and myself

were still at the table enjoying our cigars. Irvin

had been telling the President about the tour he

made in South America immediately after Mr. Hoover's trip; they were comparing notes on the

things they had seen and the people they had met.

Irvin told his experiences with that droll humor

of his, and I honestly think that the President

had one of the best times he has had since he

I also think that you are going to have one of

the best times of your life when you read in

COSMOPOLITAN Irvin Cobb's account of his trip.

In addition to getting a lot of laughs, you will

get a lot of information; for while Irvin is a humorist, he is also one of the keenest reporters

that ever lived. He gathered facts and figures

Just reading his manuscripts makes me want to go to South America—and I'll bet the story

which are of real importance to all of us.

has the same effect on you.

entered the White House.

"One has to be where you are concerned. Every bit of assurance you have is consciously or unconsciously founded on your recognition of the authority that goes

"Don't qualify." "Confound it, Jennifer, I'm not. That's just it. You cannot imagine that You I would dare not to qualify. That's part of your assurance. But let me go on. Fundamentally sound and fine, but cocksure with a sense of power. Spoiled chiefly because you are spoilable material. Grown simply big and not big simply. Chaser after false gods. Wise-cracker. More self-ful than selfish, but a little of both.

"Clever: Good mind and nothing to do with it. A giver, but considerably more of a Vain, but taker. not without reason. Good intentions. Feeble execution.

personality. A faker. A darling, Jennifer, that's you."
"Yes, Mr. God, but why, since you say that I am fundamentally s. and f., don't you make me over?"
"I haven't the right."

"What if I give it to you?"

"What if you can't?"

"I see. You mean you haven't the right that goes with caring enough to do a big job like that?"

"If you will be personal, I wouldn't be it that cruelly if I were you."

"I'm lonely, Gratton."

"Are you really, Jennifer, or is it just a dramatic state of mind that seems desirable to you?"

"Lord, you're cold."

"What are you lonely for, Jennifer?"

"For the kind of thing you are not saying to me now."

"Well put, my lamb. May you never know more of the reaches of profound loneliness. I know a lonely man, Jennifer. Your father."

"Well," she cried angrily, "well, well, what if he is? So is everybody connected with him. Shut-outs from

one another. And Father, don't you forget it, has done his share of shutting out. All of us have, in our family, I'm afraid. My brother— (Continued on page 205)

with great wealth. Any stock dramatist could write you, Jennifer. You are fundamentally, I think, sound and fine but-

# The Summer Hotel



# by Gluyas Williams



By S. S. Van Dine

Illustration by
G. Patrick Nelson



# The Inconvenient

SEE where Doctor N. L. Lederer, the amateur criminologist, has spoken somewhat disparagingly of the Snyder-Gray case, saying it was commonplace and hackneyed."

John F.-X. Markham, New York's district attorney, leaned forward and lighted a perfecto.

He and Philo Vance and I were seated in the loungeroom of the old Stuyvesant Club, where we had been in the habit of forgathering every Sunday night.

"Quite—quite." Vance yawned and settled himself more deeply in his chair. "Lederer is too well versed in the history of crime to have his hormones agitated by so unoriginal a murder, don't y'know.

"Every country and age has had its Snyder-Gray case. It's amazin' how seriously our great moral dailies took that saturnalia. It was a mere repetition of history—wives eggin' on lovers to dispose of inconvenient husbands. Very annoyin' for husbands, but—voilà l'affaire."

Vance sniffed and shrugged his shoulders; then he took out his cigaret case and deliberately selected one of his Régies. Both Markham and I understood the symptoms—he was about to elaborate his point.

The most famous case of the kind in recent years (he began, indolently blowing a ribbon of blue smoke toward the ceiling) was the Hanika murder in the old Austrian province of Moravia—now Czecho-Slovakia—in 1923.

My word, what a sensation it created in Europe! If it had occurred here in these fair states our tabloid editors would have gone stark mad with ecstasy. It was a greater sensation even than the Bywaters-Thompson case in England the year before—which case, by the by, constituted another almost perfect parallel with the Snyder-Gray affair.

But neither Thompson's stabbing nor Snyder's brutal annihilation contained the racy and astonishin' elements of the Hanika murder.

Aside from its spectacularism, its abnormal pathology and its fascinatin' sex ramifications, there were in it some most illuminatin' psychological factors.

Captain Karl Hanika had served in France with the

Captain Karl Hanika had served in France with the Czecho-Slovakian troops. After the armistice he met a gel named Hilde Charvat. She was not a nice person, Markham—decidedly she was not a nice person. But

she h

Hild a gree posses bottor Hild

Hild Mama can be femme Hild becam that

that cardial conniv

when in Captain an office of and the



PHILO VANCE
Analyzes
a Grime of Passion

Hilde began frequenting teas, theaters and cafés in her mother's company. Captain Hanika made many violent scenes—he was constitutionally jealous.

# Husband

she had qualities. She was the daughter of a shady midwife in Brünn. Her father had died in an asylum in 1914. Not exactly an upliftin' background.

Hilde was then nineteen. From all accounts she was a great beauty—very cold, very blond, extremely self-possessed—the type that has so often been at the bottom of crimes of passion.

Hilde at the time was living with her mother; and Mama's reputation was none too good. In fact, there can be little doubt that the old lady's profession of sage-femme was but a cloak for her real business.

Hilde, after trying her hand at various occupations, became a salesgirl in a phonograph shop—a vocation that offered glowin' opportunities for making male acquaintances. Which she did, I regret to say, with the connivance and even under the guidance of Mama.

Things were going along nicely in the summer of 1921 when Hilde, much against her mother's wishes, married Captain Hanika. Yes! Amazin' as it may seem, Hanika, an officer in the Old Imperial Army, with all its prejudice of caste, wed the daughter of a dubious midwifeand this on a salary of 1400 kronen (about \$42) a month.

What could be hoped from such a marriage, even by the most incorrigible optimist?

Frau Charvat from the first was her son-in-law's bitter enemy, principally, I imagine, because the impecunious young man had been forced upon her by her recalcitrant daughter, who no doubt saw some sort of social stability for herself as the wife of an army officer. Moreover, Frau Charvat had to bear all the costs of the wedding and the honeymoon. Also, she had to pay the captain's debts, and she was forced to supply the money for the furnishings and the upkeep of the newlyweds' household. Hanika's salary was, of course, wholly insufficient.

It was not until after the marriage that he learned of his mama-in-law's subterranean means of livelihood. But there was little that he could do about it in the circumstances. He was willing to endure anything—want, degradation, abuse, shame—rather than suffer the supreme humiliation which a divorce would entail.

You must understand this thing, Markham: the public scandal and the publicity would have been unbearable to a man in Hanika's position. In this country, on the other hand—but let's not become sociological.

Suffice it to say the relationship between Hanika and Frau Charvat was quite comprehensible. He had made her daughter his wife, but he had only contempt for the old lady and her illicit trade. Still, he was forced to live on the proceeds of that trade.

Frau Charvat told Hilde constantly that Hanika was without a sense of obligation or duty toward her and the old woman's continuous urgings and reproaches did

not fail to bear fruit.

After a time Hilde began to grow tired of her husband. He attempted to overcome her indifference by making contributions to the household expenses-which he was invariably forced to reclaim shortly afterwards. Failing in his efforts, he reproached his wife bitterly with her mother's occupation; and she—not being entirely unintelligent—replied that they were both living on its proceeds. Pauvre Karl! Not a stout fella. He could find no escape, even if he had wanted one.

(Vance shook his head dolorously, and permitted himself a theatrical sigh. I knew perfectly well he had no

sympathy for Hanika.)

TILDE now began frequenting teas, theaters and cafés Hilds now began frequenting teas, theaters and cares in her mother's company, and it was not long before she was indulging in "affairs" with her husband's friends. Hanika made many violent scenes—he was constitutionally jealous—and at last, driven almost to

desperation, seriously discussed divorce proceed-ings; and Hilde, at Mama's suggestion, sought to egg him on to a separation by openly flaunting another man in his face. This ruse fail-ing, she went to Prague with her mother and for a while deliberately lived the life of a demimondaine.

But Hanika, notwithstanding the unbearable conditions of his life, could not bring himself to face a divorce. He dreaded a scandal, which would have meant social

ostracism; and above all he dreaded the publicity he would receive as a result of his relationship to his

mother-in-law and her illegal trade.

Such was the sweet and caressin' state of affairs when Johann Vesely, a nineteen-year-old draftsman, entered the tableau. Johann was Hilde's second cousin, a Bohemian from Nosakov. Just how long this youth had been the lady's lover we don't know; but we do know that he was a weak character and that the strong-willed girl had exercised a dominating influence on him from early childhood.

And so the stage was set for a nice morbid crime. On September third, in a field near Skalice-Boskovic, Captain Hanika's body was found. Death had resulted from a pistol bullet entering the skull behind the left ear. A second bullet, also fired from behind, had

pierced the right shoulder.

Hanika had been stationed with his regiment in the little village of Ujezd, where the fall maneuvers were being held, and according to the testimony of his orderly, the preceding evening he had quitted his quarters in the company of an unknown civilian for the purpose of spending the night with his family in Brünn.

The corpse had been dragged from the pathway into an adjacent field. A state trooper had heard the two shots and had made a search of the neighborhood, but it was not until six o'clock in the morning that the body was discovered.

As Hanika had been well liked by his men the police at once eliminated the possibility of his having been murdered by any member of his company, and con-centrated their efforts on unearthing the civilian who had been seen leaving camp with the victim.

It did not take them long to acquire enough data to

lead them to the guilty person. They learned that Hanika's wife, for several days before the murder, had been seen in the company of her cousin Johann Vesely, who had disappeared on the morning of September fourth. It was also ascertained that Vesely had been Hilde's lover, and that the marital relationship between Hilde and Hanika had long been violently strained.

Acting on the supposition that Hilde and her mother could give vital information about the crime and the causes leading up to it, the police arrested the two women.

During the preliminary examination little was learned from them. They were a shrewd pair. But several remarks which they let drop led, a few days later, to the arrest of Vesely, who was hiding in his cousin's house in Selze, Slovakia. The next day it was discovered that on August twenty-eighth he and Hilde had purchased a 6.36 millimeter automatic pistol, and when young Vesely was confronted with this evidence

He stated that he had intended to commit suicide but had been surprised by the police. Even after the pistol had been found in a barn in Selze he passionately denied that either Hilde or her mother had had any knowledge of the crime. He maintained stoutly that he had intended doing away with himself but had decided first to free his lovely cousin from her brutal husband.

So far so good. The story was wholly consistent with

a young lover's pathology. Though a weakling, his amorous impulse powerful, and his one obsessing idea was to protect the object of his erotic visions.

However - and here again we have a consistent psychological manifestation of this neurotic type - the moment the examining magistrate showed him evidence of his inamorata's "affairs" with other men and suggested to him that he had been used as a cat'spaw, he changed his story. You recall, of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EMIL LUDWIG

who made Napoleon and Bismarck live again for us of the twentieth century now brings to

you the greatest American of all time-

the boy, the man, his friends, his foes, his loves, his despairs, his failures, his triumphs-the most human life of Lincoln ever written. It begins in September COSMOPOLITAN.

> course, a similar reversal of sentiment on the part of the corset salesman Gray when he came to the realiza-tion that Mrs. Snyder had been using him for her own

> Another interestin' parallel between the two cases lies in the fact that in both affairs there was a considerable sum of insurance money involved.

> A weak man will commit a crime for a woman provided she convinces him that he is the sole object of her affections; but even the weakest of men will balk at taking tremendous risks merely for a lady's pecuniary aggrandizement.

> And thus it was with young Vesely. The disillusioned youth now affirmed that both his cousin and her mother had repeatedly urged him to kill Hanika, and that, during his last visit to Nosakov on August twenty-fifth, Hilde had inflamed his mind with a recital of Hanika's iniquities, at the same time pleading with him to rid her of her intolerable spouse.

> CURTHERMORE, Vesely asserted that Hilde had suggested the modus operandi of the crime and had assured him that the murder would be regarded as an act of revenge by one of the captain's soldiers.
>
> This second confession of Vesely's probably came near being the truth. In brief it was this:

On August twenty-seventh he went with Hilde to Prague and thence back to Brünn. Hanika had already departed for the maneuvers; and when the projected murder was discussed with Mama Charvat she ap-proved heartily of the plan and persuaded him to lose no time in its execution.

The next morning the pistol was bought. Considerable difficulty had attached to the purchase because neither he nor his cousin had a gun license. But the

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resourceful Hilde had succeeded in borrowing a license from one of her friends.

On their return home Hilde, who was evidently a lady of parts, instructed her doting Johann in the handling and the use of the pistol and, when she con-sidered him sufficiently adept, urged him to proceed at once to Ujezd. Vesely set forth but immediately re-

turned to Hilde, being unable to muster enough courage for the deed. But as the lady finally threatened to shoot her-self if he did not go through with the grisly business, he braced himself and promised to proceed to the act.

august thirtieth Hanika returned On august thirtieth Hanka returned to Brünn; Hilde spent the night with friends and Vesely slept in the waiting room of the railway station. On tember first Hanika returned to On Sepmaneuvers, and Vesely again pledged himself to commit the murder without further ado. Once more, however, he vacillated, his excuse being that when he had sought out his victim Hanika had not been alone.

Hanika again came to Brünn for the night, and Hilde decided that the time had come to work Johann into a frenzy. Accordingly, she locked herself in the bathroom, telling her cousin that she feared her husband would kill her, and Mama Charvat added her quota to the melodrama by informing Vesely that she had heard Hanika cock his revolver.

This wild tale had its effect on the young man, and he set forth upon his jihad, arriving at Ujezd on the morning of September third.

The doomed captain was absent for the day, but at six o'clock that evening he returned to camp. Here Vesely con-fronted him with the news that Hilde Whereupon they set out on foot for the station at Skalice-Boskovic.

The path to the station was narrow, and the two men had to walk in single file. Vesely fell behind and permitted Hanika to lead the way. When a convenient spot was reached Vesely drew out his pistol and, at a distance of about four feet, shot the unhappy husband through the head. The second shot, which had lodged in Hanika's shoulder,

had been fired accidentally.

Vesely then dragged the body into a field and proceeded alone to the station. He arrived in Brünn at eleven o'clock that night. He told the waiting Hilde and her mama what had occurred; but they did not believe him, for he promised them-a most considerate young man!--to commit suicide immedi-

young man!—to commit suicide immediately upon Hanika's demise.

Eventually, though, he convinced the ladies that he had freed the world of the monster who had wrecked their lives; and finally they gave him a hundred kronen for his fare to Selze.

This, then, was the lad's confession, and it formed the basis of the indictment against the two women.

Snyder - Gray, Bywaters - Thompson, Hanika-Vesely—all alike. In each case the murderer was under the domination of a woman.

One of the most interesting points in the Hanika case is the character of Hanika himself. There was an amazin' creature, Markham. Numerous letters creature, Markham. Numerous letters to his wife were read at the trial, and in addition we have a record of his diary—a sniveling but perfectly sincere document entitled: "My Marriage, Its Beginning and Its Curse, Written as Information and as a Warning for Others.'

Hanika appears as a sentimental weakling, full of trite phrases and platitudes concerning his honor as an officer. Withal, he was physically brutal: he states that, at an early age, he broke off all communication with his own mother because, in his absence, she had given away some of his old clothes!

In his diary he tells of pleading with his wife and abasing himself before her. And yet one feels that it was not his heart that was pleading but his erotic

In this lugubrious outpouring of his life Hanika accuses various of his friends of carrying on flirtations with his wife: reproaches her bitterly for her frivolity.

Hilde's attorney, sensing the various prejudices which were aligned against her, asked for a change of venue. But this was denied, and a jury consisting of

local tradesmen was impaneled.

There can be little doubt that public opinion was strongly biased against the young lady. The good men and true who sat in the jury box had little sympathy for the lax moral ideas by which she lived. They were a bit horrified at her admitted feeling of dislike for her husband. The press reflected, as always, the temper of public opinion.

At the same time it must be admitted that the evidence against her was rather black, don't y'know. The purchase of the gun, which was proved independently of Vesely's confession; the strong motive for her wishing her husband out of the way; the monetary advantage which would accrue to her through the insur-ance policy—all these things made her conviction a foregone conclusion.

Hilde testified that Hanika had finally agreed to a divorce, and that therefore she had no motive for his death. But this point was contradicted by several witnesses, mostly friends and comrades of Hanika

Failing in this line of argument, Hilde averred that she had been forced into submission by Hanika's threat of exposing her mother's trade. But in view of his dread of notoriety, this statement

did not seem particularly credible.

It was, of course, not to be expected that the practical, hard-headed jurymen would give any weight to the psychological considerations arising out of Hilde's upbringing and premarital life. And still, such consideration might have had a definite influence on their decision.

The evidence against Frau Charvat was much weaker than that against Hilde. It depended almost entirely on Vesely's confession and testimony.

Vesely appeared guilty chiefly through the brutality and premeditation of the crime, which, after all, was committed whilst removed from his cousin's influence. But it cannot be denied that there were several mitigating circumstances in his favor. His extreme youth, the gen-eral weakness of his character, the girl's complete domination over him and the total absence of any plausible motive—these things had their influence on the court.

Vesely's obvious jealous frenzy should have led the jury to scrutinize his ac-cusations against Hilde with the greatcusations against finde with the great-est care. But this does not seem to have been done. Throughout the trial the tendency was to believe Vesely and to disbelieve the two women. As is custom'ry in Continental crim-inal proceedings, the trial brought about several dramatic confrontations between

the lovers, with their accompanying accusations and counter-accusations.

The result of the trial was that Vesely and Hilde were found guilty of premeditated murder, and that Frau Charvat was found guilty as an accessory before the fact. All three defendants had, according to the jury's findings, acted from base and dishonorable motives—a supplementary finding peculiar to Continental procedure.

The judges--in Europe judges have a very wide discretion in determining punishments—sentenced Hilde to death, Frau Charvat to twenty years of hard labor, and Vesely to three years of hard labor. In the case of Vesely the judges allowed him the lowest legal limit.

Both Hilde and her mother appealed the sentence; and, in the case of Vesely, the State itself questioned the judge's leniency. The Court of Appeals con-firmed the sentences of the two women and raised Vesely's sentence to six years.

Immediately following the trial Hilde confessed to having been privy to the murder, but now she turned upon her mother and accused the old lady of hav-ing been the sole instigator of the crime.

On the strength of this confession—which was, by the by, as intrinsically consistent as the confession of her paramour—Masaryk, the President of the Republic, commuted Hilde's sentence to fifteen years of hard labor .

A depressin' case, but not original. And nota bene, Markham: Hilde, like Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Snyder, was convicted largely because she had used her influence to turn a lover into a murderer. And it was on the strength of this influence that all three women were convicted. Moreover, in all three of these famous cases the defendants were tried

simultaneously, and all were convicted. No, no. The crime of passion is never original.

ANCE sighed regretfully, and shifted

Vance signed region lazily in his chair. "Most unfortunate," Markham commented with a trace of sarcasm. a connoisseur of crime you must suffer abominably."

"It's my æsthetic sensitivities, old dear," Vance drawled. "However, I must admit, don't y' know, that the simplest and most rudiment'ry crimes sometimes have the most entrancin' ramifications. You recall, of course, the amazin' Murri-Bon-

martini case—in Bologna in 1902?"
"Vaguely," admitted Markham, glanc-"You'll forgive me if ing at his watch.

ing at his watch. "You'll forgive me if I run along. I have several transcripts of testimony to go over tonight."

"And I have a Mozart quartet to attend at ten." Vance rose and gave the district attorney a waggish look. "Don't sequester any of the documents after the manner of Stanzani, or you may have a committee of righteous celebrities on your heels . .

Vance was referring to the judge of the Murri-Bonmartini affair—the judge whose prejudiced investigations created a great legal sensation in Europe and brought many of the leading men of literature, science and politics to the defense of the victims.

The following Sunday night when the three of us met again at the Stuyvesant Club, Vance, at Markham's suggestion, told us the details of the case; and in my next article I shall try to retell the story as nearly as possible in his own words.

Of all modern murder cases the Murri-Bonmartini affate was perhaps the most celebrated; and its influence extended over two continents.

## A Film-star's Holiday by Peter B. Kyne (Continued from page 83)

hope for a month, during which time he advertised the loss of Oscar extensively and offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the return of the dog, dead or alive, to Dad Tully of the 70 Ranch. Dad sighed with relief when Jerry Brewster returned to Hollywood.

N JUSTICE to Oscar it must be recorded that when he fled the scene that day he had no intention of remaining away. In fact, he did not even anticipate going far. While he had never seen a buck before, the animal certainly did look like something sporty to pursue.

However, Oscar would not have pursued

him had it not been for the two fox-hounds, who had already taken up the pursuit. Oscar saw that these two could have no possible hope of success and, being a motion-picture dog, he longed to go on parade, to prove to these outland dogs how readily he could dispose of a job impossible for them.

The moment he entered the timber he discovered he had, as the saying is, "bitten off more than he could chew." The dense underbrush over which the buck leaped so lightly had to be crashed through by Oscar, and there was so much of it that eventually he lost sight of his However, he discovered he could still trail him by scent, and the two fox-hounds were baying melodiously behind him. They caught up to him presently and thereafter the trio ran as a team.

Mile after mile they ran. At first Oscar ran silently; then suddenly he seemed to feel the necessity for expression, for he bayed long and mournfully—the bay of a wolf. Into timber and out, across bare patches, into deep chaparral the three dogs pursued the buck.

The afternoon waned, but the chase never faltered. Presently they came to open country and their speed increased; at sunset, down by the shore of a lake, Oscar saw the buck. He was spent, and now, with his back to the water, he stood gallantly at bay.

Oscar crowded on speed and outran

the foxhounds. The buck saw him coming and lowered his head.
Oscar charged in, apparently for the throat, then changed his mind, swung wide of the threat of antiers and hoof and dashed at the buck's flank. Before

and dashed at the buck's flank. Before the buck could turn, Oscar's fangs were in his hamstring. A twist of the big body and the deer was down; before he could scramble up, Oscar had him by the throat and all was over.

Eagerly Oscar lapped up the hot blood that flowed from the rent throat. He had never tasted hot blood before and he found this new experience delightful. When he had satiated himself with it he looked up and saw the two foxhounds stretched out close by.

Growling deep in his throat, Oscar warned them not to touch his quarry, while he went down to the edge of the lake and drank deeply. Then he came back to the carcass and ate; he found the hot meet singularly refreshing. the hot meat singularly refreshing.

The foxhounds at first showed no inclination to touch the buck; seemingly they were spent and desired a rest.

However, they were hungry, and since Oscar had set them an example, they elected presently to disregard the menace of his bared fangs and throaty growls, and advanced for the banquet. Oscar gave each of them a sharp nip and rolled them over, but the hounds were not deficient in courage. They closed with him and he killed them both, but not until he had had a foreleg badly chewed and a shoulder severely bitten.

Now, Oscar had never had a real fight before and he enjoyed this one thor-oughly. When it was over he limped away to a clean gravelly cavern under the roots of a huge fir windfall, licked his wounds and presently fell asleep. In the morn-ing he was stiff and sore from the long run and his wounds were feverish.

He felt disinclined to travel, so after breakfasting on the remains of the buck, he retired to the windfall and spent the day licking his wounds. Just before dark his nose brought him information of a strange beast in the neighborhood, and instinct warned him it was an enemy he would do well to avoid.

Presently a panther padded upwind without scenting him and for an hour chewed and snarled over the carcass of the buck; then drank in the lake and slipped away. Three mountain coyotes came next.

Apparently they were aware of Oscar's proximity, for they sat on their hunkers out in front of his retreat and stared at him. After a while they yipped defiance at him and approached and gnawed upon the carcass of the buck.

Now, while instinct had told Oscar not to argue with the panther, the same in-stinct told him the coyotes were too much like dogs for him to submit tamely to their raid on his property. So he came out from his retreat and drove them away—all except one, who not only refused to go but actually had the temerity to approach him unafraid. So Oscar stood and stared at the coyote, and when it presently commenced to feed upon the buck Oscar made no objection. He had discovered the coyote was a lady!

He had discovered the coyote was a lady!
He had seen coyotes before. Jerry
Brewster had once rented two of them
for a picture. These wild mountain coyotes, however, were much bigger and
bolder than those motion-picture coyotes.
Presently the two mountain coyotes:
Oscar had driven away returned. As
they approached him they separated;
suddenly one sprang for his throat, the
other for his hams; seemingly they had
decided to disoute with him his rights in

other for his hams; seemingly they had decided to dispute with him his rights in the carcass of the buck.

The coyote that attacked in front missed and Oscar whirled in time to thwart the attack from the rear, caught that coyote by the shoulder and threw him six feet. Then he turned on the other and had broken a front leg before he was again attacked from the rear.

The beginning of coyote immediately.

The broken-legged coyote immediately hobbled away—a maneuver which his comrade imitated the moment he found himself facing the issue alone. Oscar hazed them out of the neighborhood and returned, well content, to watch the female coyote eat her fill.

When she had completed her meal they frisked together in the moonlight. After a while the coyote, attracted by the shrill yipping of her mates, essayed to leave him, but this Oscar would not permit, and when she persisted, he rolled her over and over rather roughly.

She seemed frightened when he threatened her with his long white fangs; she shuddered when he threw back his head and howled mournfully. But evidently she knew him then for a superior crea-ture, for she crept to him and humbly

licked his swollen foreleg.

They spent the night together in the windfall. At dawn Oscar crept out and gazed about him. About fifty yards away a doe and two fawns were drinking from the lake, so he made a quick charge and hamstrung one of the fawns.

The doe turned upon him, rose on her hind legs and struck him furiously on

his back, inflicting two deep and painful wounds. He leaped at her and threw her heavily; before she could get up he had her by the throat and in the resultant brief struggle they rolled into the lake, where Oscar abandoned her and attacked the injured fawn. The doe swam about the injured fawn. The doe swam about fifty yards out in the lake, died and sank.

Oscar and his companion feasted upon the carcass of the fawn and found it good. Once more the dog enjoyed the thrill of hot blood and flesh. The coyote stuffed herself to repletion and returned to the windfall to digest the banquet.

With the approach of night, her huntout and skulked along the shore of the lake Oscar followed her, watching her pick up an occasional field mouse. ward dawn she flushed a mountain quail, sought the nest and feasted on the eggs. Oscar invited himself and was fiercely repulsed by the coyote, but, being a gentleman, refused to be insulted by her wanton exhibition of ingratitude.

At sump they found a den that was, apparently, a holing-up place for coyotes, for it reeked of their scent. The coyote bitch crept far back into the gloom of the cave, but Oscar stretched himself out in the sunlight at the entrance and slept.

For three days they wandered together; then they mated. Oscar's wounds healed, and although the effort was painful, he and atthough the ellort was painful, he managed the short run necessary to catch a rabbit daily. The coyote scouted for herself. Like all her breed she was an indefatigable traveler. Frequently they encountered other coyotes who sought to join them, but Oscar bluffed most of

He sloughed off his veneer of civiliza-tion as a snake sloughs off its skin. He found his new life fascinating, he reveled in his freedom; the world was his kennel; he depended for life upon him-self. Not infrequently, as he lay hidden in the brush on top of a hill, whence he could view the surrounding country, he saw men—prospectors, cowboys and In-dian hunters. dian hunters.

When he saw the first man Oscar was impelled to trot down to meet him, but impened to trot down to meet him, but the man slipped out of his saddle and fired a rifle twice. The first bullet threw grit in the dog's eyes; the second creased the back of his neck painfully. So Oscar scampered back into the brush and trusted no man thereafter.

AT FIRST his coyote mate made frequent efforts to desert him. However, Oscar was a gregarious dog; he loathed loneliness, so he was hard to shake off. Also, he was a good provider.

Faster than the fastest coyote, he had more luck capturing rabbits. Wood rats, field mice, gophers and wild fowl did not interest him and he had but one use for a decayed carcass, and that was to roll upon it. Fawns were easily and fre-quently come by and gradually, as the coyote grew heavy with whelp, she was content to follow Oscar and feed upon his bounts. his bounty.

Her time accomplished, the coyote bitch gave birth to eight puppies. When Oscar approached her to investigate his family she flew at him furiously, so with the kindly tolerance of his sex he backed the kindly tolerance of his sex he backed out of the den and subdued his curiosity. At sundown the bitch would come forth and hunt with him, returning to her litter about dawn, or earlier, if Oscar's luck held. After the pups' eyes opened and they commenced crawling around the den, the bitch carried part of her kill home to them.

A queer mixture, those furtive, growling

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# We're talking to you only if you have never used FELS-NAPTHA

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your wash? - extra help with your

Until you have actually used Fels-Naptha Soap, you will probably find it hard to believe that any washing product can give you so much extra help. But there are mil-

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They'll tell you that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha." For Fels-Naptha is more than "just soap." It's good golden soap blended with naptha—plenty of naptha! You can smell it in every bar. And naptha, you know, is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener that dry-cleaners use in cleansing delicate fabrics.

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loosen even stubborn dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing. That's why, with far less effort on your part, Fels-Naptha gives you the kind of homewashed clothes—fresh, clean

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little fellows—half coyote and half dog. But in the dog portion of them there was a strain of per aps fifty percent wolf.
As they developed, it was apparent that
in looks and build they favored Oscar, with the exception that their noses were longer and sharper and their ears a trifle longer. Also, their speech was that of the coyote.

When they were able to toddle out into the sunlight they made friends with Oscar, who gave them welcome, for he was a playful dog. His pups were a jolly lot. They tussled with Oscar and gnawed at him to his tremendous satisfaction.

At the age of four months the pups commenced accompanying Oscar and their mother on hunting parties. It was astounding how quickly they learned to pick up young quall, catch mother birds on their nests and hunt for field mice.

Of course when Oscar killed a fawn they all ate together, and at night they all slept together, for as the pups de-veloped their mother's jealousy and confor them vanished and Oscar was permitted to enter the family circle. permitted to enter the family circle. The pups were about six months old when the first snowfall came on the high country in which they had roamed all summer, so they emigrated to a lower altitude. Indeed, they had to, for the deer had already done so.

In the valleys they found cattle. Oscar eyed them hungrily but decided not to molest them. They were too big for molest them. The

The past season's fawn crop had now grown to sizable deer and were not to be taken without a long, hard pursuit. Often it was unsuccessful. No longer were there birds to be taken off their nests. The squirrels had hibernated and mice and gophers were scarce. But there were wild geese in the meadows and wild ducks on the ponds, and the bitch was

adept at catching both. In April, the bitch gave birth to another litter—of seven pups. Her first brood were now well grown. However, they did not follow the custom of coyotes and branch out for themselves. Instead, they ranged with Oscar, while the bitch remained in her den, concerned with maternal duties. Her first litter now weighed perhaps fifty pounds each and were much larger than the largest mountain coyote but smaller than an average specimen of their sire's breed. In general they resembled wolves more than mountain coyotes.

And now a great joy entered the lives of Oscar and his family, for the cows on the range commenced dropping their calves. The first time Oscar saw a calf he dashed in and killed it, and for his pains was tossed ten yards on its mother's For hours she stood guard over her dead calf, but eventually left it to go to water, whereupon Oscar and his family fed upon it.

For a week they killed a calf a day.
They would watch until they saw a
cow had grazed perhaps a hundred yards from her calf, asleep in the lush grass; then the pups would dart out upon her and haze her across the field, while Oscar killed the calf single-handed; provided it was given no time to bleat, the cow did not return.

One day while the pack was feeding on a carcass Dad Tully's Indian line-rider, Johnny Skunk Tallow, came upon them, fired into them and killed one of the pups. Oscar and the others fled for the timber and the line-rider rode to the ranch with the carcass of the dead animal.

"Wolves on the 70 Ranch, Mr. Tully," Johnny Skunk Tallow announced, and threw the carcass to the ground.

Dad Tully examined it. "So this is what's killin' our calves, eh?" he murmured, and "hefted" the carcass. "There's a flock of 'em." the line-rider continued. "Seven or eight more the

size of this one, led by a wolf once and a half as big as the others. The old man wolf, I reckon."

"Strange," Dad Tully decided. "We've never had wolves in this country—an' this isn't a timber wolf. I know the breed He's too small for a wolf but much larger than a mountain coyote. The tail of the wolf, like the tail of the coyote, is bushy an' straight. This critter's tail is bushy, but not markedly so an' it has a slight upward curl. The muzzle of the wolf is black, with the upper lip an' the chin white. This critter's muzzle is black but his chin is tawny.

"His ears might be a little longer than a wolf's but they are wider, an' the general color scheme is a little off—more black than gray an' the belly is tawny. The hair isn't as long an' it's finer than a timber wolf's. An' I've never heard of a timber wolf west of the Sierras or south of British Columbia.'

He gazed at the carcass thoughtfully. "You say you saw one huge wolf an' seven or eight the size of this one, John-nv?" The line-rider nodded. "Must The line-rider nodded. have been the old male wolf an' his last year's litter," Dad Tully decided. "Was the big fellow the same color as the others?

"No, come to think of it, he wasn't. He looked like them, Mr. Tully, but he was different. He had more black on top, and yellowish legs. And when I smacked my bullet into this one the big fellow let out a yelp and tumbled over backward, he was that scairt and surprised."

"A yelp or a how!?" Dad persisted.

"A yelp or a howl?" Dad persisted.
"A yelp. Just like a collie dog," Johnny told him.

"That settles it," Dad decided. "Remember that motion-picture dog, Oscar, that was lost over in that country last summer? Well, that's the dog you saw. He's one of these here German wolf an' he's bred a litter of pups by a mountain covote.

"There's a persistent fiction to the effect that wolves run in packs, but any naturalist will tell you that they don't. The most you'll see together is two, if they're full grown, an' then I reckon they just happen to be in the same neighbor-hood. The wolf is a lone hunter, no matter what the nature fakers tell you.

"The same is true of coyotes, but to a lesser degree. I've seen three of them hazin' a cow around, tryin' to get her calf, but not often. It's a common sight to see two coyotes workin' together, but I've never seen a pack of them an' I've never known a man who has.

"But here we have eight or nine alleged wolves of a small an' unknown species all feedin' on the same dead calf. That's proof to me there's a strain of domestic dog in them, because dogs will hunt in packs. It's natural for them.

"Yes, sir, that dog-gone Oscar is still alive. He's gone back to first principles, an' if we don't capture or kill him he'll overrun this country with a new brand of wolf an' kill thousands of dollars' worth of calves annually."

"We'll poison 'em," the line-rider sug-

gested hopefully.
"We'll try, but I don't think it will work," Dad replied. "We know they "We'll try, but I don't think it will work," Dad replied. "We know they never return to a carcass unless forced by necessity. They eat as much as they can an' the next time they're hungry they kill another calf. They like their meat fresh an' they won't eat carrion unless they're mighty hungry.

"An'," he added. "I don't want to

poison Oscar. There's a ten-thousand-dollar reward for him, dead or alive, but he's worth more alive, because once that man Brewster gets him back into civilization he'll be able to finish his picture.

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So we'll try to trap Oscar.

"Meanwhile we'll keep count of the calves he an' his gang kill an' send the bill to Jerry Brewster. He'll be glad to pay if we get his dog back for him."

Thereupon, Dad Tully issued orders for all his cowboys to carry rifles on their saddles and to shoot at all wolves with the exception of the big one. During the succeeding month two of his riders had snap shots at skulking marauders but missed them, and presently Dad realized that he had to take more stringent meas-ures. So he called in his line-rider, the half-breed Modoc, Johnny Skunk Tallow.

"Johnny," he announced, "I've got to have help to get rid o' those wolves. I've talked the matter over with the XL an' the Flyin' V people an' we've agreed to pay a bounty of one hundred dollars for the carcass of every wolf. Here's your hundred dollars for the one you brought in. Now, you scatter down among your people an' tell them the glad news.

"The whole countryside will be lookin' for wolves an' your people are entitled to a crack at the bounty. We've got to act quickly, because that Oscar dog is liable to father a dozen batches of pups all over the range this summer. Tell 'em to get Oscar alive if they can."

When Johnny Skunk Tallow carried the news to his tribe there was but one member of it profoundly interested. That was Hattie the Hustler, Skunk Tal-

low's fiancée. Promptly Hattie saddled her pony and rode up to see Dad Tully. "Our young men are scattered," she informed Dad, "and our old men are too old to hunt wolves. But for you, who old to hunt wolves. But for you, who give us food from your commissariat, we should die." She smiled upon the old cattleman. "It is our habit to ask you for those things we need. I want a rifle and ammunition and money to buy some traps. I want to capture that dog Oscar and make ten thousand dollars."

"So you an' John Skunk Tallow can get married right off, eh?"

Hattie the Hustler shook her raven head. "To care for my people," she replied. "How much will ten thousand dollars earn in interest each year?"

(Flight parents)

dollars earn in interest each year?"
"Eight percent on a good, conservative cattle loan, Hattie. I'd see to it that the mortgage covered more than enough cattle to make it right safe."

"Eight hundred dollars," the girl murmured. "That would buy plenty of food to last us all winter and some warm clothes for the old people. Yes, I will capture this dog, Oscar, before the cowboys kill him."

Dad lent her a pair of field glasses, a rifle and several boxes of ammunition and drove her to town, where she purchased half a dozen traps with a dozen feet of stout chain on each. Then she had the druggist compound a villainoussmelling

smelling paste.

The following day Hattie fared forth to the range, set her line of traps in a meadow on the edge of the timber and fastened her trap chains securely to trees. Then she smeared each trap and the grass a few feet around it with the evilsmelling paste and rode home.

At dawn next morning she was back in the meadow, where she found three of Oscar's family in the traps. She shot them, tied the carcasses on her pony, rode to the 70 Ranch and collected three hundred dollars.

"And I will get that Oscar." she promised Dad Tully. "You have seen how dogs delight to roll on a stinking carcass.

## THIS IS THE SOAP

that is helping thousands of women to gain a beautiful skin



THERE IS NO NEED for you to be tormented with blemishes, acne. The famous Woodbury treatment for blemishes will help you to keep your skin free from this trouble. Turn to page 5 of the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



ENLARGED PORES — what woman does not dread to see this change begin! Woodbury's Facial Soap will help you to keep your skin fine in texture. Faithfully follow the treatment given on page 4 of the Woodbury booklet, and see what an improvement it will make.



ANYTHING BUT AN OILY SKIN! — for excessive oiliness leads to blackheads and blemishes, besides being unbecoming in itself. Vigorous cleansing treatments with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, followed by an application of ice, will help you to correct this defect. See page 8 of the Woodbury booklet.



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BLACKHEADS are one of the commonest, most annoying, most obstinate of skin troubles. But you can overcome them! A famous skin specialist has worked out the proper method of dealing with blackheads... Ice—hot water—and a soothing, tonic, stimulating lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. You will find the treatment on Page 7 of the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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They like the smell. Well, I put a bad smell on my traps and they scent it from a long way and come. They roll on the traps and the grass close by, and the bad smell kills the scent of me."

During the week she followed the drift of the cattle to the higher altitudes, elecular aut in order to fluch her victims.

sleeping out in order to find her victims.

She captured two more of Oscar's sons week and as she was riding over to the 70 Ranch with the carcasses a coyote gave tongue on a distant hillside. From the timber far below a dog answered her, so Hattie pulled up, got out Dad Tully's so Hattie pulled up, got out Dad Tully's field glasses and surveyed the rocky country above timber line, for she knew the coyote would be most likely to hole up there during the day. Presently she saw Oscar disappear under the rim rock. "That is well," Hattie the Hustler murmured, and rode on to the 70 Ranch to

collect two hundred dollars.

The following day she crawled half a mile up the mountainside against the wind and when she was a hundred yards opposite the spot where she had seen Oscar disappear, she rested her rifle over a rock and waited two hours. Suddenly, from under the rim rock a female coyote came forth to survey the country below.

Hattie shot her through the head and quickly ran up to the rim rock. It was a limestone formation and there were a number of semi-caves in it—deep over-hangs, rather. From the gloom about ten feet back in the overhang two balls

of fire gleamed at her.

Hattie picked up a small rock and hurled it at the two glowing orbs. A yelp of fright or surprise rewarded her; then with a deep throaty growl Oscar came at her with a rush. Straight for her soft throat he leaped. She swung her rifle barrel down between the pointed ears and Oscar rolled over, badly dazed.

In a twinkling Hattie had her left knee on his neck; in ten seconds she had him hog-tied securely with a long strip of latigo. With another bit of latigo she bound up his muzzle and tied each end of her gag to the collar Oscar still wore, after which she felt the top of the dog's

head and found a rapidly rising lump.
Having trussed Oscar up, the girl entered the overhang, struck a match and found seven two-months-old pups cowering in the farthest corner. So she retreated, made a small fire under the overhang and by its light shot them. Then she brought her pony up the hill, fastened a light reata to the ring in Oscar's collar, tied the other end to her pommel and untied Oscar's feet.

He was still groggy, so Hattie patted him and talked to him until presently he stood erect. For a few minutes he eyed her malevolently, then sprang again to the attack. For his pains he received a thorough thrashing with the other end of the reata and eventually he lay down with his bound muzzle between his outstretched paws and glared at her.

Hattie had an ample supply of light rope with her, so one by one she tied the seven dead pups to her saddle; then she skinned their dead mother, tied the pelt to her saddle and started down mountainside, leading her pony. protested, leaping sideways, throwing himself backward, uttering muffled howls. But the pony plowed steadily downhill, the dog behind him

Dad Tully was seated on the veranda of his ranch house when Hattie the Hustler arrived. She was leading her pony and the pony was leading Oscar, and in front of her a stranger rode his horse. Dad observed that Hattie had her rifle pointed at the stranger in a busi-

"Well, Hattie," Dad saluted her geni-ally, "it looks to me like you've had one hard day. You've got that dog-gone Oscar an' a passel of his pups an' a total stranger to boot."

"T got his wife, too!" Hattie cried.
"Whose? The stranger's?"
"No, Oscar's. This white man met me about five miles from here. He's a town hoodlum turned wolfer for the sake o' the reward, and when he saw me coming with Oscar I saw him reach down and draw his rifle out of the scabbard. So I faced my pony around a little draw. So I faced my pony around a little, drew my rifle out of the scabbard and dropped it in the grass. He didn't see me do this, so when he rode up and saw I wasn't armed, he put back his rifle and told me to give him Oscar and the dead pups."

"What mistaken jedgment!" cried Dad Tully. "Thought he'd like to collect on your live stock himself, eh?"

"There weren't any witnesses," she said, "so he thought he could get away with it. And he would, if I hadn't out-thought him. He helped himself to Oscar, and then the dead pups, and while he was busy tying them on his saddle I dropped back about fifty feet and

picked up my rifle."

"That was a dirty, low trick, Hattie!" "He's a mighty low man, Mr. Tully."
"He certainly is." Dad agreed. "Hi!
Johnny Skunk Tallow!" he shouted.
His half-breed Modoc line-rider came

running from the bunk house, and Dad explained the situation to him. take this pilgrim, Johnny Skunk Tallow," he commanded, "tie him up to the corral gate an' give him fifty lashes with your biggest an' best quirt, to learn him to let my Indians alone. Then put him on his horse an' let him drift."

Then the old despot came down and

examined the dead pups. "Seven hundred dollars' worth," he told the girl. "Til get the rest of last year's wolf crop, too," Hattle promised him. "Come here, Oscar."

Humbly Oscar advanced and laid his "You ornery pest," Dad Tully roared,
"you sure have been a lot o' worry an'
expense to me."

He tied Oscar up in a spare stall in his horse barn and telephoned to Jerry Brewster in Hollywood to come up to identify a wild police dog captured by Hattie the Hustler and assumed to be the recreant Oscar. Jerry Brewster was in such a hurry he flew up—and when he saw Oscar that recreant canine made a flying leap for him, licked his master's

face and whimpered joyously.

Jerry Brewster wept for a minute and then he said to Oscar: "Well, are you

ready to go back to work, Oscar?"
"O-o-o-o!" wailed Oscar, which probably meant he was. So right joyously did Jerry Brewster pay the ten-thou-sand-dollar reward for Oscar, Dad Tully's bill for slain calves and the bonuses to date for Oscar's unfortunate progeny.

"Draw on me at sight for the bonuses on any more outcasts you kill," he added.
"I'll have to work on this renegade Oscar for a couple of months, and in June we'll come up and finish the picture."
"That's fine," the iniquitous Mr. Tully assured him, "but Hattle's on strike now.

assured him, "but hatties on strike now. You got to pay her a lot o' money or she won't finish the picture. Remember, you ain't got her on contract."

Jerry Brewster laughed. "I've shot all

Jerry Brewster laughed. "I've shot all but a few scenes with Hattie and I can double for her in them. You lose, Dad."
Dad Tully sighed. "There are days," he remarked, "when a feller can't win a bet. However, I've had my fun out of this deal. Thanks to that dog-gone Oscar, Hattie an' Johnny Skunk Tallow can get married, although I got a sneak-in' notion they'll never be happy."
"Why?" Jerry Brewster demanded. "Hattie's liable to remind Skunk Tallow from time to time that if the truth was

from time to time that, if the truth was

known, he married her for her money."
"That's so," Jerry Brewster agreed.
"Well, far be it from me to be a short sport. I'll give Johnny Skunk Tallow a thousand dollars for a wedding present if Hattle will agree to finish the picture."

"That's generous of you, Mr. Brewster, an' on behalf o' my Indians I accept. But I got a counter-proposition. Hattie an' Skunk Tallow are hell-bent on acquirin' a little band o' sheep, so I suggest that after you've finished the picture this

that after you've finished the picture this here dog hero o' yours has hung up, you make another picture with Hattie an' Oscar in it an' pay Hattie five thousand for her appearance."

"I'll do that if I can dig up a good story. I'd be tickled to death to do it."

"I'll furnish the story." Dad Tully agreed. "We'll call it 'A Film-star's Holiday' an' take it right out o' life."

"That idea is a positive inspiration."

"That idea is a positive inspiration,"
Jerry Brewster dec'ared enthusiastically.
"Sold!" Dad Tully yelled. "Hurrah!
I've got my Indians off my pay roll for
life." He thrust out his hand, Jerry Brewster shook it and the deal was complete. ster shook it and the deal was complete.

Then Jerry Brewster put Oscar in the airplane and flew away with him, back to Hollywood and a dog's life.

In "Ride, Rope and Dog" Peter B. Kyne tells the story of a llama that couldn't take a joke—Cosmopolitan Next Month

## A Very Honorable Guy by Damon Runyon (Continued from page 75)

that, with or without bracelets.

Then goes another week, and it just happens I am standing in front of Mindy's about four-thirty one morning and thinking that Feet's time must be up and wondering how he makes out with old Doc Bodeeker, when all of a sudden I hear a ploppity-plop coming up Broadway, and what do I see but Feet Samuels running so fast he is passing taxis that are going thirty-five miles an hour like

which are not bad ankles to look at, at they are standing still. He is certainly stepping along.

There are no traffic lights and not much traffic at such an hour in the morning, and Feet passes me in a terrible hurry. And about twenty yards behind him comes an old guy with gray whiskers and I can see it is nobody but Doc Bod-eeker. What is more he has a big long knife in one hand, and he seems to be reaching for Feet at every jump with the

Well, this seems to me a most surprising spectacle, and I follow them to see what comes of it, because I can see at once that Doc Bodeeker is trying to collect Feet's body himself. But I am not much of a runner, and they are out of my sight in no time, and only that I am able to follow them by ear through Feet's feet going ploppity-plop I will never

They turn east into Fifty-fourth Street off Broadway, and when I finally reach

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Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.



Lady Violet Astor



Mrs. Elizabeth Doubleday



The Duchesse de Gramont

## THEY TRUST THEIR BEAUTY TO THE SAME SURE CARE



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WOMEN in society are subject to the keenest scrutiny. So they use the four famous preparations Pond's makes to insure a meticulously cared for skin.

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ingly, "I like them so very much."

One of England's six most beautiful women, the Countess Howe, calls Pond's "a straightforward way of keeping fit." Lady Violet Astor declares, "Pond's has done a wonderful service to women." Lady Louis Mountbatten is another Pond's devotee.

In Spain, the Duquesa de Alba, patrician beauty, says, "No aid for my skin is more effective than Pond's."

So, all over the world, Pond's preparations are the favorite way to a lovely skin. This is how to use them:

First—for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck several times a day and always after exposure. Pat on with upward, outward strokes; the pure oils sink into the pores and lift the dirt to the surface.

Then—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, ample, absorbent, wipe away cream and dirt.

Next—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck to remove every trace of oiliness, close the pores, invigorate the skin.

Last—smooth on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.

At bedtime - thoroughly cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream, removing with Pond's Tissues.

SEND IOF FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

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The Marquise de Polignac



Mrs. Adrian Iselin II



Pond's four preparations are the simplest, safest way to a lovely skin.

the corner I see a crowd halfway down the block in front of the Hot Box, and I know this crowd has something to do with Feet and Doc Bodeeker even before I get to the door to find that Feet goe on in while Doc Bodeeker is arguing with Soldier Sweeney, the door man, because Feet passes the Soldier he tells the Soldier not to let the guy who is chasing him in. And the Soldier, being a good

friend of Feet's, is standing the doc off. Well, it seems that Hortense is in the Hot Box waiting for Feet, and naturally is much surprised to see him come in all out of breath, and so is everybody e'se in the joint, including Henri, the head waiter, who afterwards tells me what comes off there, because you see I

am out in front.

"A crazy man is chasing me with a butcher knife," Feet says to Hortense. "If he gets inside I am a goner. He is

down at the door trying to get in."

Now I will say one thing for Hortense,
and this is she has plenty of nerve, but of course you will expect a daughter of Skush O'Brien to have plenty of nerve. Nobody ever has more moxie than Skush. Henri, the head waiter, tells me that Hortense does not get excited, but says she will just have a little peek at the guy who is chasing Feet.

The Hot Box is over a garage, and the kitchen windows look down into Fiftykitchen windows look down into Fifty-fourth Street, and while Doc Bodeeker is arguing with Soldier Sweeney, I hear a window lift, and who looks out but Hortense. She takes one squint and yanks her head in quick, and Henri tells me afterwards she shrieks: "My Lord, Feet! This is the same daffy

old guy who sends me all the bracelets, and who wishes to marry me!

'And he is the guy I sell my body to, Feet says, and then he tells Hortense the story of his deal with Doc Bodeeker.
"It is all for you, Horty," Feet s

although of course this is nothing but a big lie, because it is all for The Brain in the beginning. "I love you, and I only the beginning. "I love you, and I only wish to get a little dough to show you a good time before I die. If it is not for this deal I will ask you to be my ever-loving wife."

Well, what happens but Hortense plunges right into Feet's arms, and gives him a big kiss on his ugly smush, and

says to him like this:
"I love you too, Feet, because nobody ever makes such a sacrifice as to hock their body for me. Never mind the deal. I will marry you at once, only we must first get rid of this daffy old guy down-stairs."

Then Hortense peeks out of the window again and hollers down at old Doc Bodeeker. "Go away." she says. "Go Bodeeker.

away, or I will chuck a moth in your whiskers, you old fool."

But the sight of her only seems to make old Doc Bodeeker a little wilder than somewhat, and he starts struggling with Soldier Sweeney very ferocious, so the Soldier takes the knife away from the doc and throws it away before some-

body gets hurt with it.

Now it seems Hortense looks around the kitchen for something to chuck out the window at old Doc Bodeeker, and all she sees is a nice new ham which the chef just lays out on the table to slice up for ham sandwiches. This ham is a very large ham, such as will last the Hot Box a month, for they slice the ham in their ham sandwiches very, very thin up at the Hot Box. Anyway, Hortense grabs up the ham and runs to the window with it and gives it a heave without even stopping to take aim.

Well, this ham hits poor old Doc Bodeeker ker-bowie smack dab on the noggin.
The doc does not fall down, but he commences staggering around with his legs bending under him like he is drunk.
I wish to help him because I feel sorry

for a guy in such a spot as this, and what is more I consider it a dirty trick for a doll such as Hortense to slug anybody a ham.

Well, I take charge of the old doc and lead him back down Broadway and into Mindy's, where I set him down and get him a cup of coffee and a Bismarck her-ring to revive him, while quite a number citizens gather about him very sympathetic.

"My friends," the old doc says finally, looking around, "you see in me a broken-hearted man. I am not a crackpot, although of course my relatives may give you an argument on this proposition. am in love with Hortense. I am in love with her from the night I first see her playing the part of a sunflower in 'Scandals.' I wish to marry her, as I am a widower of long standing, but somehow the idea of the province of the province of the standing of the province of the standing of the province of the standing of the province of the idea of me marrying anybody never

appeals to my sons and daughters.
"In fact," the doc says, dropping his voice to a whisper, "sometimes they even talk of locking me up when I wish to marry somebody. So naturally I never tell them about Hortense, because I fear they may try to discourage me. But I am deeply in love with her and send her am deeply in love with her and send her many beautiful presents, although I am not able to see her often on account of my relatives. Then I find out Hortense is carrying on with this Feet Samuels. "I am desperately jealous," the doc says, "but I do not know what to do.

Finally Fate sends this Feet to me offering to sell his body. Of course I am not practicing for years, but I keep an office on Park Avenue just for old times' sake, and it is to this office he comes. At first I think he is crazy, but he refers me to Mr. Armand Rosenthal, the big sporting man, who assures me that Feet Samuels is all right. He

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"The idea strikes me that if I make a deal with Feet Samuels for his body as he proposes, he will wait until the time comes to pay his obligation and run away, and," the doc says, "I will never be troubled by his rivalry for the affections of Hortense again. But he does not depart. I do not reckon on the holding power of love.

"Finally in a jealous frenzy I take after him with a knife, figuring to scare him out of town. But it is too late. I can see now Hortense loves him in return, or she will not drop a scuttle of coal on me

in his defense as she does.
"Yes, gentlemen," the old doc says, "I am broken-hearted. I also seem to have a large lump on my head. Besides, Hortense has all my presents, and Feet Samuels has my money, so I get the worst of it all around. I only hope and trust that my daughter Eloise, who is Mrs. Sidney Simmons Bragdon, does not hear of this or she may be as mad as she is the time I wish to marry the beau-

she is the time I wish to marry the beau-tiful cigaret girl in Jimmy Kelley's."

Here Doc Bodeeker seems all busted up by his feelings and starts to shed tears, and everybody is feeling very sorry for him indeed, when up steps The Brain who is taking everything in.

who is taking everything in.
"Do not worry about your presents and your dough." The Brain says. "I will make everything good, because I am the guy who okays Feet Samuels with you. I am wrong on a guy for the first time in my life, and I must pay, but Feet Samuels will be very, very, very sorry when I find him. Of course I do not figure on a doll in the case, and this always makes quite a difference, so I am really not a hundred percent wrong on

always makes quite a difference, so I am really not a hundred percent wrong on the guy, at that.

"But," The Brain says, in a very loud voice so everybody can hear, "Feet Samuel's is nothing but a dirty welsher for not turning in his body to you as per agreement, and as long as he lives he will never get another dollar or another of the control of t okay off of me, or anybody I know.

credit is ruined forever on Broadway."
But I judge that Feet and Hortense
do not care. The last time I hear of them they are away over in New Jersey where not even The Brain's guys dast to bother them on account of Skush O'Brien, and I understand they are raising chickens and children right and left. and that all of Hortense's bracelets are now in Newark municipal bonds, which I am told are not bad bonds, at that.

## The Kid Sisters by Mollie Panter-Downes (Continued from page 93)

often the others would go too. Looking up at a box and seeing a tremendously stout woman, a mouse-colored little man and a good-looking boy with somewhat stupefying black pearl shirt studs, you would be told that they were the family

of the Kids.

And then, a nine days' wonder, came the breaking-up of the Kid Sisters' team . . . A young man called Chris Conway was

responsible for it. A slim, blond young man who seemed diffident of breaking anything. He had no particular assets except the doubtful one of being a gentleman, and the more profitable one of a certain charm of manner that got him invited to free meals and country-house week-ends

His face had a hungry, sharpened look,

as if it were constantly on the sniff for a fresh invitation.

One night he got one from Ben Lynn, the lyrist of the revue through which the Kids were then triumphing their way at the Theater Frolic, London—Pa, Ma and Ed installed at the Ritz around the corner. The show was celebrating the several hundredth performance, and after-wards the Kids were giving a little party in their suite at the Ritz. Ben Lynn, a cheerful soul, ran into Chris in the lobby.

"Seen this show before? You haven't?" is china-blue eyes rounded. "What do His china-blue eyes rounded. "What do you think of them?"
"Them." of course, could refer only to

a pair of overcharged live wires in kid

rompers. "I saw them before in Paris," said Chris. "They're rather amazing."

"Amazing? Never be anything like them again, old boy. Care to come along them again, old boy. Care to come account tonight and meet them? They're springing a little party, and I'll smuggle you in."
"Thanks; I'd like to," said Chris.
The party was amusing. Clara and its

The party was amusing. Clara and Glory were, of course, its hub and its apex. Old man Kid was there, being expansive with cocktails. Ed had brought along a bunch of his friends. But by the end of the evening the party, for Chris Conway, had narrowed down to one per-

son—Clara Kid. He knew her from Glory—that in itself was something of an achievement. Every curve and bone of that piquant little tilted face had its duplicate in Glory's, but Chris had fixed upon some subtle shade of difference. He danced stead-lite with box all the avening and inquired. ily with her all the evening, and inquired,



Glowing lovely skin, eyes that sparkle, a radiant compelling smile—what are these but the mirrors of clean internal health?

# Millions of active yeast plants.. the simple way famous doctors recommend

TODAY'S swift competition leaves little room for the woman who permits intestinal poisons to cloud her brain and dull her beautiful vitality.

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elf ry tle 's, tle Doctors estimate that nine out of ten of our common ills come from constipation. To combat constipation they urge a natural food—fresh yeast.

Each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast contains millions of tiny, active yeast plants. Daily, as these plants pass through your body, they successfully check the formation and spread of harmful intestinal poisons and purify your whole system.

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This is the simple modern way

to vigor of body and clearness of mind—the way world-famous doctors recommend. Start today to discover the happiness of boundless, beautiful health!

Regularly, every day, eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Write for booklet. Health Research Dept. K-79, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"Yeast relieves constipation by stimulating the intestine, not by irritating it," says Dr. George Parrish, wei!known health Officer of Los Angeles, California.

Head of famous Berlin hospital, Dr. Paul. Reyher, says, "Yeast stimulates appetite, regulates metabolism, builds resistance."



"Yeast regulates the intestines and is especially used in disorders of the skin," says Dn. Gaston Lyon (above), distinguished physician, medical writer and Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of Paris.

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not quite so steadily, for a good deal of old man Kid's champagne and something even more intoxicating had mounted whirlingly to his head:
"What about a lill lunch one day?

Would you? Anywhere you like come and fetch you any day you like.'

That was distinctly an impertinence—first, because he could not afford to give Clara Kid luncheon anywhere she liked or, for that matter, anywhere at all; second, because she was accustomed to an almost regal strip-of-red-carpet atmosphere, corsage of orchids and a bevy of press cameras. Chris Conway's dress clothes were excellently cut, but a slight shininess around the seams did not seem to promise much in the way of orchids.

Clara Kid, however, was what Ben Lynn would have called "a good little trouper." She screamed with delighted laughter.

And, amazingly, went.

The luncheon was a success. They were able to sit unnoticed in a corner of a big grillroom, for, funnily enough, people seemed incapable of recognizing one-Kid without the other. No one troubled to spare more than a glance for the overdressed young person in the marrowfatsized pearls, who sat smiling at the blond young man as though she liked his looks.

Chris had been determined to do the thing well. "What would you like to start with? A little caviar? Melon?" "Who are you getting at?" Inquired Clara hoarsely. "You don't get me eating.

Clara hoarsely. "You don't get me eating caviar unless the newspaper, men are around. I'd like a good steak and some fried potatoes, and I'd like to drink beer, it it's all the same to you, Mister Con-

After that they settled down cozily. Now and again in the middle of faughter would fall strangely, unexpectedly silent. When they met next the silences were longer, more significant. For something was happening to Clara Kid; some queer throwback that had its root in the veins of old man Kid; in generations of quiet-faced, decent women who tapped to the factory in wooden clogs, and looked after the needs of their men, and had fewer personal belongings than a nun. The stock that had taken a hundred years to breed a Clara Kid!

At first she had merely liked Chris Conway's looks-so blond and fresh after all the dark, hawk-faced men of the theater. Chris' thin, hungry young face touched Clara, somehow. She was accustomed, too, to men who thought and weighed their values in terms of something set in platinum.

Chris had ridiculously little money and often said gayly how important it was that he should marry a rich wife. He did marry a rich wife. He married Clara Kid.

It was a secret which was bound to leak The Kid family habit of hanging together made that pretty certain. Old man Kid, Ma, Glory, Ed, always around, always watching with the deep-rooted, primitive jealousy of the clan. When the London revue closed in a burst of glory and the sisters' American tour came up for discussion, Clara told them.

Singly and together, the Kid family prowled round Chris Conway, the threatener of their prosperity, and re-turned to coax, storm and threaten. Glory's voice was so much granite, and her deceptively childish face harder than her diamonds.

For the luvva everything, did you have to marry him? You're clean crazy! And while you were bent on busting our act, why did you choose a kid like that witha bean? He's another weak one, you

watch out and see!"
Ma and Pa Kid: "You oughtn't to 'ave done it, reelly, dear, not till your tour

was over. You know 'ow much it means to poor Glory.'

Ed, his lashes sulkier than ever: "What the devil's Goldstein going to say about this, I'd like to know!

Mr. Goldstein, a sleek, dark, pussy-cat individual, had indeed a great deal to say. The Kid Sisters' contract contained the clause that they were not to marry during the period it covered. Mr. Goldstein and his partner proceeded to sue Clara for heavy damages. And won them. When a few months later the signs of Ziegfeld's new show winked down Broadway, the biggest electrics of all flung at you, "Glory Kid."

The Kid Sisters team had come, unbelievably, to an end. Glory could not forgive Clara. For that provincial strain in the blood had held good. As far as the theater went, Clara was through. She had reverted to type, to the Clara Kid who, if the miracle of her genius had not happened, might have married some decent young clerk or mechanic, run her little home, brought up her children.

Something of that instinct had prompted the holding together of the family all these years, the makeshift of home life in an endless procession of hotel suites. Home! Her home; Chris' home! It sounded good.

They found an absurd jewel box of a flat swung high up in a great white block of concrete. Soon it took on the peculiar Kid atmosphere of roses cigaret ash and gold-colored curtains. All the old crowd gathered round. The little flat hummed with their laughter.

Chris got on well with the crowd. When he had first met Clara he had been in some sort of job, but he was out of it now. Ever since he could remember he

had been in and out of jobs.

But he talked frequently of being on the lookout—"can't live on my wife's money forever, you know." Meanwhile stayed around, playing cards a good deal, drinking quite a bit. When you looked at him attentively you saw that his mouth was not unlike young Ed's . . .

It was two years before Glory Kid came back to London again. When the bright-colored bills went up, people said: "Well, well, so she's back! We must

go and see her show when it comes on. Let me see, wasn't there another Kid? Yes; the Kid Sisters, they used to call themselves. I wonder what's happened to the other. Married someone, didn't

Glory's American tour had been unbelievably successful—the seventeen diamond bracelets were now twenty-two. Old man Kid had passed out quietly, asking for Clara, while they were in Chicago; but even if they had cared to cable, they did not know her address the quarrel had been as deep as that.

Now, back in London again, the old clan instinct asserted itself. Where was Clara? None of Ed's friends seemed to know. They had left the flat after a bit,

and then—uh—well, it was difficult to keep up with all your pals.

Ma Kid wept: "If only your poor Pa 'ad seen 'er again before 'e died! Clara was always 'is favorite, even as a little toddler. That young Mister Conway!
And when she could 'ave been with us now, going to the casino at Paris in the autumn, and a contract signed with the movies

Casino, Paris, movies-they were words from another planet for Clara Kid, and like a messenger from her planet of exile came little Ben Lynn. He was devoted to Clara, had kept in touch with her all the time; had seen the Conways move out of the jewel-box flat to something cheaper, and then on to something

cheaper still. During those two years money had oozed away.

Hear

"Clara wasn't used to being careful.
If she's cold she buys herself an ermine coat. If she wants a flower to pin on her coat, it's an orchid."

"And that husband of hers," said Glory bitterly, "I bet he wasn't earning so much as his meal ticket. Why didn't she chuck him and go back in an act of her own?"

'Her health wasn't strong. That was what had taken most of the money.

After the kid was born—"

'Kid?" rasped Glory. "Why, sure! Certainly! Didn't you now? They had a little girl." "No," said Glory; "I—guess I didn't know?

know that."

Little Ben leaned lorwas her, Giory?
"Why don't you go and see her, Giory?
Bury that old hatchet—it's pretty rusty
Bury that old hatchet—it's pretty rusty Little Ben leaned forward earnestly. she expected—young Conway turned out a bit of a waster."

"For the luvva everything! I coulds told her that two years ago when she was blind crazy about him! Think there's a chance of her doing a comeback, Ben? This new act is good, but—it ain't got the kick of the old Kid Sisters."

"I dunno. Maybe; if she could stand the racket. Anyway, go and see."

Loax went. The Conways' new flat I had little of the jewel box about it; s curtains were any color but gold and its curtains were any color but gold and its dark stairs smelled of several things besides roses. Groping her way up, Glory Kid brushed against someone sidling down.

"Say! Does Mrs. Conway live here?"
"Aow! Aow, yes; it's the next flat up. She's in, too—I can 'ear the little gir!"
Glory could hear the little gir! also, a wail that pierced high above the buzz of the push bell. Waiting for an answer, she thought grimly of many things. If she's cold she buys herself an ermine coat. If she wants a flower the ermine coat. If she wants a flower to pin on her coat it's an orchid. Darn lot

of orchids around here, no joking! And then Clara herself answered the door. A Clara in the familiar garb of a slightly soiled sky-blue wrapper, but without the accompanying manacles of diamond and platinum. Most of the snap had gone out of her flaming hair.

Peering out, she said: "It's so dark I an't just— Glory!"

"'Lo, Clara," said the other Kid Sister. She was dragged inside. The persisted on a note of defiance.

"Glory! It's pretty good to see you.

How's Ma and Ed? My, that's a cost with some class—you musta paid a wad for that! The tour went big?"

"Big enough to buy me classy coats. Together, we'd have held up the traffic. You heard about poor Pa, Clara?'

"I read it in the papers. didn't half feel bad, not right at the end . . . Gee! Poor Pa. I being there seen Miss Conway, Glory. Step right over and meet the new Kid Sister!"

peered with grudging interest at a welter of flying arms and ridiculous toes, a vigorously writhing head sur-mounted by a tuft of reddish down. In-

stantly the wailing and motion ceased. Clara said proudly: "There! She's got eye on your sparklers! She likes white and she likes 'em square, that kid does. And she's got a line all her own that's going to tickle the show business

to death one day."

Looking at Clara was like looking at her own reflection in a bad glass—thinner, smudged, some of the sparkle gone.

Glory said suddenly: "Listen, Clara! Why don't you come back when we open at the casino in the autumn?" "Come back? I don't believe I could other out of The which became

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## Outdoors adored ... indoors ignored

OUTDOORS they adored this gay Philadelphia girl. She was continually surrounded with admirers. But indoors it was another story. She was hopelessly out of things.

The truth is that her trouble which went unnoticed in the open, became instantly apparent in the drawing room.

No intelligent person dares to Listerine every morning and assume complete freedom from and before meeting others.

halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Surveys show one person out of three is an occasional or habitual offender. This is due to the fact that odor-producing conditions (often caused by germs) arise constantly in even normal mouths.

The one way of keeping your breath always beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine every morning and night and before meeting others. Being a germicide capable of killing even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds, full strength Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors, and then, being a powerful deodorant, destroys the odors themselves. Yet it is entirely safe to use. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

Times I've cried my eyes out

"Well, what's keeping you back? For the luvva heaven, don't go telling me it's that husband of yours! He'd never stop you earning him his keep, I'll bet."

Clara Kid's pale face flushed crimson. "Ben Lynn's been telling you things about Chris. Remember you said he was a weak one? You win—he is. I've nearly left him once or twice, but then there was the kid, and—well, I didn't, somehow. But whatever he did was my fault. That baby didn't know how to spend money till I showed him how, and

Ed's crowd taught him how to drink more than he ought. Between us—" Glory gibed: "No, he didn't know noth-ing, did he? That fella-me-lad was bone

ing, did he? That fella-me-lad was bone rotten—I felt it all along. Who's keeping up this palace of roses, anyway?"
"He is. I know it isn't what you'd call a suite at the Ritz, but we're moving out soon. Chris has got a job—a steady job.
He's working hard."
"He'll need to Well if you change

"He'll need to. Well, if you change

your mind—"
"I won't." Suddenly Clara smiled and said, "Remember that song Wally Rubenstein wrote for us?

"I've gotta cutie I'd like you to meet, Oh, baby! he's divi-i-hine

"Sure," said Glory ironically; "I'm still singing it—or something like it. Listen, dearie, poor Pa would turn in his grave you in this dump. Let me loan you something till-

The thin shoulders under the sky-blue

The thin shoulders under the sky-blue satin stiffened. "Thanks; it'll do Chris good to work up outs this himself."

"What about you, for the luwy everything? What have you got outs this ceal, Clara, except to lose your figure?"

"I wouldn't go back. It would be like changing over from real flesh and blood to sawdust. The Kid Sisters were only conselved. comething written in red electrics—now
I've come down into the crowd where
I belong. See? We'd both be there, I belong. See? We'd both be there, Glory, if an accident hadn't put us on

"Dearie, you're crazy!" Glory gathered her furs round her. "Well, I'll pop along. Come and see Ma, and bring the kid, We're at the old Ritz again.

'Yeah, I look like the Ritz, don't I? But I'll come. If you wait, Chris'll be back in a minute."

"My word! Then I will pop along! Think over what I said, dearie." "I'll think it over. So long, Glory. It's

kinda good to see you again."
Out on the dark landing Glory Kid stood thinking. So that was that! Owas "through." She'd "think it over." something in her face said that she had already thought. What was keeping her back? The kid? All that crazy talk about being in the crowd! . . .

Glory must have stood there longer than she knew. Footsteps sounded on the stairs, and she shrank back into the gloom of the doorway opposite. Chris Conway! He almost brushed her furs as he stooped to fit in his latchkey.

The shaft of uncertain light that came through the opened door showed her his -sharper than ever, older-looking. The door banged, and she stood there uncertainly.

That wood must be thin as match board! She could hear their voices quite plainly

"Glory's just been here, Chris. Didn't you see her going down?"
"Glory?" The word had a startled shy to it. A pause. "What did she want?"
"She wants me to go back with her in the act this autumn."

A pause, longer this time. Glory made a queer little movement towards the door. All the Kids appealed to Clara in that gesture

"What did you say, Clara?"
"I said—I'd think it over. Why not, if
my health didn't crock up? The kid
could be looked after. I'm sick of all
this, Chris! I took care not to let Glory
see just how sick I was."
"I know." So humble; not a kick in
him Humble! Suddonly Glory say that

"I know." So humble; not a kick in him. Humble! Suddenly Glory saw that thin, young-old face dancing before her again on the gloom of the landing.

"Chris! Our act hasn't been a riot has it? Never mind whose fault it is it hasn't been a success. Why not start again—opposite ways?"

"Clara!" Such fear and misery in that

"Clara!" Such fear and misery in that word! There was the sound of a rush and a chair being kicked over, and then a muffled torrent of speech—muffled as though it might be pressed up against though it might be pressed up against the folds of a sky-blue satin wrapper. "Clara, you wouldn't leave me! You can't leave me! There's the kid—you wouldn't leave us, would you? Us! Clara?"
"I don't know, Chris; I'm so—tired."
"I know, Clara. I know, darling. But

things are going to be different-I swear I'm going to get us out on top. But if you leave me—if you leave us. Clara—I'll go under again. I can't—can't get on without you."

"Chris!" "You won't go back, Clara? Darling! Everything will go out of my life if you go. Don't leave us, my darling! Don't —leave me, Clara!"

"There, Chris. Darling. I won't leave you—baby. Never. I couldn't leave you, Chris. This is where I belong, here with you and the kid. Home."

"Oh, Clara! Oh, Clara!"
Glory Kid walked downstairs and out into the brisk spring air. In spite of being richly enfolded in mink from chin to ankles, she felt a little cold. Glory Kid, whose name was even now being spelled out in arsenic-green electrics by little midges of workmen.

And, stories up in that grimy block, the

Clara Kid who had stepped out of electric lights to be lost in the hurrying, struggling, human crowd . . . Standing there in the pale spring sunshine that mocked her diamonds as impudently as if they were so much paste, Glory Kid envied her.

At the curb was Fred in the canary-ellow car. "Where to, Miss Kid?" "The theater, Fred. Say, Fred, have

yellow car. "Where to "The theater, Fred. you got that fur rug in the front? Seems to me to have turned colder. I felt quite a chill just then .

## I Haven't a Thing to Wear! by May Allison Quirk (cont. from page 63)

a few weeks from the studio grind and to see the new plays. Incidentally, a shopping spree was on our minds.

shopping spree was on our minus.

Lunching one day at the Ritz, we ran
into Eleanor Painter, who was also vacationing between opera seasons. three of us gossiped about everything and everybody and finally got around to the inevitable subject of clothes.

"I just haven't a thing to wear," said

Doris.

She was looking radiant in a green ensemble. Velvet coat, silk dress trimmed with velvet, felt hat and suède shoes to match, and an exquisite sable scarf.

"All you need is a coach and four to look like Cinderella," Eleanor told her. "How much did you pay for that outfit?" "Six hundred dollars without the sables," she chirruped.

Eleanor and I suspended eating for the moment to register our amazement. "Doris, you are worse than I am. But I'm turning over a new leaf about clothes and I wish you and Eleanor would turn with me," I told them.

To which Doris rejoined that I was

in no position to give advice, having so recently proved my inability to find cheap clothes that were not cheap.
"No fair rubbing it in," I retorted.
"We'll profit by my experience. Here

we are, three women of average intelligence and taste." The girls took a bow on that. "We have time to spare.

We all like nice things but we feel we have not been applying intelligence to getting our money's worth for what we expend on clothes. Let's devote several days to shopping together and see if we can find some smart togs that are less expensive."

"Forward," cried the demure Doris, in a voice that could be heard three tables.

a voice that could be heard three tables

"Lead on, D'Artagnan," Eleanor sang "One for all and all for one."

And so for two weeks we called our-selves the Three Musketeers, riding in a glorious shopping adventure through Fifth Avenue and its fascinating side streets.

Our common enemy was the phrase, "I haven't a thing to wear."
Such adventures as we had! A few victories, many defeats, moments of joyous triumphs, discouraging routs.

In our first foray, which occurred the next day, the gentle Doris rode out front and took the brunt of the battle.

We flowed into Madame D's, the most expensive shop in all New York. It was our intention to look at models and get

A woman with the assumed airs of a duchess met us at the door and requested to know who had sent us. I murmured the name of one of their customers and the air was warmed, somewhat somewhat.

Another duchess took charge of us and

ordered the collection to be brought out. As each new creation of Madame's genius was brought out, the duchess would go into a sort of trance and exclaim in ecstasy. We began to feel it was an honor they were conferring on us to permit our lowly gaze to rest on those divine things.

Timidly, we asked prices and felt faint when we heard them. My old modiste seemed pathetically cheap in compari-

"It was easy enough to get in here, but how will we ever get out without mortgaging the farm?" pleaded Doris. "Steady, comrade." This from direct Eleanor. "We'll simply say we do not like the collection and walk out."

We heard a woman in one of the fit-ting rooms order ten thousand dollars' worth of clothes, which left us aghast, but did not stir the duchess from her high-hat serenity.

After two hours in this rarefied at mosphere, we aroused ourselves suffi-ciently to make a pass at departing.

The duchess seemed bent on capturing Doris. "Mademoiselle prefairs the blue chiffon, yes?" she said persuasively. "You may have the o-reeg-e-nal mo-del, something we have never done before, but for you, yes."

"To the rescue, Eleanor," I whispered "She's weakening."

But before we could execute an exit

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Frigidaire renders a unique service . . . a service that cannot be duplicated by any other make of electric re-

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Here is an automatic refrigerator that is so quiet that you don't hear it start, or stop, or run. Here is real beauty and symmetry of design, clean surfaces that stay clean, a gleaming porcelain enamel or Duco finish, a cabinet with all mechanical parts completely enclosed. Here are elevated food shelves to make stooping

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maneuver, we heard Doris say faintly, "Yes; I'll take the blue."

"Yes; I'll take the blue."

She was led away to a fitting room, looking like a lamb to be slaughtered, and we felt powerless to save her.

Their models were too extreme for Doris' type, but that high-hat psychology is a great system. Few of us know how to combat it on first encounter. Well, I'd been talked into a bad bargain and Doris had been high-hatted into something she probably never would wear.

"Wear your best dress and brightest nile," I telephoned the Musketeers one torning later in the week. "It's great morning later in the week. "It's great ammunition and we are going into ac-tion in earnest today."

Have you ever noticed how much easier it is to ask for inexpensive things when you are looking your smartest?

We had breakfast together and mapped out our route. Eleven o'clock found us in a smart shop on West Fifty-seventh Street.

Eleanor turned to me. "D'Artagnan, you're the leader of today's joust, and if we find a hasty retreat is expedient, it's up to you to manage it."

I must confess the things in that shop were beautiful, the loveliest we had seen, but again prices were staggering.

We went into a huddle and decided against paying those prices until we had looked further, yet the saleswoman had been so charming and gracious we did not wish to be rude.

"Won't you try some of them on?" she

I knew we'd be sunk if ever we got into a fitting room. Furthermore, the girls were eying me. That was my cue. "We'll come back after luncheon and slip into them," I told her. "They are slip into them," I told ner. They are too divine and I'm sure some of them will be suitable." Then, turning to Doris and Eleanor, I said, "You know I did not have time for breakfast this morn-

ing and I have a wretched headache."
"What, you had no breakfast!" chorused Comrades Kenyon and Painter. "Why, that's dreadful! You poor dear, you must be starving. Let's go right out and have an early lunch."

And so, promising to return, we made an exit. I found the two of them con-vulsed with laughter when we reached the sidewalk.

"May, that was awful. When you pulled the line about no breakfast and we had a vision of the fruit, eggs, toast and coffee you had got away with an hour previous, it was almost too much for us.

"To horse, Musketeers, and criticize me not!" I cried. "I saved you money, didn't I?"

"Yes, but we're getting no clothes," they wailed.

"Never you mind; you're getting good experience that will save you money in

We made onslaught on every shop of importance, and arrived at the decision that our chief fault lay in expecting to get the same grade of materials we had formerly had for about one-third the old It can't be done. Fine materials, price. It can't be done. Fine materials, whether domestic or imported, are expensive, and if you are not happy except when you are wearing them you will have to economize in other ways. However, we found it possible to get fair substitutes, which were attractive and cost much less.

Two or three glaring mistakes which we made in our quest for clothes were the

sort that any woman might walk into.

For instance: I purchased a green
mixed-tweed coat for sixty-five dollars, which looked considerably more than it cost. But when I got it home and started looking through my closests, I found not one single dress or hat that would blend with it.

On another occasion, Eleanor per-suaded a shop to sell her the blouse from a three-piece suit. She planned to use it with her last year's suit and have practically a new outfit.

She paid seventy-five dollars for the blouse and when it was tried on with the old suit, the effect was tragic. The exquisite blouse made last season's suit look downright shabby. It had been altered and could not be returned. Her only recourse was to get a less gor-geous waist for the old suit and a new suit to go with the new blouse.

We learned much. Our adventure bore fruit.

These mistakes could have been avoided if we had checked over our closets before we started out. Nearly every mistake made in shopping is due to lack of planning before purchasing. Preparation is the only way to avoid collecting a heterogeneous assortment

Today, I spend less than one-third of Today, I spend less than one-third of what I spent years ago, with much happler results. It is true that with my retirement from the screen I no longer need the extravagant wardrobe necessary to screen life, also I have time to spend in planning my wardrobe and time to spend in buying it, two essentials for acquiring smort either with an

tials for acquiring smart clothes with an economy of money.

I study before I shop. Closets are emptied. Hats, shoes, dresses, coats and even slips are gone over with a view to utilizing them a second season.

This year I discovered that it is pos sible to have leather shoes dyed. I had a number of colored leather ones from last year which dyed a perfect black and eliminated the necessity of buying black footwear at this time.

One important thing I have learned is to avoid putting much money into an outfit of extreme style or loud color combinations. When I feel like being extravagant I select an ensemble of subdued color but exquisite material and workmanship. It can be worn two or three seasons. Then I fill out my wardrobe with bright-colored but inexpensive frocks, which can be discarded after a wearings.

Only a woman of vast income should permit herself the luxury of buying an expensive costume that is striking enough to make her conspicuous if worn

enough to make her conspicuous it worn a second time.

Out of the welter of my experience has come the realization of one cardinal principle in assembling a wardrobe: a definite determination of the colors that best suit my personality. I may use various shades of those colors, and I may make mistakes once in a while, but there are certain colors which I know are un-

I wouldn't buy anything in orange if they offered me a five-hundred-dollar gown for fifty cents. It is a splendid color for a brunette, but sartorial poison for light hair and blue eyes. I can wear some shades of green, but not all.

Almost any shade of blue from navy to turquoise, the wine-reds, various tones of rose-beige, raspberry, Nile green and lemon-yellow are my favorite colors. Of course, black or white for certain occasions. I have learned to keep other colors out of my closets.

The things I have learned apply to the woman who is limited to three hundred dollars a year for clothes, as well as to the ones whose incomes—or whose husbands—permit an expenditure of six hundred or six thousand.

The budget idea is a great help. If

you determine just how much you can afford to spend on clothes, and start working from that point, you have the battle half won.

Then consider in turn these points:

What are the necessities? They must

what are the necessities? They must come first. Presumably a street outfit What are my best colors? How can I blend them so that my coats do not fight my dresses, so that my hats will not be orphans, so that my shoes can be used to the best advantage?

What shade of hose will blend with these, so that I may get all my hose in one shade, and thereby save a pair when a run starts in one of them?

When the street outfit is out of the way, I consider my extra frocks, those to be worn without a coat or in the house. My street shoes and hose can be used with these.

What of evening clothes? Can I af-ford one, two, three or six? Must one evening wrap suffice for all my dresses? The same applies to evening slippers and

If every woman's wardrobe was worked out from this beginning there would not be that awful sensation we experience when Friend Husband comes home and announces at the ninety-ninth hour that we must attend some important that we must attend some important function, and we know we haven't a thing fit to wear. And there would not be the serio-comic spectacle of some woman of ample proportions sporting a green cover a tan dress topped by a purple hat.

I may not be able to join in the feverish discussions of the relative merits of fashionable and ultra-generality shore.

of fashionable and ultra-expensive shops now, but I get a lot of human satisfaction sometimes when I see the atrocities some women are sold by clever sales-people, and realize that I am not wasting my money as I used to.

A woman can dress herself in Kalamazoo or San Antonio or any other fair-sized city almost as well as in New York. Up-to-date styles are distributed throughout the better department stores and smart shops of the smaller cities almost as well as the latest styles in automobiles.

ONE more point I may add from my own experience. When you find a good salesperson who is interested in you and is making an honest effort to help you, and in whose judgment you have faith, stick to her. She is a rare good friend. Be honest with her by telling her just what you can afford to pay, and don't take up her time and try her patience unnecessarily.

It's quite a thrill to feel you are get-ting your money's worth and looking smart at the same time, not to mention the fact that a well-balanced wardrob helps maintain harmony in a household and eliminates one source of argument.

No one is infallible, however. I start out on a hunting expedition along Fifth Avenue, or the side streets in the Forties and Fifties, with my mind fully made up to buy a pair of shoes, a hat, or a few accessories, and three hours later wind up at home with a package containing just what I don't want.

Bridge luncheons and parties are quite problem to us women. This week is a heavy one.

I wore that blue outfit twice last week The new raspberry two-piece ensemble made such a hit that I must not wear made such a hit that I must not weat its novelty out. My light-weight cost, on which I am having the fur from last year's coat grafted, hasn't come back yet. I've got a big party on for tomorrow afternoon. I simply must get a new blouse for that beige silk suit.

It seems I haven't a single thing to

wear!

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in France, in England, as in all America, it is revolutionizing Skin Care... This very evening you can re-create Youth before your mirror, can literally wash the years away!

TOUNG, radiant, silken skin—dewy fresh, glamorous! We do want it—so passionately—every woman of us from seventeen to seventy!

But oh, the precious hours we have always believed it demanded!

The expensive, overpowering array of lotions, skin foods, tonics!

And even then, no certainty that all our time and money was accomplishing anything!

But now—a wonderful thing has happened. An amazing discovery has been made—pronounced by leading dermatologists of two continents "the most revolutionary advance in skin care for 150 years!"

Tender, silken, fragrant—Pinaud's New

Just two steps: smooth it on—then, miraculously, wash it off!

Just thirty swift seconds—yet now with your own eyes you can see the first lovely sparkle of reviving Youth!

For in the very instant of its caress, Pinaud's CREAM does three astounding things!

• cleanses each tiny pore more exquisitely than ever before (like a magic magnet it "floats" all the stifling accumulations of dust and powder to the surface!)

• supples the tissues with delicate, swiftly absorbed oils—

• then, as you wash it away, tones the whole underlying fret-

work of muscles and skin glands into vigorous life!



Smooth on Pinaud's Cream; then, miraculously, WASH it away with clear, cool water! All in thirty swift seconds!

OST extraordinary of all, this cream triumphantly overcomes the universal fault of the usual cleansing cream—a fault which skin specialists have long been stressing. Instead of leaving waxy, fatty traces of itself deep down in the pores, as do ordinary creams—to clog and coarsen them slowly but surely—PINAUD'S CREAM actually dissolves completely away in clear, cool water!

Before your eyes it washes away—with all its load of aging accumulations from deep down in your skin! Now your profile smiles as cameo-clear as Youth itself!

And now, too, you need neither astringent nor powder base! Just this one silken cream that not only restores one's skin to youthful beauty but keeps it always at its best... In jars and tubes at leading stores. Pinaun, Paris and New York: Makers of French toilet preparations for more than 150 years, including Pinaud's New Powder; Pinaud's Eau de Quinine, Brillantine and other hair preparations; Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal, Eau de Cologne, and Toilet Waters.

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FOR this amazing Cream developed by the famous Parisian House of Pinaud has a magnetic attraction for dirt tractly ten times as strong as the attraction which the skin iself has for dirt.

And its delicate oils resemble the fine oils of the skin itself more closely than any ever prepared for a cream before!

☐ Please send me FREE enough PINAUD'S CREAM for three treatments.
☐ For 25c enclosed send two weeks' supply of Pinaud's CREAM. (Check offer preferred and mail to PINAUD, Dept. C-8, 220 East 21st Street, New York, or in Canada to 560 King Street, W., Toronto, Ontario.)

Name

Address

#### Lava by Rex Beach (Continued from page 79)

People waited, speculated, chattered

The newcomer was charming to those with whom she occasionally came in contact, but she plainly showed that she shared Rael's antipathy to social life, and, strange as it may seem, both she and he were able to go their own ways without becoming disliked. There was certain ingenuousness about the couple which tempered what otherwise might have been regarded as arrogance

Of course, from the first moment of her arrival, there was much speculation to Vera. Where had Rael met her? Had he known her before or was it on this last trip that they'd first met? Who were her people? For what reason did she dislike and distrust strangers? Was there some secret in her life? But these questions remained unanswered.

N THE point of Vera's beauty there Owas unanimous agreement. She possessed a slim, supple figure and was rather above average height. Her skin was alabaster, her eyes were green, her hair was a deep auburn. The vivid color hair was a deep auburn. The vivid color of her mouth looked like a splash of blood on clean snow.

Almost always she wore green clothes and emeralds—they went well with the curious color of her eyes. She was a tempestuous, passionate creature.

It was patent to everyone that she and

Rael were much in love. They spent most of their time together—quite oblivi-ous of outsiders. She rode with him in the mornings, drove him to his office, and often went out in the launch in place of Batjo Sembilan to tow him through the They were admitted to be the handsomest couple the town had ever known and its inhabitants were proud if somewhat envious and critical of them.

It was during the third year of the Montgomerys' marriage that Gerald Boyce-Gordon arrived in Country Boyce-Gordon arrived in Soerabaja. had come down from the Federated Malay States to manage a coconut plantation owned by a wealthy local Dutchman. Boyce-Gordon, a typical public-school Englishman and heir to an old baronetcy, was about thirty—a genial, sociable, forward, self-assured fellow.

There was nothing remarkable about his appearance, but he had rather nice wavy brown hair, a well-knit athletic frame, pleasant features and manners, and somehow or other women took to him instinctively. Because he was amusing and danced and played excellent golf and tennis he fitted quite neatly into the town's general scheme of things.

He had been there several months when he was seen one afternoon to arrive at the club in Rael's car. The two men spoke a few words before Rael drove away

Raised eyebrows greeted Gerald as he joined the little group of men at the bar. "So we drive about with the great Montgomery now," said one. "We're get-

ting on, eh?"
"How in the world did you come to be in his car?" asked another.

"I was on my way here when I had a puncture," Gerald explained. "And while the syce was changing the wheel Montgomery pulled up and offered me a lift.

I'll admit I was a bit surprised—I'd only spoken to him once before.

nrst spoken. "He'd have passed us by without a look." "Darned funny," said the man who had

must say he was cheery and human this quality in others. Slackness or half-enough as we drove along."

"Well, you'd better remember what he said because it's probably the last word you'll ever get out of him."

This remark, however, proved to be entirely wrong, for a few evenings later Rael approached Gerald on the club lawn and asked him to have a drink.

After that had been disposed of he said suddenly: "Are you booked for dinner?"

"No," Gerald answered.

"Perhaps you'd care to come along and have a bite with us. I wish you would." There was nothing Gerald could do but accept, although it embarrassed him to that the Montgomerys never entertained and this invitation made him feel uncomfortably conspicuous. A few minutes later he and Rael strolled out of the

building and drove away.

The perpired eyes of male and female members has followed them as they left,

members a collowed them as they lert, and comments were freely exchanged as soon as the national extremely puzzling to the European colony of Soerabaja, Rael and Gerald became inseparable. They rode, Gerald became inseparable. They rode, drove, drank, dined together; in fact, one

was seldom seen without the other.

Not that Vera was in any way ignored:
she spent as much time as before with
her husband. It was simply that the
Montgomery party had developed into a

So far as anyone could see there was no reason why Rael should have taken to Gerald. Bach had been to Oxford, but not at the same time; so that fragile bond could not possibly account for it. Friendships, after all, are not founded upon reason; they spring from impulse.

This phenomenon of a man who al-ways had lived in remote seclusion suddenly plunging into an intimate associa tion with an utter stranger naturally gave rise to much conjecture. Would it What had brought about this sudden change in Rael? Had he become bored with his wife's undiluted com-pany? Would Vera commence making friends now that her' husband had broken the ice?

As the months went by and the Montgomerys showed no sign of changing their method of living, except that they appeared to have attached Gerald permanently, the affair was less talked about. The trio became an established fact.

Gerald's status, apparently, was that of a brother to both of them and he now used the Montgomery bungalow as if it were his own—dropped in to meals when-ever he felt like it, spent week-ends there, drove out with either or both of his friends after dinner, and often went towing in the launch with Rael. First one would steer the launch while the other clung to the rope, then they would change about.

The final seal was put on the friend-ship between Rael and Gerald when the latter quarreled with the Dutchman whose plantation he managed. Rael insisted on his telling the old man to go to the devil, and promptly advanced Gerald ample money to start a plantation of his own. At first Gerald flatly refused, and was only after much persuasion that he accepted

The next year was the busiest in Gerald's life. He worked like a stevedore and in what must have been record time "Of course, I know all about his rummy and in what must have been record time reserve," Gerald answered, "but I don't his new place was cleared and planted. really see what else he could decently Rael, who always threw his whole enthunave done except pick me up. And I sham into everything he did, admired

Not only was he well pleased with his protégé but also he derived a soothing feeling of satisfaction at having forese that the fellow was made of sound stuff. He took an especial pride in his ability to size up men and seldom was he wrong,

Vera and Gerald had driven out in the car one night, as they often did, for a breath of air. It was ten o'clock and

Rael sat alone in his study.

Nothing but the monotonous gurglings of tree frogs and the faint sound of to toms in some far-off kampong broke the evening stillness. Suddenly the sharp click of the latch caused him to look up. Batjo Sembilan, dressed in a blue and gold sarong and spotless white coat,

came towards him.

"What is it, Batjo?" he asked.
The boy hesitated for a moment; then
he dropped to his knees. "Tuan!" he cried. The speaker's voice trembled and he wrung his hands.

Rael took a cigaret from the silver box beside him and lighted it leisurely to give the how time to collect himself. "Now," the boy time to collect himself. he said, blowing twin streamers of smoke through his nostrils, "what's the trouble?"

"Tuan, please—there is something I must tell you." Batjo had been educated at a Christian Mission in Amboina and as a special privilege he was allowed to address his master in English. "You will

be very angry with me—perhaps you will kill me, but I must speak."
"Don't be foolish, Batjo. It can't be as serious as all that. Get up on your feet and tell me what's happened."
Batjo rose but he was shaking. "Tuan, please it is cheut the

please, it is about the mem-sahib that

"The mem-sahib!" Rael's eyes blazed suddenly. "Quick! Has something hap-pened to the car?"

"Tuan, no. It is not that."

"Well, then, speak up. Out with it be-fore I strangle you!" The speaker half rose in a menacing attitude.

"Tuan, the mem-sahib—she is not your wife only." Batjo retreated a couple of paces before going on. "She is also Mr. Boyce-Gordon's wife."

For perhaps half a minute Rael remained motionless, staring, then he slowly sank back into his chair. His expression had not greatly changed, but his eyes gleamed more fiercely than before. They were terrible eyes. When he spoke it was as if he carefully weighed each word.

"Batjo," he said, "just what do you mean? I think I understand but I want to make no mistake. You needn't fear my anger. Tell me in as few words as possible what you know."

"Tuan," the boy began, now reassured.

"I have been in your employ for more than ten years and I have never told you a lie. I would not speak of this matter without being sure.

"Tuan, it has been going on for a long time. I would have told you but I was frightened. Many times after tiffin Mr. Boyce-Gordon has come here and gone to the mem-sahib's room when the servants were taking their sleep.

"It was only by accident that I found out. One afternoon I could not sleep be cause of a pain in my stomach and I came to the bungalow for some medicine. That was the first time I saw, Tuan. They came out of the mem-sahib's room, whispering and laughing.

"I stood behind the door in your dressing room till they had gone past. Then

## A play you ought to read The Tragedy of Neglected Gums



## Cast of Characters: Your Dentist and You

YOU: "My gums are responsible for this visit, doctor. I'm anxious about them."

D.D.s.:"What's the matter?"

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YOU: "Well, sometimes they're tender when I brush my teeth. And once in a while they bleed a little. But my teeth seem to be all right. Just how serious is a thing like this?"

D.D.s.: 'Probably nothing to bother about, with a healthy mouth like yours. But, just the same, I've seen people with white and flawless teeth get into serious trouble with their

YOU: "That's what worries me. Pyorrhea gingivitis trench mouth all those borrible-sounding things! Just a month ago a friend of mine had to have seven teeth pulled out."

D.D.s.: "Yes, such things can happen. Not long ago a patient came to me with badly inflamed gums. I x-rayed them and found the infection had spread so far that eight teeth had to go. Some of them were perfectly sound teeth,

YOU: (After a pause) "I was reading a dentifrice advertisement . . . about food."

D.D.s.: "Soft food? Yes, that's to blame for most of the trouble. You see, our gums get no exercise from the soft, creamy foods we eat. Circulation lags and weak spots develop on the gum walls. That's how these troubles begin. If you lived on rough, coarse fare your gums would hardly need attention."







YOU: "But, doctor, I can't take up a diet of raw roots and bardtack. People would think I'd suddenly gone mad."

D.D.s.: "No need to change your diet. But you can give your gums the stimulation they need. Massage or brush them twice a day when you brush your teeth. And one other suggestion: use Ipana Tooth Paste. It's a scientific, modern dentifrice, and it contains special ingredients that stimulate the gums and help prevent infection.'

An imaginary dialog? An imaginary you'? Admittedly, but the action is real. It is drawn from life-from real tragedies and near-tragedies enacted every day in every city of the land!

And if dentists recommend Ipana, as thousands of them do, it is because it is good for the gums as well as for the teeth. Under its continual use, the teeth are gleaming white, the gums firm and healthy. For Ipana contains ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic well known to dentists for its tonic effects upon gum tissue.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to appear before you start with Ipana. The coupon brings you a sample which will quickly prove Ipana's pleasant taste and cleaning power.

But, to know all of Ipana's good effects, it is far better to go to your nearest druggist and get a large tube. After you have used its hundred brushings you will know its benefits to the health of your gums as well as your teeth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-89 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address

City.....State.....

I crept downstairs through your bath-room. But before going back to the serv-ants quarters I peeped in agh the win-dew of the sitting room.

The was lighting a cigaret for the year-sahib and he bent down and kissed

her for a long time, Tuan. I went away very unhappy because I knew that what they were doing was not right."

In a voice as stony as the look upon his

face Rael asked, "Is that all?"
"Oh, no, Tuan. After that I watched. I did not wish to spy on them, but I was your servant long before the mem-sahib or Mr. Boyce-Gordon came here and I thought it was my duty to learn if they were fooling you."

"You watched. What did you see?" "Tuan, from my window many times have I seen Mr. Boyce-Gordon come quiup the compound after tiffin. Never in his car—always he walked. Then I have come on tiptoe to the bungalow and istened at the mem-sahib's door and looked through the keyhole. It is bad. Yery bad. You wish me to go on?"
"Co on," said Rael.
"As Batjo, proceeded haltingly, the ash on Rael's cigaret grew appreciably longer that when green tells it the green to be the green tells."

but when eventually it dropped to the rug it was not because of any nervous shaking of his hand. He was frozen,

"There's no chance that you imagined all this?" he inquired presently.
"Tuan! My eyes are your eyes; my heart is yours. You may kill me if you

"Have you spoken to the other servants -to anyone?"

"Never, Tuan. It is my master's busi-

"Very well! And you have not spoken me. Do you understand?"
"Tuan!" The boy bowed his head.

"You may go now."

Long after Batjo had left, Rael sat looking into space. Not until he heard the crunch of motor-car tires on the gravel path of the compound did he pick up his book and light a cigaret.

A moment later Vera entered the room, shedding a filmy wrap and switching on the lights as she came through the door Gerald was at her heels. Her hair had been blown by the wind, her eyes were glowing, her face was alight-she might have been some willful goddess of the jungle.

"Hello, Rael!" she cried. "You were foolish to stay in. It's a glorious night."
"Yes," Gerald added. "Silly business
browsing among your books when you might have been out in the air."

"I was working on a new case," said Rael. "My evening hasn't been altogether wasted."

"Whisky and soda, Vera?" Gerald asked, going towards a small table on which glasses, decanters and ice were laid out on a heavy silver tray.

"Please, Gerald—a long one."
"Can I mix a spot for you, too, Rael?"
"Not just now, thanks."

YERALD returned from the table carry-Find the trible and the state of the handed to Vera; then, sitting down opposite her, he took a long pull at his glass.

As usual, they chatted about the small things which go to make up people's lives—the new horse that had arrived for Rael that day from Australia, the condition of the plantation, a projected shoot over the week-end. There was nothing unusual in Rael's demeanor.

It was not until Vera spoke of going to bed that he touched on what Batjo had told him. Speaking quite casually, and at a moment when Gerald was drinking, he said:

"Gerald, suppose you were married and you learned that a man was making love to your wife, what would you do about it?"

Without the slightest haste Gerald finished his whisky and set down the empty glass on the table beside him; then he

glass on the table beside him; then he answered banteringly:
"My dear old boy, if by any chance you're suggesting that I make love to your wife, let me tell you that I do and, what's more, I shall continue to do so whenever the opportunity offers. Who could help it? That all right by you, Vera? 'All right by me, Gerald.'

"All right by me, Gerald."
"It might interest you to know," the latter went op, "that I even went so far as to pat her hand in the car tonight."
Rael paid no attention to Gerald's raillery. "This case is interesting." he went on, "because I don't know just how to advise my client. The wife and the lover have their rights as well as the husband.

"That sounds odd, coming from a limb of the law

Rael shrugged his shoulders. "What is the law except codified custom, es-tablished usage? There's no inherent sanctive to it. The woman has her nat-ural right of selection, the lover has his right to prove his superior strength and courage.

'Survival of the fittest, eh?"

"Precisely. Jungle law; Arab law. Whatever you choose to call it."
"Who am I to argue, especially on a hot night?" Gerald dismissed the sub-

Apparently content, Rael looked down at his book and went on reading, but in the pregnant silence that followed he fancied he could feel the exchange of apprehensive looks between his wife and his friend. He noted that Vera, instead of going to bed at once, as she had spoken of doing, lighted a fresh eigaret; the fact that his query and his statements, made apropos of nothing at all, had been allowed to pass without further comment was not lost on him.

After a while he went to the piano and commenced to play. When he had finished and had closed the plano Vera

"It's getting late, you people, all be wrecks in the morning, night, Gerald. And don't kill yo And don't kill yourself

speeding on the way home."
"Slamet tidar," said Gerald, bowing to her. "Good night, Rael."

"Nighto, Gerald. See you tomorrow

"Nighto, Gerald. See you tomorrow."
It was comforting to Vera to hear her husband's cheerful adieu to their guest. Perhaps, after all, that simbler question had boded nothing.

She become convinced that such was the case when Rael kissed her good night as usual. All the same, when she got to her room she discovered that she was shaking. Rael was such a peculiar person; she never knew just how to take him or how he would react to a situation, for he seldom behaved like other men:

That was the Arab streak in him, no

he seldom behaved like other men.

That was the Arab streak in him, no doubt, the was more than a mere streak, Vera his loiscovered; sometimes it deemed to her that he was all Arab. Under his polished European exterior he possessed Oriental traits which bewildered and offended her; there was a side to him which she did not know and never could seem to get acquainted with.

In some ways he was as much a

In some ways he was as much a stranger to her now as he had been before their marriage, and this it was which accounted for her affair with Gerald. So, at least, she assured herself when she took time to search for an explanation of her behavior.

In her mind love meant a passionate

surrender, complete and all-embracing; anything less argued indifference, and to one of her exacting nature, indifference was intolerable. A ninety percent proprietorship in anything was to Vera a minority interest and she rebelled against

Having given her all, it offended her to receive less than all that Rael had to give and her pride cried out. It baffied and it maddened her never to be able to explore that hidden room in her husband's heart, for never before had she suffered frustration. She could not endure the feeling.

Boyce-Gordon was another type alto-gether, and so it was that she had turned to him. Love? She loved them both. She felt sure that she could love Rael as wildly and as selfishly as ever if only he would surrender himself, give up to her, put himself into her power; but always he turned that blind side towards her. It was like a wall, and when her nails were bleeding from the effort to scale it she fell back almost hating him.

Latery she had been drifting rather alm-lessly but tonight Rael had brought her up with a bump. Yes, and his manner of doing it was an affront. If he really loved her, why didn't he show jealousy? Why didn't he kill Gerald?

That's what she would have done in his place. There was lava in his veries, as she well knew, and she longed for it to scorch her. The fact that it had cooled was an unceasing torment.

Well, she had the power to ignite un-holy fires in Gerald. If the truth came out, she assumed they'd run away to-

On the following morning she rode as usual with her husband. No mention was made of Gerald either then or at breakfast. From Rael's manner it might have been supposed that he had decided to condone whatever he had discovered. if anything, and this caused Vera to

Time after time during the day she was tempted to telephone her lover, but caution restrained her. She expected him to call her or to drop in, but he did

The afternoon dragged wearily by. was after six—considerably later than usual—when Rael drove up to the bun-galow. Tea had been served in the study galow. Tea had been served in the study and Vera had finished hers, but the things were still on the table. Rael kissed her perfunctorily and ex-plained that he had been forced to stop

at police headquarters on a matter of business; then he went to one of the French windows which opened upon the lawn and stared out. Plainly he was disturbed and Vera assumed she knew the reason why.

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She was voicing some aimless pleasantry when he whirled and faced her. Without preamble he broke in:

"You're as lawless and as passionate as I am, and it requires a man to hold you. Not a good man necessarily, but a strong If it came to a choice between two men you'd choose not the better but the stronger and the more ruthless."
"Um-m! No doubt. I'm like other women. Yes, I'm lawless, as you say, but

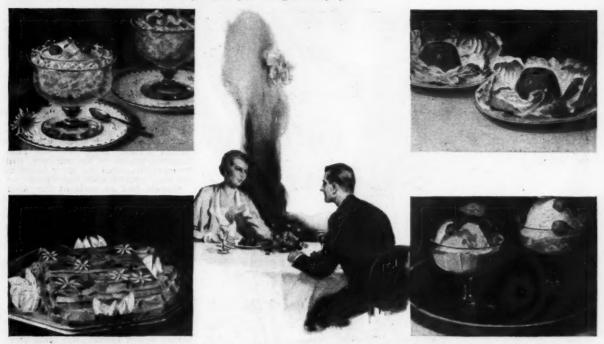
what on earth-?

"Since last night," Rael went on with a ferocious frown, "I've been wondering

a ferocious frown, "I've been wondering whether that man was Gerald or I."

So! It was out. Vera stiffened; her green eyes glowed resentfully. Something about those satanic eyebrows and the expression beneath them fascinated her; she was looking into the face of a transmission.

"Well, today I put it to the test," her husband continued. "I gave him his



## How's this for a hot-weather dinner?

One of these evenings, when you're exhausted from the heat and nothing tastes good, how would you like to sit down to a dinner like this? An ice-cold fruit cup, jellied chicken and ham, a salad of crisp lettuce with a stuffed tomato in aspic. And, for dessert, a strawberry sundae.

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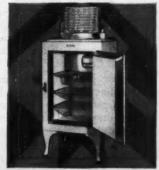
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chance and he didn't have the strength or the courage to take it. Hang onto yourself, for I've got something pretty shocking to tell you."
"Rael!" The wife leaned forward, the

blood drained from her cheeks.

has happened?"

has happened?"
Outside Batjo Sembilan was heard approaching, evidently with fresh tea, and Rael waited until the boy had entered before he spoke. Then he answered:
"I've got news that I don't know how to break. That's why I'm late. It's bad news, Vera, and it's about Gerald."
The woman gasped and raised a hand to her throat. Batjo shot one swift, inquiring glance at his employer, then he carefully placed the silver teapot on the tray, stepped aside and waited.

he carefully placed the silver teapot on the tray, stepped aside and waited. "Gerald had an accident this afternoon." This information was directed not only at her, Vera realized, but also at the servant, and dimly she began to understand the nature of her betrayal. "Not—serious?" she managed to gasp. "Very serious! And about as terrible as it could be."

as it could be.

The wife cried out hoarsely, "This is some hideous—joke. You're trying to torture me.

"No. Only to prepare you. Gerald is dead."

Batjo did not stir nor lift his downcast

Batjo did not stir nor lift his downcast eyes. Vera, too, was dumb; the breath had stopped in her lungs, her heart had almost ceased beating, the room began slowly, dizzily to revolve.

Dreadful questions rose to her lips, prompted by Rael's earlier words, but she could not frame them. The stronger, more ruthless man . . He had put it to the test . . . Gerald dead! The appalling suddenness of this catastrophe paralyzed her. What had happened?

"Shartly before tiffin I telephoned and

"Shortly before tiffin I telephoned and asked him if he'd care to go towing with me this afternoon." Rael's voice seemed to come from a great distance but his face was near and it was lighted by some internal fire; to the wife it appeared to glow like a hot, copper devil-mask. "We ran down to the port and put out to sea
—about five miles, I'd say. Anyhow, we
were completely beyond reach of help.
First I went overboard. I stayed in a
long while—much longer than usual."

There was a significant pause and Vera understood as plainly as if her husband had said, in so many words, that he had purposely allowed his naked body to be dragged at the end of that rope to test the courses and the ruthlessness of his the courage and the ruthlessness of his enemy. Was it courage, rancor, malevolence, or what?

Plainly, in view of that discussion the night before, he had expected Gerald to cast him off, and the latter's failure to do so he had put down as weakness.
What a way to torture the man he had
befriended! Five miles out. Beyond
reach of help. He had given Gerald
every "chance," as he put it.

Vera wondered if her lover had grasped the significance of Rael's daring, his defiance. No doubt, but what guilty paramour could have damned his soul

paramour could have damned his some by accepting such a challenge? Rael was speaking again, "Finally when I was satisfied, that is, when I'd had enough, I climbed aboard and—he took his turn. I ran the launch pretty fast, on account of the sharks and the crocoon account of the sharks and the croco-diles. Somehow, the rope worked loose, the knot must have slipped or something, anyhow——" Rael finished the sentence with a gesture. "Terrible thing, so far from help! It's a noisy engine and if he called I didn't hear him. Of course I swung about as soon as I discovered what had happened, but it was no use. The sharks are thicker than usual this season and——"

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he, 'eat."

A shriek of horror burst from Vera's throat. She stifled it with her hand, then rose and went blindly out of the

then rose and went blindly out of the room, groping her way.
Rael watched her go; after a moment he shrugged his shoulders. "It was a sad occurrence, Batjo."
"Yery sad, Tuan," the boy agreed.
"The mem-sahib and I will miss our friend. Things will not be the same

"Indeed, no. Very different, Tuan."
"And yet why grieve? Death is inevitable."

"Inevitable!" Batjo nodded. "Shall I pour some tea, or would the Tuan prefer whisky?

"Tea, please, with a slice of lemon."



#### Beanstalk

(Continued from page 61)

peacocks, not in the number desired or the right breed for the table. They could have served pheasants instead, but in the gush of enthusiasm Jack had let it out that peacocks there would be, and the guests were coming to see the birds, as

much as anything.

A few days before the dinner a stranger knocked at the door, a tall young fellow, with a sharp glitter in his eye.
"You wish a word with me?" said

"I'm here to answer your advertise-ment for peacocks."

Jack drew a long breath and spread himself out in a smile. "Then you have them? I knew someone would!"

"It depends on how many you want."
"There'll be forty-three of us at the table, if they all come."

table, if they all come."

The fellow calculated. "Assuming normal appetites, that's a dozen birds."

Jack was disappointed. "Twelve may be enough for food," said he, "but I was hoping to make a bigger show of the procession, when the platters come in In my mind I saw twenty, or at least fifteen."

"It's for you to say," said the man. "I'll provide twenty, and you can eat them cold, or they'll go into soup or a

"Twenty's about right," said Jack.

"How much are they?"
The man named a price. mother, coming out of the pantry unexpectedly, heard it.
"Will you just say that again?" she

asked him.

He said it again.

"It's peacocks we're looking for," said

"not phoenixes."

she, "not in know "and "I know what you want," said the man, "and if you can find them cheaper elsewhere, good luck to you, but the market price of the edible peacock is what I'm quoting, and I ought to know, for not a soul but myself has any to sell."

The way he spoke, and that glitter again in his eye, made Jack wonder if they had met before, but his mother's way of glaring at the man weakened his

way of glaring at the man weakened his nerve and distracted his attention. "If they cost as much as that," said he, "perhaps they're too expensive to eat."

"They would be," said the man, "for any but you."

"Mother," said Jack, catching the compliment in his tone, "for any but us they would be too expensive! Bring me fifteen. I'll cut down the procession. fifteen. I'll cut down the procession— it can go around the table twice." He had the fellow into his office, and

counted out the price of the peacocks.

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I've a another matter. which lays golden eggs, and I don't think she looks as energetic as she should."

"What do you feed her?"
"The usual thing—corn, and what worms she can pick up."

"There you are!" said the fellow.
"For golden eggs you need a special
diet. Could I have a look at her?"
Jack took him to the henkouse and
there was the creature just outside the

leaning up against the wall, as

though needing a rest.
"You can see what's worrying me said Jack, "and with visitors coming in a few days, we'd like her to perform."
"It's a clear case," said the man. "I'll send a hag of it tomorrow, and let her have a quart twice a day."

Tus night of the banquet the guests came early, ready for a glimpse of the woman and her son. The young were curious about Jack, but their elders thought the woman would be more thought the worth while.

Jack and his mother shook their hands in the drawing-room and the library, where the talk was so cheerful they couldn't hear a word. When dinwas served she took the arm of a mature gentleman, whose face was set off by a scar across one eye. He happened to be the Count, quite a man in the district, but a widower and short of funds.

Jack led in the daughter of an Earl not because he knew who she was, but because he liked her looks. She parted her dark hair in the middle of her brow, and most of the time she glanced down, to show her lashes. She had a white skin and a blue dress.

When you talked to her she bent her head to one side, as though she'd hate to miss anything, and she'd repeat your last words, to get the full gist of them. In the strict order of precedence, Jack might very well have taken in her mother, but he let his eyesight be his guide, and put the Earl's daughter down at his right hand.

His mother and the Count improved

the moments.

"We're delighted to welcome you to the neighborhood, madam. My one regret is that I couldn't offer you a banquet myself before your invitations were out, but since my wife died, the housekeeping in my home has disintegrated.

"Tolle been dead?"

"Tolle been feed?"

"Tolle been feed?"

"Tolle been dead?"

"Tolle been dead?"

"Ten years, and the place has gone downhill ever since." She wagged her head sympathetically.

"Not that it isn't worth looking at, even now," he added, "but it's nothing to what it was. The kind of estate you'd expect with an ancient title like mine.

She nodded up and down, to show she understood what that kind would be.
"The thing for you," said she, as innocent as a child, "is to marry some
competent person with a turn for management, who would bring a bit of
dowry with her."
"Very practice!" and the Court "was

dowry with her."

"Very practical," said the Count, "and I've had my eye out, but I'm hard to suit, what with an instinct I've inherited for the higher values. If I must spend the rest of my days with a woman, I'd like a little charm."

He smiled as though she had charm enough, and the soft tone he used, you could just hear his heart gurgling out.

just hear his heart gurgling out of him.

"Quite so," said she, gurgling back. The side of his foot touched hers under the table, but she didn't mind. Meanwhile the Earl's daughter was

drawing Jack out.
"And I suppose he struck at you with "And I suppose he struck at you with his club, and you slipped from under, then you thrust your rapier right into him. That's what they do with giants."

"No," said Jack. "He had no club and I no sword—at least not then. It was one of the first things I bought."
"Bought it?" she cried. "You inherit

sword—you can't buy one!"
"Can't I!" said Jack. "I did!"
She began all over access

She began all over again. "Just was your method of killing him?" "I cut down the beans."

"Yes. When he climbed down, I-His right hand indicated the amputation of the vine and sketched in air the convolutions of a falling giant. She sighed. "It's not at all the way I

heard it. We thought you met him in a duel, face to face."

"Thank heaven, no." Her eyebrows rose.

"Just how do you pass the time your-if?" he went on, to show he had a broad interest.

"Oh, I hunt with Father, and emwith Mother, and help the cook broider and what time's left I dance or walk in the garden or listen to minstrels."

"Tm thinking of marriage," said Jack
—"that is, as soon as I can locate a girl
I'd be willing to the myself to. Since you know the neighborhood, perhaps you might help.

"It's a matter you'll have to help your-self in."

If she was as clever as she looked, wouldn't she take the hint to herself? She glanced down and he wasn't sure but she was laughing at him, but that would be a good sign. So he slipped his foot over till it touched hers beneath

"I beg your pardon!" said she, and

drew her shoe up under her.
"There's no reason to," said he, and felt he was doing nicely. For a while he let well enough alone.

"You spoke of minstrels—you're fond of harp-playing?"
"Very!" said she.

"It's a passion of my own," he said, "and maybe you'd give an opinion of my skill."

"Do sing for us!" said sheballad right in the middle of dinner!"

"Ah," said he, "never mix the arts! I don't sing and play at the same time,

and the way I play—"

He leaned across her plate and told his mother he would have in the harp, to brighten the meal.

"After the peacocks," said she, "or you'll spoil the effect."

"Peacocks, did I hear you say?" asked the Count.

"It's a little something extra," said she, "by way of a tidbit."

With that the fifteen were carried in, up and down the room twice. One guest asked what it was all about, and another clapped his hands, to play safe, and gradually the applause became general. Then the servants sharpened the carving knives and the guests tried to eat what they got. The Earl's daughter lifted a morsel to her lips, and then lifted it down again.

"Do they admire the taste of it in your country?

"The best families do," said he, "but

it's a refinement."
"That's it," said she. "It needs cultivating.

the silence that had fallen them all, and their knives idle on the plates, he saw it was the moment for the harp, and when they brought it, he stood it up before him.

"I thought you were going to play," said the Earl's daughter.
"I am."

"Then I'll pull back my chair and give room for you to swing at it."
"Stay where you are," said he, "and you'll see how it's done."

Then he called to the harp to begin, and the most educated music came out of it. But the Earl's daughter put on a hard look.

"If it isn't one of those new ma-chines! I thought you could play like an artist, with your hands."
"When it comes to that, isn't it a

greater miracle to play with no hands at all? Just listen to what you'll hear

"What's the name of the piece?"

Jack scratched his head. "I never know in advance—wait and see what comes out."

She listened till the harp was quiet.
"And is this one of the things that belonged to the giant?"
"It is."

dare say he knew more about it," said she, with a nasty twist in her voice.

The Count had better manners.

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That's a clever machine you've got," said he to Jack's mother, "and I dare say the value of it runs into figures."
"Doesn't it, though!" said she. "I don't know where there's another like

it, nor what price would be on it if there

"It's a handy thing about the house," said the Count, very thoughtful. "Does it belong to you or your son?" "The way we've divided the property," said she, "it's his, since he has an ear." The Count looked disappointed. "Ah, you've divided the property!"

"Yes; he gets the harp and I take the

"I can't believe you've only one hen!"
"One's enough," said she. "You may judge for yourself."

So she told the servants to carry off and in three minutes were walking in again with the bird on the platter, so if you weren't quick you might think it was another peacock, and one man groaned, forgetting he wasn't at home. The creature stood in the middle of the table, flapping its wings.

"Lay!" called Jack's mother, as though she were ordering a regiment. Plump! Right in front of the Count, there was a golden egg on the tablecloth. Every-one stood up to have a look, and the they applauded this time, you could tell the evening was beginning to be a

"Move her along, Jack," said his mother, "and we'll see what she'll do for the next one." So he pulled the hen toward him by the tail feathers. and his mother shouted the order, and there on the cloth in front of the Earl's daughter was a second golden egg.
"How interesting!" That's all she

said, and she didn't touch it.

T's GOLD," said Jack, "and you're welcome to take it home."
"Really!" said she, as

"Really!" said she, as though she didn't care for money with her meals. But he paid no attention to her, being lost in the thrill of the egg-laying.

When the hen had produced twelve eggs in a row, she began to look tired.
"Let her rest a moment. Jack." said his mother.

But what with the natural haste of youth and the spiritual intoxication of the moment, he couldn't stop to humor

"Lay!" he cried for the thirteenth time. The bird rolled her eyes, gave a noise like the cracking of the spring of a clock, and toppled over in front of

him, with a farewell flick of her feathers. "Now you've gone and done it!" ex-claimed his mother, forgetting where she was. "You've no sense in your she was. "You've no sense in your head, and if by luck you get out of one scrape, you tumble in next minute worse than ever. Couldn't you hold your tongue and let the creature get her wind?"

"And how was I to know she'd give out on us?" said he, not liking to be shown up before strangers. "On the giant's table she laid an egg every time he yelled at her, and 'twas he got out of breath first

"Well, you're no giant, heaven knows,"

"It's the feed the man brought her!" said Jack.

"It's what?" said she.

He told her, then and there, of the diet
the peacock-seller had advised.

"And did you give the stuff to the "And did you give the sturt to the bird when my back was turned?" said she. "And without knowing what it was? You're a fool!"

She began to cry, but the Count slipped his souvenir into his pocket and told her not to be disturbed by a pleasant saidant like that which would

ant accident like that, which would give variety to any evening. At the same time, he pulled his foot away from hers, and when they took up the conversation again, she found he was interested in nothing but politics.

The twelve who carried away favors said little afterwards about the time they had had, but the ones who hadn't been reached when the hen expired, took it out in conversation. The Earl's wife gave the Count a lift home in her coach, since she and her daughter took

up no room to speak of.
"If I ever live to forget that evening!" she began.

The Count was pulling his coat tails around, where the golden egg wouldn't seem so hard against his spine.

"What ever did you get out of that

clown of a son?"

"He stepped on one of my new evening slippers," said her daughter, "and I learned to think well of the giant."
"You must have enjoyed the old woman's temper, my dear Count, when

woman's temper, my dear Count, when she began to shout like a fishwife!"

But the Count was too true a gentle-man to discuss his hostess—not till he'd had the egg weighed, anyway.

When Jack and his mother were left alone that night, she threw herself into

a large chair.

"Thank heaven, it's over! Now, if you can let us rest in peace for a while—"

Jack sat down on a handsome oak chest opposite her and wiggled his feet back and forth. "We can't expect to master the trick of it the first time," said he. "Who was the old man sitting next to you?"

next to you?"

"I didn't catch the name. Who was the silly thing you were talking to?"

"You've said it—no brains at all. I couldn't pull an idea out of her, and when the dinner was over, she left the golden egg on the tablecloth."

"Who got it, then?"

"One of the other guests."

They said nothing for a moment.
"Mother. did you tell the servants

"Mother, did you tell the servants what to do with the hen?"

"What matters what they do with it?" "I'd rather it didn't go out with the

ordinary garbage."
"My, but it's a delicate spirit you have!"

"You needn't be so sarcastic. It wasn't my fault it died!"
"Wasn't it! Feeding it the poison that fellow gave you, so innocent and trusting you are!"



Vhy it takes a penetrating foam to clean teeth completely

Colgate's active foam sweeps into every tiny crevice, washing out decaying impurities which ordinary brushing can't reach.



Where Tooth Decay May Start



picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, aluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tenn") fails to pe trate deep down ere the car of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's ac-tive foam (having low "surface-ten-sion") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush can-

HE difference between Colgate's and ordinary toothpastes lies in the unique, active foam into which Colgate's bursts, the instant it is brushed

For this sparkling foam not only carries a polishing agent that makes teeth sparkle brilliantly . . . it does more! It possesses a remarkable property called low "surface-tension" which enables it to go down to the very bottom\* of all the tiny crevices and fissures in teeth and gums. There, it softens and dislodges the food particles and impurities which cause decay . . . and washes them away in a foaming, detergent wave of cleanliness.

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"Confidence in one's fellow man is never misplaced," said Jack, his best side uppermost. "I'll have a talk with

"You'll need to!" said she.

A week after the banquet the man called again at the house. Jack saw him coming, and met him at the door.

"Since I had to pass this way the fellow, "I thought I'd ask if you want any fowl. As you know, I can fill your order promptly, and I hope you were pleased with what you got the last time." time.

'Pleased!" said Jack. "Didn't you care for them?"
"We didn't!"

"I thought you wouldn't," said the fellow, "but it was handsome of you to revive the old customs."

"If you'll step inside the door and take a seat for a moment," said Jack, "there's a question I'd like to discuss with you more in detail."

THE man went in, as easy as you please, and helped himself to one of the best chairs

"Now," said Jack, "I've an account to settle with you. The hen is dead."
"The one that laid gelden eggs?" said the man. "Well, they rarely last long.

They're too high-strung."

"Let that be as it may," said Jack, "but you sold me that meal to feed it, and you're answerable for the result."

"Ah, but you consulted me too late! She was leaning against the house, you recall, when I first saw her. Her best days were over."

"That's not for you to say!" said Jack, almost annoyed at his indifference. "If I'd kept on with a little corn, she'd have come round, but goodness knows what poison you sold me.

"It wasn't poison, it was dry beans."
Beans! He recognized the fellow—the man who had bought the cow! Nothing could be more obvious—the dreadful peacocks-the dead hen-he had been taking his revenge!

"If you know as little about feeding cattle as chickens, I don't wonder the cow died."

The man smiled. "Cows aren't in my

"Didn't you buy my old cow?"
"I may have," said the fellow, still niling. "That's no proof I understand smiling. cows-on the contrary!"

"And you brought back a carcass which paid you for, in good gold!"
"Why on earth did you do that?"

Jack couldn't remember, exactly. "I didn't ask you to, did I?"

"Don't get away from the subject," id Jack. "You admit I paid for it?" "Well, what of that?" said Jack.

"Then you can pay for the hen."
"That's a bit hard," said the fellow,
"though the principle of it is sound enough. I don't admit responsibility for the hen's death, but I see your argument -you'll say it wasn't neces advancesarily your fault that the cow didn't last longer. And since you paid, I should." "I couldn't state it better myself."

"The difficulty will come," said the man, "when we try to calculate the value of the hen. We ought to take the normal life of the creature, and I don't know what that would be for this peculiar Then we should know the numbreed. ber of eggs per day, and the value of each egg. It's complicated."
"Well, as to the individual egg, I'd say

the gold was worth about ten pounds, wouldn't you?"

"I would not," said the man, "but then, I'm the one who is to pay, and nat-urally I'd be conservative. You've had the eggs appraised?"

it in two and say five pounds."
"And the normal life of a hen," continued Jack, "I would put at three

One and a half, let's say," corrected

That's about four hundred and forty or fifty days, somewhere around there,"
said Jack, "and at ten eggs a day—"
"Never! No hen could—it can't be

Well, she laid twelve that evening." "And no more thereafter, you recall."
"Make it four hundred days, for round numbers," said Jack, "and ten a day at five pounds each. That comes to—"
He tried to do the sum on his fingers.

Twenty thousand pounds," said the n. "A lot of money."

He didn't look worried, as Jack thought e should. They eyed each other a moment.

"It's a lot of money," said the man, "but if it will make you feel more comfortable. I'll pay it. I can see how it will come in handy when you give your next banquet." He took out his purse and began to count, but suddenly he stopped. "If you'll wrap up the hen, I'll take it close"

"My dear friend," said Jack, "we didn't

preserve the corpse. It went out with the garbage the next morning."

The man put back his gold, in the best of humor, and tied up the neck of the When you bought back the cow, you got what you paid for. If I'm to buy the hen, it's a pity it went out so casually. The next time, save it. A pleasant morning to you!"

The next time! Jack said the words over to himself. The next time! It was the turning point in his career. If you don't feel the lift his soul got out of it, it's because you're trained to look only at the excrescences of experience—giants, But what's all that

pared with having a second chance?

By the time his mother came in from shopping, he had a large scrap of parchment covered with figures.

"What's the news with you?" he said.
"Nothing to be proud of," said she.
"They think we're made of gold, the
butcher puts up the price on me every time I give him an order, and no one asks us out for a meal."

While you were out," said he, "I was wondering whether that's of any importance. To pass the hour pleasantly, I've been counting what's left of our gold, and about thirty minutes ago, I had an idea.

"Oh, did you?" said his mother, not excited.

"It's time we got rid of this house, he said, "and moved into a better one."
"Are you mad?" said she.

"We'll sell this house now, go back to the old cottage, and get rid of what's left in the purse."

"Heaven save my wits!" said she.
"Twe just had a chance to make ten
thousand pounds, but it was better to
let it go by—in the cottage we shan't need it.

"You let it go by!" she shrieked at him. "You're a fool!"

"We'll put a sign out on the front lawn this afternoon," said he, "and as soon this afternoon," said he, "and as soon as we've sold the place we'll go home. There was a man talking with me this morning, and I had a light from heaven."

with his sudden pig-headedness, what could she do but go? When they came in sight of the old cottage, her heart ached with pleasure, for after all, she had the feel of the place in her bones, and you can't walk out of your own

"No, I'm just guessing, the way I put a value on the cow."

"To be sure," said the man; "let's cut "I was thinking so," said Jack.

He

"It's a good spot!" said she.
"I was thinking so," said Jack.
"What's that line of people in the front

"I was asking myself that," said he. Well, to put it in a word, the rascal who owned the house now was charging sixpence for a look at the stump of the stalk and the place where the giant was showed, but it wasn't the stalk he showed, but the roots of an elm, and he had got the giant's grave on the wrong side of the house, because that way the visitors wouldn't step on his vegetable garden.

Toward the close of the day, when the crowd had gone, Jack made him an offer.

"I'd rather not sell it back to you," said the man, "but if you must have it, I'll have to ask something for the good will of the business, and what I probably should have made if I had kept the place.

"How do you figure it?"

"Well, I'll take the normal number of years I might expect to live, and the average number of persons a day, at six-pence a head, with an allowance for bigger patronage as the shrine becomes famous.

What's the normal number of years?" "Seventy," said the fellow; "but my father died of an accident at ninety, and living this quiet life, I'll probably avoid the accident."

"Make it eighty," said Jack.
"I'm thirty-five now. That's a clear prospect of forty-eight."

"Let's say forty-it will be easier to figure.

Well, forty times three hundred and sixty-five-

"In such calculations," said Jack, "three hundred is the usual number. Forty times three hundred is twelve thousand.

"And a hundred people at sixpence 'Are there always a hundred?" "A hundred for round numbers," said

the man. "That's fifty shillings or four pounds and something over, which makes we might as well say fifty thousand

"You can say it if you like," said Jack. "I've two hundred pounds in my purse. You may have half. Otherwise you can entertain callers at sixpence a head till the end of time."
"Well," said the man, "if you're talk-

ing business, and it's cash down

When Jack and his mother had the place to themselves, she looked at tracking through, and she began to cry. the floor where the tourists had been "What's into you now?" he said. happy I could dance!"

"You could, could you? And nothing between us and starvation but a hundred

"A hundred pounds and no debts!" said he. "Could we want more? Get into bed, Mother—what you need is sleep."

True enough. She slept so soundly it was broad day when she woke up—such a day as the one when she saw the bean-stalk out of her window. Now, tethered to the stump was a fine old cow, stiff in the left front leg, and Jack looking proudly at it from all sides.

"You see, I've lost no time," said he. "I bought her before dawn."

With a sudden fear on her, the poor woman stepped into the kitchen, to have a look at the family purse. It was empty. Jack came around to the door, to see where she had gone. You could tell from his face the joy of life was in him.

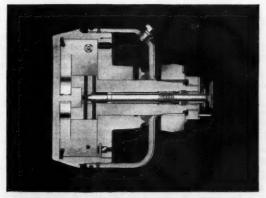
"Just watch what I make on her this time! I'm off to market now!"

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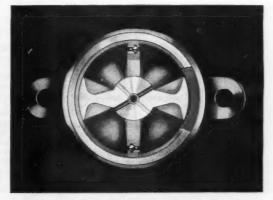
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Double-Acting SHOCK ABSORBERS

#### The Old Man Cleans his Revolver (Continued from page 95)

even no relatives. Here and there over the country there were graves they had never seen, and in these graves lay their

The present, a bit of the future, and each other—that was all they had. And they were always together; even in the apartment hardly more than an arm's

length away. When his joints stiffened it often seemed that the liniment had been applied to her, and when her head ached he too inhaled the menthol. If she fancied minced chicken he ate it, although he loathed it, and when he craved a boiled dinner she ordered it from the restaurant below, and ungrumblingly shared it.

All their possessions they shared save their clothes; indeed, each had but one possession. She had her vanity box, and he had his revolver. On Saturday nights he wound the clock, and on Sunday mornings he cleaned his revolver.

She fixed the card table before him, and he took the revolver apart and worked with it. Because she was afraid of firearms she would retreat into the bedroom, and later on she would open the door a crack.

"Have you finished?"

"All finished. Come in." He would hold the box—it was in a velvet-lined mahogany box—in his hands, and like those occasional memories of hers at night, the holding of the box gave him renewed confidence in himself. He felt masculine and strong and dangerous. It was as though he

"See, I am still a man. There is death in my hands. Beware of me. Be careful

Not until it was on the shelf above the books did she seem to relax again. But she was not really afraid of fire-

arms. She only pretended to be. One winter he developed a bad knee. She put cloths soaked in arnica on it, but there it was, swollen and painful, and he could not get about. She never left him, except once in two weeks to get her hair retouched. It was dyed so black that it had to be watched carefully.

Not that they admitted to each other the purport of these absences of hers.

"I'll have to go downtown today for an hour or two, dear."
"All right, honey."

"I have some errands." Then you had better have some

money

On the retouching days he would give her five dollars or so, but every three months or maybe less he would give her twenty. When she came back he would not refer to any change in her, but he would tell her she was beautiful.

"Beautiful, and the light of my soul."
She would be filled with love and thankfulness, that he was hers again, that he was still faithful, that she holding him. For the next few days, if she grew warm, there would be a heavy odor of dye over the rooms, but she was so accustomed to it that she did not notice it.

So now and then she left him, and because he liked to read to her, he did not read when she was gone. He sat and watched the clock or looked out the window, where the children and the nursemaids walked in the park, and made him feel—when she was away

from him—so old.

He had no particular memories to fall back on save tragic ones, best forgotten, and he refused to look ahead. Not in the daylight, anyhow. Now and then

in the night, when the pain kept him awake, the future came like a demon, and sat on the foot of the bed and told him dreadful things.

"It has to come. One or the other

"It has to come. One of you."

"I decline to think about it."

"You do think about it. Don't lie. Which first? It will be easier for the one who goes first."

"Then let her be the one."

But that was dreadful. She lying there, cut off. Her breath stopping, her little beringed hands folded across her breast; she who loved life, who held to it so tenaciously.

Take me first." "No!

And then he saw her alone, old and alone. Nobody to admire her pretty things, her pretty gestures, her little birdlike mincings and affectations. Nobody to help her across the streets, or sit on the bench with her, or read to her on rainy days. Not that! Oh, not

This, however, was only at night and not often. He was contented enough in the daytime to be sure of her, to wait for her, to watch for her with the odd illusion of girlishness which distance lent her, walking home to him through the park. He had no far glasses, only the ones he read with; but he always knew

It was while watching her so one day that a terrible thought came to him. Suppose he went first? Would she marry again? He saw no absurdity in this. again? He saw no absurdity in this. She was so little and so soft, so feminine. And she liked admiration. He had seen her preening herself.

Also she would be lonely. She had hardly ever been alone; not for years and years. Not since he had found her, abandoned by that scoundrel, sitting by herself and staring at a packet of sleep-ing powders. He had brought her back,

and she had never been alone since.

He gave her a queer look that day when she came in. She was warm from the walk, and a small black island had formed beneath each eye; the familiar aura of dye filled the room.

"And what have you heen doing all."

"And what have you been doing all this time?" she inquired. "Getting into mischief?"

Her tone implied that there was no mischief beyond him, but he did not

"I have been thinking," he said. "You have no life of your own. No life without me.

"Why should I want anything else?"
"If you were left alone—"
She put her hand over his mouth.
"Don't be silly," she said. "You've been left too long. You're morbid."

left too long. You're morbid."

After that, however, he made her leave him each day. It was as though in his jealousy of the future he was teaching her to be alone, to be contented to be alone. When she protested it frightened She must learn.

Day after day he sent her out to walk pretending she needed exercise. She did not walk. She sat on a bench—alone now—and because it was cold she could not slip off her high-heeled shoes.

He could not see her there, save as a

He could not see her there, save as a dot of vivid purple, or blue, or green. He would watch this, and rub his old hands together. She was learning now, learning to be alone. Not that she liked it. She protested daily.

"It's foolish. I can put a blanket over your knees and open the window. Why should I go out?"

And her protests pleased him while

And her protests pleased him, while e remained insistent. "I get tired of you, woman!" he would say. "Hasn't a man a right to be alone now and then? Get out with you!"

She would pretend to be angry, and he would drag her down and kiss her, and for a moment—no more—the illusion of youth filled the room, and the demon covered his face

One day something unusual about the bench caught his eye. She was a purple dot that day, and beside the purple was another dot, black. She was not alone. At first he thought it was some casual passer-by, but later he was not so sure. The black dot remained, and it seemed to him but this was smeakly invised. to him—but this was probably imagina-tion—that the purple one was excited; that it was moving its hands, tilting its

He was uneasy. He watched jealously, and after a long time the black dot got up and moved away. When she came she said nothing about it, but she was still excited. You could not fool him about her. She was excited. She hurried in and went to the mirror, and stood there turning her head this way

"Was it pleasant in the park today, honey?"

It was a moment before she answered him. It was as though she had had to summon her thoughts from a far dis-

"Wonderful," she said. "The air was glorious, and all the pretty nursemaids, with the children—"

Something had happened to her. She was not jealous of the pretty nurse-maids any more, and she had not mentioned that black dot. His hands clenched; he gazed with fury at the swollen knee which left her alone at

sweath wheel let alone at the mercy of the world. She was vague all that day, and se-cretly exultant. When he wanted ham and cabbage she ordered a salad, and so there were two orders to pay for. In the afternoon he heard her digging in the trunk, and when she came back she had a scrap of red velvet in her hands, and a bunch of satin cherries.

Later on he saw her with her red earrings in her hands, comparing them. She had not worn those earrings for years; she had been wearing them when she went away from him, so long

That was a Saturday. That night he wound the clock, and the next morning he cleaned his revolver. He held it for quite a while before he put it back in the box, and she put in her head and

"How long you are!"
Then he put the box away and she

ALL that next week she was very gay. She bought a new bottle of scent, and she perfumed her ears just before she started out. Sometimes she loitered, looking at the clock; he would pretend not to notice. And once she was a trifle late, and he watched her hurrying across on her absurd heels to the bench

that black dot already occupied.

His knee grew worse day by day, and in the afternoons he would have fever. Then he would look out at the black dot, and it would swell into sizable proportions and become the other man, still young and debonair and cruel. Then she would come back, and the fever would go down.

But she was detached. Sometimes he had to speak to her twice. Longliness

had to speak to her twice. Loneliness began to grip him about the heart like a strong hand, even when she was in the room, and at night the demon on

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hand coule He and wind close now.

Do Act. the foot of the bed made faces at him and laughed.

"Now which?" "Take me.

And the demon laughed and laughed, until she leaned over and shook him.
"Are you sick?"
"No. Why?"

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"You were laughing in your sleep." In the soft night light, with her black hair loose about her, she looked almost young again, young and passionate and beautiful. He groaned.

She did not notice how ill he looked

that week, and he did not tell her about the fever. She was busy making herself a gray hat with a pink rose on it, and a gray band for her neck. He even continued to read to her, and one day he finished "Jane Eyre."

"My Master has forewarned me. Daily he announces more distinctly, 'Surely I come quickly!' and knows I more eagerly respond, 'Amen; even so come, Lord Jesus.'"

His voice broke; he sat staring at the She did not notice, however. page. was dressing to go out, and a heavy despair settled on him. He saw that he had lost her again, that the undying coquette in her had triumphed once

"How do I look? Am I all right?"
He summoned his old heartiness. "You look lovely to me. You always do."

On Sunday morning she put on the new hat and a new pair of slippers, very tight. He saw that they hurt her, but he said nothing. He had grown rather silent. She had brought the revolver before she left, and opened the card table, but he did not fall to work.

He watched her instead, going to her assignation at the bench. How young she looked, with her gay hat and her high heels and her little body! How high heels and her little body! How—undying! What was it the other man had written, after she had come back?

"You will always be young to me, young and lovely. I have been a brute and a beast, but something in me will always love you."

She had been a little queer with him

after that, for some time.

He did not clean the revolver that morning. His hands shook too much.

And he was feverish. When he closed And ne was reversin. When he closed his eyes there would be not one demon but many. At first they were small, but when he looked at them they grew and grew until they were enormous.

Their faces changed too; one feature would melt into another, and there would be glimpses of countenances he had long forgotten. It was as though his whole past crowded the little room, hung from the chandelier and sat on the bookshelf, and as though it mocked him for his age and feebleness; he who had once

a man!" it said. "You a man? A shell; a simulacrum!"

shell; a simulacrum!"

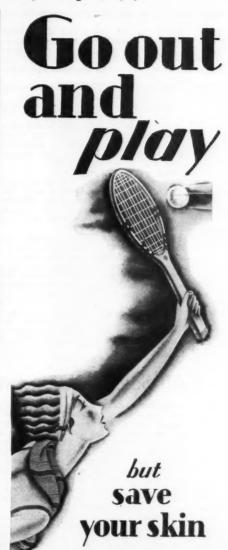
The demons shouted, and it was as though all the tragedy of all the old men in the world was crowded into the small room. It echoed with their futile cries, their feeble furles. He covered his ears. He refused to join them. He was still a man; there was death in his hands. Futile? Feeble? Nonsense. He could kill. could kill.

He got up slowly, his knee being stiff, and braced himself against the open window. The gray and black dots were close together. Ah, they were standing

now. That was better.

Don't think. Don't stop to think.

Act. Be a man. Steady now. Steady, for heaven's sake. On the black. One on the black. That was roulette. The



Outdoor Days! Get all the sun-tan you can. Play-play to win-but save your skin. Trust it to Frostilla.

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FOR EXPOSED AND IRRITATED SKINS

black dot used to play roulette; he would

leave her to play roulette.

He stiffened, aimed and fired, and with the racket the demons rushed out of the room and left everything quiet. Quiet and peaceful. Outside, too. The two dots had separated, and each was going its own way

He looked down at the revolver and smiled faintly. Then he straightened It was as though that futile shot had restored his manhood. He felt strong again, able to cope with her, to

defeat her.

"I won't have you meeting that fellow. Do you hear?"

Let her cry.

It was some time before he saw the bullet hole in the window frame. An hour before that would have daunted him, but not now. He would conquer that hole. What was a bullet hole to

There was a crafty look about him as he hobbled about, a bit of whimsy. He would outwit her, sharp-eyed little soft thing that she was. A bit of soap to fill it, then a touch of red to match

He found some red salve in her vanity box and finished the job. But when he had put the salve back he stood looking

down into the box.

He saw it now for what it was. It was her armory, her secret protection against fear. With this she fought her

demons; of age, of future loneliness, of heavens, why didn't you tell me my face

When he had closed the lid he bent down and kissed it. Let her have a friend, let her sit on a park bench and thrust out her tiny feet to be seen and admired. Let life be bearable, and sweet and kind, to her.

When she came back he was cleaning his revolver, and she pouted at him.

"What? Not done with that old thing vet?

He smiled up at her. Behind her gayety he saw a little sadness, and there were black lines on her cheeks, as though she had hurried back to him in the spring heat.

"Was it pleasant outside?"
"Very. And—oh, yes, I must tell you. I was talking with such a nice man. came and sat down beside me. Rather young and distinguished. He writes

books. He said he would put me in a book! Ridiculous, isn't it?"

"Not at all ridiculous, darling," he said gravely. "Who better deserves it?

But—on a half-hour's acquaintance?"
She did not answer that. She said nothing of the past week. Perhaps she was afraid of hurting him. Or perhaps she herself knew vaguely that she had been absurd.

"He's going away," she said, her voice slightly flattened. "He goes tonight. He lives away from here." She went to the mirror and glanced at herself. "Good

is dirty?

'It's the soft coal, honey.'

Above the purple rouge, below the dyed hair, her eyes met his, and with a little cry she went toward him and dropped down on her knees.

"What ever would I do without you?" e said hysterically. "I can't bear to she said hysterically. think of it. I can't.

His thin old hand caressed her hair, and to his sensitive nostrils was wafted that peculiar aura of perfume and dye which now he saw served her as his revolver had served him, as strength against the encroaching weakness of the spirit.

"My darling," he said. "My beautiful

darling! Suddenly he felt tired. His eyes under

their beetling brows made an effort, looked up at the hole in the window frame, so neatly repaired. closed, and he smiled. Then they

"I am so jealous of you," he mur-iured. "So jealous! I must be very mured. "So You—

young. You—you will always be young."
And he felt her move closer to him.
He was her reassurance and her
strength. She needed him. She would
always need him, and he would never

fail her. Never, please God.

He slept, and for a long time she knelt there, afraid to move away. Then she rose and, going to the bedroom, proceeded to make up her reddened eyes again.

## Can't We Make Golf Safe for Democracy? (Continued from page 57)

except supermen went on while I was taking my sabbatical years off. failed to take direct notice of it. But I reentered the lists (cries of since "What lists?") I've been looking into the thing. I find no section of our land, no body of our citizenship is immune against this devastating lunacy.

For instance, I know a bank where the wild thyme may once have blown. This bank with sundry dips, angles and other features of the rural or semi-rural landscape as customarily found along our Atlantic Coast country, has been for a considerable number of years the property of a golf club made up of prominent

citizens of one of our larger cities.

As golf clubs go—and they certainly do, don't they?—this is a very old golf club. Its original membership was composed almost altogether of conservative business men and financiers, with a sprinkling of conservative professional men. Mainly they were middle-aged or elderly men, and among them there were a few downright aged men. The president is the last stand of the North Amer-The presiican side-whisker.

When the founders bought the land and began laying it out, country-clubbing even in the East, was still practically in its infancy. These gentlemen were among the pioneers; so naturally they made some of the mistakes which pioneers

are so apt to make.

For instance, they cherished the delusion which was quite common in those as-you-might-almost-say prehistoric days, that golf was a game. Golf was just becoming popular and people referred to it as a game and spoke of playing it as though it were a game, and in certain respects it did at that time somewhat resemble a game. As a matter of fact, it never was actually a game, but nevertheless this was the theory which

There weren't any golf-course architects at that time. And there weren't any high-pressure golf-club promoters work ing on commission and prowling around from place to place armed with fountain pens and application blanks and a per-suasive line of applesauce. There were just beginning to be a few, but only a few, of those husbands and wives who talked of the necessity of getting into the right kind of country club so the chil-dren could have the proper background while growing up. Why, I can remember when a kid's background was not mentioned in polite society, at all. It was largely used for spanking purposes.

So, just as was to be expected, these primitive organizers went about their task of converting a series of cornfields and cow pastures into a playground for themselves and their families and their guests in the old-fashioned way.

They enlisted the amateurish services of a squad of members who came from Scotland or had been to Scotland on a visit and put them on the golf commit-tee, and this group, working more or less at haphazard and filled with the entirely erroneous belief that golf was a game, mapped out a nice easy comfort-able course—first a nine-hole course but later adding nine holes more-a course such as a nearsighted, gimpy-legged, slightly brittle gentleman rising of sixty, say, could play over and not come stag-gering in with his arteries all creaking and his poor old heart broken in two or three places.

And out over the gently rolling links on the bright sunlit days, there was comradeship and there was friendly talk and there was smiling and good will for all the world—yea, even was there outright laughter once in a while. And nobody seriously objected to sparrows chirping within a hundred yards of a putting green or a swallow flitting by occasion-And worm casts hadn't become our most burning national problem. Merely describing it sketchily, that way, is enough to make me think it must have

happened centuries ago, isn't it, now? Well, the pregnant transforming years rolled by and we had the Great World War, with all its horrors. And the boys

came home from overseas to discover that after all they needn't have gone clear to France to see what No Man's Land or a front-line trench after a heavy bombard-ment looked like. They could have stayed on at home and got substantially the same sensation by dropping out to the golf club and looking things over there. The particular club to which I refer

caught step with the march of progress. It may have been late getting started but once under way it made up for lost time. Many of the earlier old-timers had passed away, but still a majority of the members were men who had passed the

members were men who had passed the point where the average man begins to swap his emotions for symptoms, or to put it brutally, they had reached middle age. They might be getting along in years but they had their pride with them. It chafed them to have people sneering around saying that they had a golf course anybody could play, while all about them were golf courses that nobody at all could play. So they followed the splendid example set by the rest of the golfing world. They took steps.

They enlisted the expert and expensive aid of a specialist; they rebuilt their links to conform with the fashionable mode. They spent a fortune but the results were worth it.

Their old Number Four Hole, with its years but they had their pride with them.

Their old Number Four Hole, with its pleasant sloping approach and its hospitable putting green, is no more.

In order to make it over it was neces-sary to blast down a small hill and from its jagged and formidable fragments to reconstruct that hill in the middle of the fairway; also to divert a twinkling runlet from its course and dam it up so that there might be a wide, deep and danger-ous water hazard, having the additional advantages of an unscalable crag on one side and a bottomless morass on the other; likewise to excavate a series of bunkers so abrupt and so dismal and so numerous that the cup which now hangs, as it were, on the sheerest flank of an imitation Pike's Peak, has the appearance of being entirely surrounded by the

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

gaping mouths of old prospecting shafts. But it was money well spent. Number Eleven, formerly often referred to as Happy Hollow, is now renamed, and justly so, the Slough of Despond. And Number Six, being altered, is known as the Valley of the Shadow, and careless caddies have been lost there and the bodies never recovered. And Number Twelve is Hell's Half Acre now and Thirteen is the Devil's Spine.

But Number Fourteen, or the Port of Missing Men as they call it, is the crowning masterplece of all. Hardy adventurers who've been up there and got back report that it is perhaps the most perfect vista of isolation and physical difficulties to be found this side of the Mohave Desert. And so on and so forth.

Thanks to these magnificent modifica-tions, the links of this club will compare favorably with the links of any or all of its neighbors. Thanks to them, it is now possible to pursue thereon the melancholiac and morbid calling of golf as we have learned to know it should be pursued. Through the season, middle-aged habitués wander its corrugated heights and fall off and cripple them-selves; and penetrate its terrible jungles looking for lost balls which they never find; but they do find rare specimens of the fur-bearing mammalia of this con-tinent, such as the Canadian bobcat and the beaver and the wolverine; and they risk drowning in its artificial bogs and torrents; and they agonize their beings over unattainable "pars" and inconceivable "birdies," and damage their fragile limbs and exhaust their stiffening bodies and weep and rave and swear, and at the end of the day, either must confess shameful failure or else perjure their immortal souls.

The victim who lets his conscience be his guide when it comes to adding up the strokes is sunk before he starts. Secret remorse may gnaw at the gizzard, but outwardly happier is the guilt-steeped wretch who compiles his score with a touch of that spirited and fanciful romanticism which inspires the genius who makes up the passenger-train time-tables for the Florida railroads in the winter season—and that gifted spirit, whoever he may be, I regard as the most un-hampered writer of purely imaginative fiction in the realm of American letters.

I have my own theory about this now almost universally prevalent passion for making golf links, as the subtle jokers put it, "sporty." I contend that it is not a newly born madness but merely a revival of an ancient principle which is bed-rocked and riveted into the very foundations of golf. Let us briefly examine the fundamentals of this matter.

Tradition has it that it was the Dutch who devised golf in a crude and rudimentary form; and that the Scotch, an equally serious-minded race, took it over from them.

And what did the Scotch do then?

When they got it, it may remotely have suggested a sport or pastime designed to make glad the heart of man; but they mighty soon cured it of that weakness After they had invented a lot of clubfooted tools and had thought up funny names for those curious-looking malformations of iron and steel, they set about reforming its ethics so as to rid the proposition of the last lingering possibility for deriving human relaxation or inner comfort from it. A thorough and a painstaking breed, those early Scotch. When they got through improving golf, it was no game, although it was a number of other things, to wit: An involved mathematical calculation.

A complicated problem in trajectories. A defiance of all natural and physical laws, because in order to smite the ball according to rote, it was necessary for the devotee to strike a strained and artificial posture and then to perform a series of convulsive evolutions which were entirely contrary to his inherent inclinations and his prior training. You never must hit a golf ball the way you'd hit anything else; that was the great idea.

A system whereby you didn't really pit your skill against the opponent's skill or lack of it, but on the other hand were called upon constantly to strive against your own natural weaknesses and your own natural impulses, which was bad for your nerves and your disposition and your peace of mind and your honesty.

When the Scots were through with reorganizing golf and getting it on a straight Calvinistic basis, about all you could say for it was that it did keep you out in the open air. But being a sea gull keeps you out in the open air. And who wants to be a sea gull?

who wants to be a sea gull?

Now, when Americans began to take it up, they labored under a misapprehension. They thought the real design of golf was to make the people who took it up light-hearted and cheerful and optimistic and eventually to make them pleased with their athletic prowess. Under that misapprehension they reduced golf, as first attempted here, to an emasculated and pleasuregiving abasement of the original article. This degeneration persisted and continued for years, and during that period even novices were known to turn in sat-

even novices were known to turn in satisfactory and heartening scores. Men didn't go about despairing of their faulty golf. They went about with the proud light of achievement in their eyes, pro-

claiming their proficiency at the new art.
This—from the Scotch standpoint—
deplorable state of affairs prevailed
locally in golfing circles until we began to have an influx of genuine imported professional golf-course experts. Psy-chologically, their advent into our country was appropriately timed; they came later than the English sparrow and the German carp but earlier than the Mexican boll weevil and the Japanese cornborer. Under their ministration, golf in America has been restored to its ancient kinship with the dogmas of Predestination and a physical Hell.

Do you ask proof other than that fur-

nished by your own experience? well, here it is:

From diversions out of which they get real joy, men and women distill romance and rhythm and music. Around horse racing, plays have been written—plays which became epics of the stage. There racing, plays have been written—plays which became epics of the stage. There is a whole literature on the subject of is a whole literature on the subject of the stage. fox-chasing. Love stories, novels even, have been centered about lawn tennis. Artists paint pictures of polo players and we hang them on our walls. Sculptors find joy and inspiration in modeling the form of the pugilist. There is both drama and melodrama in football. There is bubbling comedy in baseball. To it likewise are we indebted for one of the deathless poems of our language.

But where are the joyously lilting rhymes about golfing? What deathless rhymes about golfing? What deathless classic of versification has sprung out of golf? I pause for a reply. The pause ends. There is no reply. Jokes about golf? Yes, that I concede you; thousands of 'em and more a-comin'. But the funniest jokes in the world are those which deal with morgues and funerals and painful injuries.

It is a poor physician who, having diagnosed a disease, can point to no panacea for it. Out of my own travail and my own suffering while wrestling with this monster, I have figured a remedy for what ails golf—a remedy which, though I say it as shouldn't, strikes of the travelles

which, though I say it as should's strikes at the cardinal root of the trouble.

Let us do away with those dour Scotch fanatics who now build our new golf courses and rebuild our existing ones according to their own peculiar golf orthodoxy. Let us have no more of that typical steam, fored goalet, who goes golf orthodoxy. Let us have no more of that typical stern-faced zealot who goes spying across the sward, here devising a man-trap which mentally he christens "Original Sin," there planning an abysmal trench which afterwards he may call "Infant Damnation."

Let us can these guys, and in their stead as the designers of our links in future hire a bevy of light-hearted singing Italians—preferably Neapolitan trou-badours, care-free blithe minstrel bards. Then we shall have golf links that'll be all fairway, and no rough, with saucer-shaped greens funneling down to cups measuring three feet in circumsaucer-shaped greens funneling down to cups measuring three feet in circum-ference; links where you skip gally o'er the lea, followed by a caroling and rollicking caddie, and at the end, when you have holed out in one for a perfect score, confetti will descend upon your triumphant form in a beautiful gay

shower.

And then, but not until then, will the voice of the turtle be heard in the land and I—and about six million more now hopeless dubs like unto me—will be showing you some golf as is golf.

Next Month—Irvin S. Cobb begins a series of articles about our South American neighbors that will give you a new understanding of that little-known part of the world

#### Driftwood by Gouverneur Morris (Continued from page 87)

sportsman. To line his stomach, cat-tle are slaughtered, and beautiful birds are shot down and beautiful fish are dragged from the water by sharp hooks. When he is at home he mounts a high horse and chases little foxes until their hearts break from too much fear and fast running. But watch him. He will not last the first bull. The moment a horse is killed he will have to be taken out. And then some farsighted Gitano or Spaniard, who only paid admission,

will come forward and occupy the sports-man's choice seat. Before two bulls have been killed, nearly all the English and American seats will have been emp-tied in favor of persons with better sense."

And everything turned out just as Domingo predicted. The Americans and the English left the ring in a great state of indignation, and their places were promptly occupied by aficionados,

And the fights went on. But they

weren't stirring fights. The bulls were a tricky lot; two of the six were cowards, and even Litry, who had come up from Madrid with the Golden Ear for the season's best performance, did not shine.

Because Litry was a gypsy, Domingo was disappointed, but he affected his usual philosophical attitude.
"It is the fault of the place and of the audience," he explained. "This person has yet to see a first-class corrida

re re ne ar id

A delightfully perfumed lotion which when lightly rubbed upon the body · · instantly cools soothes and revitalizes SAINT - HONORE . PARIS in the ring of San Sebastián. The Basque, being neither gypsy nor Span-iard, neither understands bullfighting nor has it in his heart."

has it in his heart."
"If the Basques are not gypsies or Spaniards," asked Buzo, "what are they?"
"It is unknown," said Domingo, "but when the warships of the Japanese visited San Sebastián and the sailors came ashore, the Basques, hearing them speaking the strange gibberish which they call their language, said to each other, "Hey—listen—how is this? These little people are talking Basque!" And the Japanese sailors, hearing the Basques talking among themselves, said, "Heyhow is this? They are talking Japanese!"

"Can you understand Basque, Father?"
"Only a few words," said Domingo, "which this person once picked up on

That set Buzo and Cuchillo to giggling

immoderately.

This sudden musical giggling attracted the attention of an American gentleman who was sitting with the American Ambassador half a dozen seats to the left of the Del Antros, and when the giggling had stopped, he said, "That boy looks like an American."

looks like an American."

The only Del Antro who turned a head to look at the speaker was the only Del Antro who understood what the American had said—Buzo.

And Buzo, the moment he had done this, regretted it, for he knew that he had given himself away, and at once turned his eyes toward the bull pen.

He felt fooligh and also anyious and

He felt foolish and also anxious and distressed. The feeling of late years had been growing on him that something disagreeable would happen if it became known that he was not really a gypsy but an American. He had perhaps a notion that Americans who grew up away from America were punished when they had been caught and brought So far he had kept his secret from everyone except Roberto Santiago.

The fourth bull galloped into the ring with his head high and a great show of fury, but at the sight of a man in blue and silver waving a cape of blue and purple, he lost heart, turned, galloped straight for the barricade and tried to leap over it. But he was too heavy. Halfway over, the barricade caught him amidships; he teetered for a little like a seesaw, and then amid jeers and cat-calls, slid painfully back into the ring and sat down.

"Father," whispered Buzo, "the gentleman with the Ambassador of the United States knows that I understand English. They are talking about me."

Domingo did not glance toward the

Ambassador and his guest; but the ac-tion of his heart quickened. He had often wondered what would happen to him if it came out that Buzo was an

American.

Thank whatever saints there might be, he had been kind to the boy. The boy loved him, he knew that; loved Perfección, loved all his adopted brothers and sisters. And thank those same saints, the boy, under gypsy tutelage, had come to no mental or physical harm. He was strong and swift

Furthermore. Domingo from time time had frightened Buzo and Cuchillo about certain awful consequences, possible and even probable, and he had reason to think that, for a year or two longer at any rate, this fear that he had put in them would hold in check those natural impulses towards serious love af-fairs which were after all their right and prerogative as healthy adolescents.

And furthermore, Buzo could read and write, and sing and play, and draw and paint, and showed promise of turning out a first-class pelota player and bullfighter. Finally Domingo said: "It cannot be helped. If they are seriously interested they will get hold of you one of these days and question you. If they question you, tell them the truth.

"Only be sure to make it clear that it was of your own free will that you swam from the ship to the shore, and that this person had nothing to do with it, and would indeed have sent you back to the ship, had there remained any ship to send you back to.

Tell them also that this person has still in safe-keeping even the green American money to which you had been

"Will they take me away with them to the United States?

Domingo gave evidence of distress. "It is not known, little Buzo," he said.

THE Del Antros were spending the summer months in a rented villa. It was narrow and tall and stood in a suburb of San Sebastián among steep grounds near the top of a steep hill. It was called the Villa Ixarxo (Basque for "star"), and when one drove up the hill to the arch-shaped wooden gateway on which this name was painted, the horses kept slipping on the flinty pave-ment and sometimes fell. If one knew the premises well, one kept on driving until the sharply curving street had spiraled halfway around the villa. Here one could make an entrance by crossing a bridge to a door which had been cut between two bedroom windows. But the Del Antros considered it more fashionable to stop at their front gate and climb the sixty-six steep stone steps to their front door. They had stronger hearts and longer winds than most people.

And when the American gentleman who had filled Domingo and Buzo with forebodings had located their domicile, he used this same toilsome means of approach. He must have been at best forty years old, but he stood the climb

well enough.

He had a clean-cut, clean-shaven, alert, strong, good-humored face, and alert, strong, good-humored face, and behind large tortoise-shell spectacles a pair of gray smiling eyes.

The front door opened into a kind of living room, and being open at the moment disclosed Domingo on a com-ortable sofa, going over the list of win-

"Good morning, Señor," said the American. His accent was Castilian and excellent.

Domingo got to his feet at once. "Good morning, Señor."

You have been lucky?"

the American.

(This with a

glance at the lottery list.)
"Not this time, and indeed only twice
in previous years. Two little prizes."
"I have never been a winner," said

Domingo expressed sympathy and regret, and offered his guest a chair.

For perhaps twenty minutes they discussed the ins and outs of the lottery. And Domingo was surprised to learn that in the United States a lottery is considered immoral.

"But," he exclaimed, "it is only by lotteries that the expenses of a government can be met without giving pain to anybody. Furthermore, every ten days throughout the year, certain persons who were without hope or talent find themselves rich."

Domingo remembered another queer thing that he had heard about the United States, and excusing himself for a moment, returned with two glasses and a bottle of wine.

As the American lifted his glass to his lips, he said: "I drink to a famous man."

Domingo protested. "This person," he said, "has become widely known through the talents of his children."

"And through his own philosophies and sayings, which are quoted in all the

"The Señor's glass must be filled at once," said Domingo, puffing with pleasure. "It cannot be otherwise."

"In Paris," said the American, "I had the great pleasure of being presented to the Señorita Estrella. She is all the 'age there, and she deserves to be."

She might have married a rich man." said Domingo, "and had a house of her own, with children, and servants to bring her chocolate in the morning, but once a gypsy always a gypsy . . . Even this person, after a life of hardship and anxiety, would rather look at a star than

be the owner of a diamond."
"The Señorita could marry half the rich men in Europe if she wanted to,

and the law permitted."
"The Señor Roberto Santiago was extremely vexed because she would not marry him. She was tempted by fame and position and tried to love him, but could not. She had made up her mind to yield, when under her window comes a Citano fellow, a worthless young thief with pointed ears, a witty tongue, and a real gift for the guitar. "For two years, so violent were his passions, Don Roberto resembled a tree in a gale of wind. But now he is no

in a gale of wind. But now he is no longer vexed either with this person or

longer vexed either with this person or with this person's family. Instead, he is generous with presents and advice."

"The eight portraits which he has painted of the Señorita were shown in New York and Chicago. The exhibition drew immense crowds. Great tours de force, those portraits—a great man."

"But he grows old. He no longer cares to make pictures or to love wom-

cares to make pictures, or to love women. He smiles at each flower and passes on. He goes from studio to studio, clapping young artists on the

back and giving money and advice."

"I had the great pleasure while in Madrid of going to a corrida with Don Roberto. We went especially to see your son fight. Astron was glorious."

"You like the corrida?"

"Of course. When one has seen many and understands the fine points, one sees with different eyes. Of all national games, it is the bravest and the noblest. In baseball and football it is only results which court. But in the buildight sults which count. But in the bullfight we demand not only results, but results which have been achieved in a certain definite, difficult and courageous way. The bullfighter not only must be brave; he must be brave beautifully."

"The Señor has no feeling about the horses?"
"I am not so tender-hearted that I

wish to see kept alive poor creatures which are no longer fit to live. Further-more, I detest the horse. Ignorant persons consider him the cleverest of all animals. As a matter of fact, he is the most stupid. I prefer dogs, cats, mice, elephants, monkeys."

"This person," said Domingo, "considering good manners to be more important than good brains, has always cherished a great admiration for the

rooster.

"The rooster! Indeed?" The American was surprised.

"It is because among a thousand hens he plays no favorites. In all the animal kingdom he is, therefore, the best gentle-

The American laughed. There was something about the gypsy, and the fact of a gypsy's living in a fine house with pretty cretonnes on the sofas and chairs,

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rugs on the floor and servants to wait on him, that tickled his fancy. Also, because he had been a great deal in Spain and Spanish countries, the long palavering before getting down to busi-ness amused him. But at last he said; "Safor I came to set you a specific

"Señor, I came to ask you a specific question, but the pleasant surroundings and conversation have all but driven it out of my head.

Domingo bowed. And the American went on: "But now, Señor, if it is not asking too much, please tell me about

Domingo, of course, had anticipated this question. And the anticipation had made him secretly ill at ease. His in-stinct told him that he had not wronged

stinct told him that he had not wronged Buzo in any way, but he did not know how the law would regard the matter. "Sefior," he said, "this person has reached the conclusion, after much thought, that he should have reported the whole matter to the police in the first place. That he did not do so is because at the time his relations with the police were not of the pleasantest nature. The Sefior has guessed correctly. Buzo is an American of the North." "Buzo?" The American was puzzled. "Buzo." explained Domingo—"one who

"Buzo," explained Domingo-"one who plunges into the water and after re-maining underneath for a long time emerges alive."

"How does he happen to be a member of your family, Señor?"
"This person," said Domingo, "trusting in the Señor's heart and judgment, has nothing to hide."

And Domingo told the whole story from the beginning. When he had finished, he said: "If any harm has been done, this person regrets it, but the boy is strong, happy and virtuous."

The American was deeply moved. He

The American was deeply moved. He believed Domingo's story, and it was a story of poor people who had shown charity and affection, and who had made sacrifices for a waif of his own race.

"By Jove!" he said in English. He took off his tortoise-shell spectacles, wiped the lenses and put them on again. Then he said: "Be sure of one thing, Señor. Neither the police nor the Ambassador, nor any of the boy's friends, will ever make any trouble for you."

Domingo broke into a sudden perspiration of relief.

ration of relief.

"Perhaps," said the American, "you should have reported the matter. But as it has turned out, it is perhaps better for the boy that you did not. You do not remember the name of the ship?" "Only now and then," said Domingo; "but Buzo remembers."

"Is he at home?" "And will not be until night. Boys are vagabonds."

"It is possible," said the American, "that he and I are distantly related. My name is Collender. I am staying at the Embassy. Will you send the boy to see me—let us say tomorrow at eleven?"
"You will take him to America?"
"If I had that right, I would not ex-

"If I had that right, I would not exercise it until the whole matter had been well discussed. You and I and the Ambassador will meet and talk about that. There is no hurry."
"Buzo," said Domingo, "will be at the Embassy at eleven. He will ask for the Señor Collender. But do not go at once! The glasses are about to be filled."
The summer Embassy of the United

The summer Embassy of the United States was an old-fashioned house set on the level top of a high hill in the midst of gardens, lawns, shrubberies and parks of fine old trees.

Upon one of the lawns under one of the fine old trees, the Ambassador and his guest, Mr. Collender, were seated in a couple of comfortable wicker chairs.



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

AILEEN PRINGLE, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, whose skin shows flawless in a close-up. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin petal-smooth," she says.

# 9 out of 10 screen stars guard their skin this way . .

EXQUISITE skin is woman's most use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their compelling charm," says Malcolm St. Clair, well-known director for Paramount.

Directors and screen stars know so well that lovely skin is the most magnetic of all charms. And in Hollywood, among the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 (98%) skin lovely.

All the great film studios, following their stars' example, have made it the official soap in dressing rooms.

Nine out of ten screen stars use this fragrant white soap. You, too, will like the way it cares for your skin. And such lather!



FAY WRAY, Paramount-"Lux Toilet Soap gives the skin such wonderful smoothness."



JACQUELINE LOGAN, Pathe—"The smoothness of my skin after Lux Toilet Soap is delightful."

Lux Toilet Soap Nine out of ten screen stars 10¢

When a much washed and brushed and dressed-up Buzo rounded the corner of the house, the two gentlemen waved to him, and came forward to meet To Buzo, this seemed extremely good manners, and he became less frightened inside. At least he was not going to be dismembered and eaten for the gentlemen's breakfast.

The Ambassador enjoyed the reputation of being not only the best Ambassador that the United States had ever sent to Spain, but the best Ambassador that any country had ever sent into that kingdom, for he was at once critical and

tolerant

There were sound reasons for this. He loved Spain immensely without loving his own country the less. He had courage. He dressed well. He was just. He had a royal memory for faces and first names. He was rich and generous. He was always accessible, sweet-tempered and amused. When he said that he would do a thing, the thing was as good as done.

The two Americans were tall, strong men, and to meet their eyes Buzo had to look up. They shook hands with him. The Ambassador observed that Buzo was

on time to the second. "Do you own a watch?" he asked.

"No, Señor."

"Then how do you manage to be on

"I waited on the other side of the house," explained Buzo, "until the clock in the hall of justice had begun to speak.

"Have you forgotten how to speak English?"

"No, Señor. But I was very little when I began to talk Gitano and Span-ish. I only know the words that a words which I have picked up from tourists."

"Then it will be easier for you if we

keep on talking Spanish."

"Yes, Señor Ambassador."
The Ambassador smiled and said,
"Done! But it won't be any easier for

Collender, whose eyes had never left Buzo's rosy brown face, now spoke.
"What is your real name?"
"Bryant Blair," said Buzo.
Collender turned to look at the Am-

bassador, and this one said something which wasn't very original. He said, "It's a small world. Jimmie."

Then they asked Buzo all the questions which were necessary to prove that he and Collender were actually related to each other, that Buzo's father and mother had been lost at sea, and that among the gypsies he had come to no

THE Ambassador did most of the ask-ing. Collender kept taking off his glasses and wiping them and putting them on again. But finally he pulled himself together and said: "Your father and I were closer by

friendship than by blood. We were at school together and at college. We were together during all our vacations. We together during all our vacations. We were very close. We were so close, my dear boy, that if you wish to make my home yours, you have only to say so. Your father was an engineer—a very able one. If he had lived a few years longer, he would have left you well off. He didn't though and that's that He didn't, though, and that's that.

But I have plenty."

Buzo maintained a discreet silence, and the Ambassador said in English: "You may persuade him; but you can't jump him."

daughter and I are going to motor to

"Tomorrow," said Collender, "my small

Pamplona to take some photographs. Would you like to come?"

To go to live with a stranger, how-ever amiable, was one thing. To ride in that stranger's motor car all the way to

Pamplona and back was another.

"Si, señor," said Buzo, "with pleasure."

The Señor Collender's automobile resembled the Ambassador's. But there were no liveried men on the front seats. The Señor did his own driving.

Kittywinks-her real name was Katherine, after an aunt who had asthma and painted water colors—and Buzo sat in the back seat, which could have ac-commodated two more just like them. On the ample gray carpeted floor of the car was a large square camera in a black leather case, the three legs that you set a camera on to keep it quiet, and a large basket with pleasant-looking packages done up in white napkins or oiled paper, a large leather bottle with a big silver top that screwed on—Kittywinks said it was a thermos bottle and a glass bottle with red wine in it.

For a time Señor Collender gave all his attention to the road and that gave the children a chance, in the telling American phrase, 'to get acquainted.' This was easy because Kittywinks was without shyness herself and did not per-

mit it in others.

She was several years younger than Buzo, but it seemed to him that already she knew more than he would ever know. American girls are like that, and when in addition to their sophisticated self-satisfaction they are heartless and selfish, they are brats. But Kittywinks had a tender heart, and the reason that she wanted lots and lots of things for herself was so that she could have the fun of giving them away.

Toward her father, the beautiful, motherless little girl had adopted a mothering attitude. Father was an architect, she told Buzo, an awfully celebrated architect. He designed buildings that were higher than anything in the world except the Eiffel Tower and mountains. But he did houses for mountains. people to live in, and he liked Spanish people to live in, and he liked Spanish houses best. That was why they had to be in Spain so much and could talk Spanish. Mother had died when Kittywinks was quite "a little girl." That was probably why she had no brothers or sisters. They were on their way to Famplona now to photograph details. Father was going to get out a book of Spanish details.

When she and father were in America they lived on ParkavenueNewyork, and at Palmbeach in the winter, and Barhar-borMaine in the summer. It was wonderful there. But sometimes they traveled, and some day she would tell him the names of all the places they had visited. Father was the sweetest thing!

Years of association with Spain and Spanish manners had made Buzo reticent. Of course, when he was used to people he could chatter like a magpie, but even between himself and Cuchillo there were often long silences.

But Kittywinks ended by breaking down his reserve, and then she plied him with questions, and learned all about his adventures with Domingo and Perfección and their brood of young hopefuls. And Kittywinks was much more impressed with the splendor of his narrative than he had been with hers. She longed to travel in a wagon that had flower boxes in the windows, and to be on friendly terms with a baboon who gathered beautiful bouquets of flowers and abandoned them in inaccessible places. She longed to sleep out under the stars.

But she had never seen a bullfight.

She knew the names of all the fighters. and had pictures of them, and of all the ganderos, the gentlemen who breed the fighting bulls, and she could make the passes and go through all the motions of a bullfight with the best of them.

Father didn't approve at all, but never-

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theless he had promised to take her to the last corrida of the season. Had Buzo ever seen a bullfight? Had he!

"There are some who say," said Buzo, "that my brother Astron is the best matador in Spain. I have seen him fight again and again. We get free tickets in year, if we fill out, Cuchillo and I will be in his troupe. I have often fought with little bulls a year and a half to two years old. They are quicker than the big bulls, and quite dangerous."

"If I were a boy," said Kittywinks, "I'd be a bullfighter when I grow up. But they won't even let girls try. Girls have to be golf or tennis or swimming champions. I like tennis best. What do you like best?"

"Of course," said Buzo, "I'd rather be the greatest bullfighter that ever lived, like Joselito or Belmonte. Who wouldn't? But bullfighting isn't fun. The morning before a fight Astron is always terribly frightened and unhappy. And you keep getting little hurts that nobody knows about, and big hurts sometimes. But what I like to do best is to draw and

Senor collender was giving only optical attention to the climbing, winding road. With both ears he had been listening to the conversation of the children. And somehow the knowledge that Buzo liked to draw and paint gave him quite a So those things really did run in families!

"Have you ever had any lessons? Father gives me lessons." "T've never had any regular lessons;

but Don Roberto has helped me."
"Who is he?"

"Don Roberto Santiago is the greatest artist in Spain. When I was only a child he gave me a pencil, and a good brush and tubes of cobalt and sepia, and told me to play the warm color against the cold. He said I won't be so bad if I keep on. He says the trouble isn't with color but with drawing. He says that I can draw what everybody sees, but that I must learn to draw what only I see. The next time we are in Madrid for any length of time I am going to copy in the Prado." "But wouldn't you be embarrassed when people looked over your shoulder?"

Buzo thought for a moment, and then id: "No. I should be too interested. Don Roberto says that I am to do the two little landscapes by Velasquez first. It is fun to watch Don Roberto work. He says that all his life he has hated brushes, except toothbrushes. So one day he painted a little head of my sister Estrella, using only his thumbs. the colors he used were ultramarine and vermilion and white. He likes it better than any other portrait he ever made of her, and he has made many. He is great friends with gypsies."

"But you aren't a gypsy. You're an American—just like Father and me—and my cousin."

"I know," said Buzo. "That is true. Nevertheless, I have a little real gypsy blood in my veins—some of Cuchillo's and I would rather talk Gitano even than Spanish."

The car had been slowing down. It came now to a full stop at the side of the road under the shade of a great tree, and Señor Collender looked over his shoulder and said: "How about lunch?"
And Kittywinks exclaimed: "Oh

Father, you always do manage to say just the right thing!"

Although Señor Collender no longer had to give his attention to the road, and had many questions to ask, he felt that Kittywinks was extracting from Buzo information which might have taken an older person a long campaign to acquire. So he devoted himself to extracting the cold roast chicken and the bread and butter and the wine and fruit cake from the basket and plying Buzo with food instead of questions.

When there remained of the luncheon nothing but half a bottle of wine, chicken nothing but half a bottle of wine, chicken bones, crumbs and a pear for which nobody had any room, Señor Collender offered Buzo a fat cigaret, which Buzo accepted with grateful alacrity.

They lay on their backs in the shade, and after a little silence, Kittywinks suddenly said: "Well. And then what? . . . You started to tell about the old man at

the fair.

Buzo chuckled. "He could paint a little -very little," he said. "He used very heap colors which while bright and chean beautiful in the beginning soon fade. He made pictures of saints and little Jesuses and St. Johns playing with lambs, and traveled throughout Spain selling them to religious persons at fairs. He invited me to go with him and become his pupil. Domingo consented. He thought that Domingo consented. He thought the experience would be profitable.

"At first the old man put me to painting the draperies and backgrounds. But one day when he was very drunk and we had nothing to sell—this was in Ubeda —I took our painting materials into a church and copied a Virgin they have there with the baby lying across her knees, and when old Jacinto saw what I had done, he said that it was terrible but that it was better than he could do.

"So after that I did all the painting, while he continued as before to do all the drinking. I have painted as many as five complete saints in a day. It was good practice. We traveled together for six months, and I began to be homesick for my own people. But Jacinto seemed to need me, and I did not know what to do.

"He had never been able to paint well, but now from drinking so much, his hands trembled so that he could not paint at all. If I had run away from him, he would have starved.

"One night in the Galician mountains. we took refuge in a stable. We had been wet all day and Jacinto with our last money had bought a bottle of aguardiente. He gave me a drink and then, lying down on the straw, drank the rest him-

"I was too cold to sleep, but it seemed to me that Jacinto was sleeping very to me that Jacinto was sleeping very soundly. He did not even snore, or turn from side to side and moan as was customary with him. In the morning I realized that he was dead. I took the paints and brushes and ran as far and as fast as I could. But nobody ever asked me any custions." asked me any questions."

"Buzo," said Señor Collender, "I've been in Ubeda, and I've seen the picture been in Ubeda, and I've seen the picture you copied there. I compliment you on your taste. Nobody knows who painted that Madonna with the baby lying across her knees sound asleep; but it is one of the loveliest pictures in the whole of Spain . . . And now, if I'm to take any pictures, I think we should move."

"On to Pamplona!" cried Kittywinks. Taking photographs with Señor Collender was almost as interesting as drawing or painting. In the first place he did not use an ordinary camera. His camera, instead of having a large bubble of glass in the front, had only a little hole such as might be made by sticking



# NOBODY'S IMMUNE\*

\*As the penalty for neglect, 4 out of 5 are Pyorrhea's victims

ANGER seems so remote when teeth are sound and white. But too often appearances are deceiving. Remember, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And there is a dread disease that ignores teeth and attacks the gums. It is Pyorrhea. It is insidious. It is ruthless. And 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay its price. Their health is ravaged. Beauty and youth are sacrificed.

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a pin through a piece of paper. And indeed the Señor spoke of his process as pinhole photography. He explained its

"Even the best lens," he said, "distorts things. But my pinhole gives me torts things. just what my eye sees. Everything is in focus and of its own size and pro-portions. If I photograph a scale of inches or centimeters against a gateway, then any competent draftsman can reproduce that gateway exactly as it is.

"There is one drawback. You cannot make snapshots. But if you take great care with your composition you make pictures now and then that have almost the charm of etchings,"

So they wandered about Pamplona and photographed doorways and windows, and grilles and streets, and Señor Col-lender to his delight found that Buzo had an excellent budding sense of composition.

position.

Buzo had begun the day with vague suspicions of his American relatives. What did they want with him? If they said that he had to go back to America with them, would he have to go? That would be very awkward. People would laugh at him because he had only a little child's vocabulary of American words, and he spoke those with a Spanish accent.

There were no bullfighters in America. One couldn't si at a table in the middle a main street and drink a glass of coffee and have one's shoes shined. One couldn't even have wine with one's meals. He had read a book about America. The book, written by a Frenchman and trans-lated into Spanish, was a nightmare of high buildings and money.

But the day was still young when all of Buzo's suspicions had vanished like dust down the wind. America, it seemed, in addition to money and high buildings produced such amiable and animated and fearless companions as Kittywinks, and such high-bred caballeros as the Señor Collender. You could have searched whole of Spain without finding a gentleman more unassuming.

As for Collender himself, he kept thinking all through that day: Bryant and Ellen could have lived to see this boy. They would be so proud. He was born the best kind of gentleman and nothing that has happened to him has been able to bend that fact. And he's simply bubbling over with courage and talent . . . But what to do about him?"

HAT night he had a talk with the Ambassador.

"The boy," he told the Ambassador, "was being taken home to be sent to school. But fate was lying in wait off the Spanish coast, and instead of going to school, he went to live with a family of gypsies in a cave. If you knew that that had happened to a boy of yours, and you could do nothing to prevent it, you'd al-most go mad. And yet who knows best? The American father or fate?

"Talent is probably inborn and is bound to come out in any system of education. But Buzo is as good a gentleman as ever came out of any school, and he knows a whole lot more than most of them. But what are we going to do with him? Meddle with fate and try to run him into the American mold or keep our hands off and let well enough alone?

"But you say he wants to be a bull-fighter?"

"And a painter."

"Everybody in Spain at some time or other," said the Ambassador, "wants to other," said the Ambassador, "wants to be a bullfighter. It's about the only way that Spain offers for getting rich be a quick. But very few actually make the grade. Now my judgment is that if Art was inviting me up to her room to have tea, and Sudden Death was inviting me into the bull ring, I know mighty well which invitation I'd accept. I wouldn't worry too much about his getting to be bullfighter."

"You'd stand pat?"
"With a full house? Why not? Anyway, I'd stand pat for a time. Get his

confidence. Make friends with him.

Lure him. Don't drive him."

"I never succeeded in driving anything except a car," said Collender, "and

myself. "Did your cousins leave any money?"

"Not a penny." "Why not give the boy a little monthly allowance? It wouldn't hurt you, and allowance? It wouldn't nurt you, and
I've noticed that a young man's desire
to fight bulls is in exact ratio to his
assets. If he's destitute and wants girls
and diamonds, he's simply got to fight 'em. But I wouldn't go a single step for-ward or in any direction till I'd won the

In setting about to win the boy's confidence and friendship, Collender moved surely, but without hurrying. He formed a habit of dropping in at the Del Antros' for a cigaret and a glass of wine. He really enjoyed Domingo's society and came to admire Perfección immensely.

He had known people of many races, but they were his first gypsies.

I ALWAYS supposed," he told them one day, "that the Gitanos all lived in caves or wagons, and told fortunes and traded horses for a living. But you, Señor, and your beautiful wife live in a fine house and have servants to wait on

"That is only," said Perfección, "because we have been blessed with talented

and loving children."

"It is because," said Domingo, "this person perceived the talent in the children while they were still at their mother's breast, and devoted the best years of his life to developing it. This person is only reaping the just reward of all his foresight and labor."

"You yourself," said Collender, "are a person of extraordinary talents."
"This person," said Domingo, "lacked only one thing of being the greatest bull-

fighter that Spain ever saw.' "And what was it that you lacked,

Señor? "Courage," said Domingo. "It is known throughout Spain that the father of the celebrated Astron was unable to face a four-year-old bull. Yet that same father in his day has risked a blunderbuss loaded with slugs so that he might be alone with a certain young lady in a loft

where pears were ripening."
"That is the truth," exclaimed Per-And the glance which she bestowed on Domingo proved beyond peradventure that she herself had been the heroine of the adventure.

"Everyone," Domingo continued, "has at least one fear. When Astron is in an automobile which is being driven fast, he is afraid. In an airplane he is happy. Cuchillo is afraid of black cats. The Cuchillo is afraid of black cats. The Señora here is uncomfortable in the presence of mice, though she has thought nothing of beautiful and the service of t nothing of bearing a child on a wind-swept hill. Concepción is afraid of light-ning. Estrella—there is a strange gypsy for you—is afraid of love."

"Why?" asked Collender.

"She fears," said Domingo, "that when

she gives her love, she will have nothing left for herself. Some women are like that. Love is not a part of them. They

are entirely composed of love, and when they give it, they give all."
"That is true, too," said Perfección.
"And what," asked Collender, "is my young cousin Buzo afraid of?"

"Señor," said Domingo seriously, "he fears that over his life there may be

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fears that over his life there may be some great change pending which will make him unhappy."
"He is old enough," said Collender, "to have something to say about his own life. Nobody wishes to make any change in it which will produce unhappiness. I was talking with the Ampescades let was talking with the Ambassador last night. And we concluded that an Ameri-can schooling could not have given him more than the schooling which you have given him. And while it is true, Señor, that you continue to give him a fine example of good manners and philosophy, we have reached a point where, if he is to fulfill his promise, someone must teach him how to go on with his drawing and painting. Can you do that?"

"When this person is brought face to face with the impossible, he simply takes

off his hat and bows to it."
"Well," said Collender, "neither can I.
But between us we can put the best instruction within his reach."

"This person," said Domingo, "has only given small and idle thoughts to the matter of instruction in painting. Never-theless, it seems to him that if Don Roberto Santiago could be prevailed upon to take Buzo as a pupil, there would be reason for satisfaction."

"He could not have a better teacher,"
Collender agreed, "but I hardly know
how to approach Don Roberto. I have
only had the pleasure of admiring him and his works at a distance. I do not know him to speak to."

"It would afford this person infinite satisfaction," said Domingo, "to arrange a meeting. At this moment Don Roberto is at Zarauz, where he has a fine house in which he receives his friends, among whom this person and his family have long been numbered. If the Señor is wholt this person and his family have long been numbered. If the Señor is willing, this person will speak to Don Roberto over the telephone wire, and ask permission to bring Buzo's American relative to see him."

"My husband has a good idea, if only at the meeting he will not do all the at the meeting he will not do all the talking. Don Roberto is kinder to us gypsies than to other persons."

Domingo marched off proudly to his telephone and put in the call for Zarauz.

Perfección had a deep understanding of men and manners.

She smiled at Collender, and said: "You are troubled, Señor, about the way of your introduction to Don Roberto. Once he said to me, 'It may be that the boy has rich relatives in the United States. If he were not prospering under your care, I would make it my business to find out. But my conscience is trou-bled. I would like to be sure that I am not doing wrong in keeping his secret.'

Don Roberto would be happy to learn that he has not done wrong.

"From us Buzito has had such care as we could give him, Señor, and much love. Between him and our own children we have made no difference. Either all were filled, or all went hungry. We are prosperous now and it is easy to keep the young wolf stomachs full. But it has not always been easy."

"There is one thing that is easy," said Collender. "It is easy to see that the boy has had a good mother and that he loves her with all his heart."

"Certain women among us gypsies," Perfección explained, "are born with a great gift for loving. When there is no more love left in them to give, the under-taker comes and puts them in their coffins." She smiled and added: "Many of us do not die until we are a hundred years old."

At this moment Domingo returned. He had spoken with Don Roberto, who had said that he would be delighted to make

# The consciousness of being immaculate

THE charm of a woman whom we think of as beautiful does not depend merely upon the attractiveness of her face and figure. It arises from more subtle things.

It is the woman who gives care to those intimate phases of the toilette—sometimes neglected and sometimes misunderstood—who is charming. The graciousness and poise which are so large a part of charm arise from a well-cared-for body, from the health and vivacity engendered by meticulous cleanliness—and from the consciousness of being immaculate.

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Copyright 1929, by Lehn & Fink, Inc. the acquaintance of the Senor Collender. The sooner the better, he had said. And if he received no word to the contrary, he would expect them to take "five o'clock" with him on the following after-

Collender wondered if it would not be embarrassing to have Domingo present at his interview with Santiago. But the same thought had occurred to Domingo or been made to occur to him by Perfección, and when he discovered that a family of Granada gypsies were spending the summer in Santiago's orchard, the temptation to show off his newest suit. shirt and sleeve links and to boast about Astron and Estrella overcame his pleasure in more distinguished company.

He made his excuses to the two gentlemen and moved off to the orchard, as a steel filing moves toward a magnet.

The years had dealt kindly with San-He still looked to be at the be ginning of his middle age. He had still thirty-two strong white teeth, and a voice full of richness and vibration. Estrella's final refusal to marry him had given him several years of mental and physical unhappiness, and had left upon his face an expression of sadness.

Collender had the feeling that he was conversing with one of those portraits in which El Greco has epitomized the patience and sadness of the Spanish

character. 'I have looked forward to this meet ing," said Santiago, "with considerable nervousness. Undoubtedly you feel that I should have reported the nationality of your young cousin to the authorities as soon as it became known to me. If I did not, it was from a mixture of mo-

"Perhaps it will be enough to tell you that my strongest motive was the fear of injuring a life which showed every evidence of health and happiness

"Later on when I perceived that his wish to draw and paint was not just a phase through which nearly every child passes, but the evidence of an authentic talent, I was glad that I had not rushed off to the police. I have been able to keep an eye on him, and to teach him some of the things which it would have taken him a long time to discover for himself.

"For you and his foster parents," said Collender, "I have only gratitude."

"With all due respect to your great country," said Santiago, "I believe that he will be the better artist for having passed so many of his formative years passed so many of the following pain. Spain. Spain has a richness and a simplicity which in a modern world are almost incredible. These qualities have soaked into him and will give him power when his talent has matured. Shall you take him away from us altogether, Señor?"

"No," said Collender, "not altogether, and not at all if he does not wish it. I hope that he will come back to America with me for a visit. But if it is too late for him to be happy in his own country, I will not even try persuasion. He has lived a kind of life that simply cannot be lived in America, and very likely his roots are so deep in that life that they

cannot be pulled up."

"I myself," said Santiago, "visited the United States immediately after the war. I saw New York and Palm Beach and of the way stations such as Philadelphia and Baltimore and Washington. I was passed from one houseful of charming and generous people to another. For the first time in my life I knew what it was to be luxurious mechanically. The flash and dash of your country fascinated me.
"But you will have no trouble with

Buzo. He will love both countries. He is proud of his American blood, and sometimes boasts about it."

"You have said, Señor, that the boy's talent is authentic. If he were your own son and you wished him to develop that talent, what would be your system?

"I would give him the run of my studio on condition that he kept his own equipment clean and mine too. We draw and paint side by side and go on long sketching tours together. I would try to interest him in carving and modeling. Now and then I would send him the Prado to make a copy of something which contained the answer to some burning question of the moment.

"But you know, Señor, that already he can draw like a little angel. When he is at home he draws all through the hours of siesta, with charcoal, with pencil, with chalk, even with a stick in the sand. His gypsy brothers and sisters have beautiful bodies and were very good-natured about posing for him, but now there is only Mosca and his blood brother Cuchillo left at home."

"Do you know," said Collender, "he hasn't showed me any of his work yet."
"He hasn't!" exclaimed Santiago. "The little monkey! Fortunately I have whole portfolios full."

The painter laughed. "If there is any Jewish blood left in Spain," he said, "it flows in my veins. I have made myself rich by the work of others. When El Greco's work was despised, I succeeded in collecting a dozen canvases. the greatness of Lucas, who was Goya's pupil, when nobody else saw it, and sometimes when I made a purchase in some antique shop, I made the dealer throw me in a Lucas for good measure. They are worth their weight in gold now,

and I have nearly three hundred.
"So with Buzo. I have wrested a potential fortune away from him with little tential fortune away from him with little bribes of paper and pigments. Some day if the little idiot doesn't get himself killed in the bull ring, collectors will pay fabulous sums for the sketches which he made when he was a little boy among the gypsies.

He fetched a portfolio in which were a whole sheaf of drawings and several

dozen water colors.

A half-hour passed in silence. Santiago was gloating. Collender was literally tongue-tied by the sweep and breadth of his young cousin's drawing, his precocious feeling for pattern and design and his sense of color, at once vigorous and tender.

"Bold and brave," said Santiago presently, "he lays about him like some paladin of old."

"It's darned good stuff!" said Col-nder. "It's really beautiful stuff."
"A young master—in his own way," lender.

said Santiago, and in his heart he took some of the credit to himself.
"Señor," said Collender, "if it so hap-

pened that you stood in my shoes, what would you do?"
"I have been hoping," said Santiago,

"that you would ask me to take him into my studio."

COLLENDER laughed. "And I," he said, "have been hoping the same thing, only it seemed such an immense favor to ask that I have not been able to ask it.

"I am not acting under any sudden impulse," said Santiago. "I have always intended that the boy should come to me when the time seemed ripe. The time I think will be ripe when he returns from

his visit to America."

"This is really wonderful of you," said
Collender. "About money—"

"There is nothing to say about money," said Santiago. "Let me do at least a

little something for the sake of Art."
"You have done more than any man
living already," said Collender.

"That is a pleasant thing to hear," said Santiago, "but I am reproached with the fact that I have made art profitable. I have. But only idiots starve if they can help it. Buzo will be an inexpensive

"I think," said Collender, "that he should have a little money of his own."
"I shall know his needs better than anyone," said Santiago, "and when he is with me, I think it better that he should look to me for everything.

"He loves you, Señor," said Collender.
"He is not altogether sure that it was

God who made the world."

"For me," said Santiago, much gratified, "he will work harder than for another. That is the main thing. And now, Señor, I think that you will have to be exhibited to my camp of gypsies. That Domingo will have been telling them about the great American lord to whom he is related, and who does nothing but thank him for having taken such wise care of Buzo."

So they strolled off to the orchard and found Domingo and the gypsies, and drank wine with them out of a pigskin until a mood for music had been created. Then a guitar was brought out from the wagon, and a handsome young fellow, with eyes that seemed to be made of black enamel, sang in a voice that seemed to be made of gold and tears.

On the way back to San Sebastian, it turned out that Domingo some years previously, when he had not been on friendly terms with the police, had spent some days and nights in a cave which was decorated with prehistoric paint-ings. With an examination of this cave as an excuse, a picnic was arranged.

The party made an early start. Collender took a camera and a flash-light apparatus, Buzo a sketchbook, Mosca a guitar. The Ambassador's major-domo supplied a huge basket of luncheon from which protruded the tops of thermos bottles and of regular bottles.

Collender and Domingo sat in the front Perfección, Mosca and Kittywinks sat in the back seat, while Cuchillo and Buzo continually twisted and squirmed on the two seats which unfolded from

the back of the front seat.
Until they branched off from the highway which crosses all the deep estuaries that cut in from the sea, and began to twist upward among hills thickly wooded with chestnut trees, Domingo did not give much of his attention to the road, but now certain farmhouses and ruined towers reminded him of the long game of hide and seek which he had once played with the rural police, and he began to entertain Collender with an account of some of his adventures.

Having finished the narrative of his enforced activities in that region, he discussed the changes which had since taken place.
"In those days," he said, "the police

were like cattle which are sold at an auction. They became the property of the highest bidder. In addition, they were men of low origin.

"But nowadays they are chosen from families in which honesty and ability have been transmitted, under the proper sanction of the church and the law. deal with one man precisely as they deal with another. Honest men have nothing to fear from them. And more and more it becomes the custom to go to them for help and advice. There is now so little thieving and murdering in Spain that almost it would be truthful to say that there is none."

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flash youn "From my own experiences in Spain," Collender answered, "that is true. Yet if one were to judge by what one reads in books of travel, Spain is the most cor-

in books of traver, opening rupt country in Europe."
rupt country in Europe."
rupt country in Europe."
This person," he Domingo laughed. "This person," he said, "has stood on the bridge at Hendaye and heard French officials advise daye and heard French officials advise travelers not to take their automobiles into Spain. Most of the roads, they said, are impassable. Your automobiles will be pounded to bits. The bridges are not safe. Furthermore, there are in Spain no mechanics capable of making a repair, and it is only in the larger cities that a little oil and petrol can now and then be obtained."

"I myself," said Collender, "have received similar warnings more than once. Sometimes I think that the whole of Europe is in a kind of conspiracy against

"But why should it be, Señor?" "France and Italy being the chief criminals, it is reasonable to guess that they wish to keep for themselves every pound or dollar of tourist money."

"But why, Señor, does not Spain answer their accusations and speak the truth about herself?"

"For one reason," said Collender, "be-

cause she is interested neither in tourists nor in dollars. She perceives the ruin which those two factors have worked in the national character of other countries and wishes none of it for herself."

"That is true," said Domingo. "But is it not also true, Señor, that one can be

more luxurious in other countries?"
"That depends," said Collender, "on whether you are speaking of the body or of the spirit. Even in these mechanical days, Spain retains a spiritual richness which the rest of the world has lost."

Beautifully surfaced and scientifically graded, crossing ravines and water courses upon strong and beautiful bridges built of granite blocks, the road climbed higher and higher into the mountains. The air became thin and dry

In the back of the car, Kittywinks, already on easy terms with Buzo, had broken down Mosca's reserve and Cu-

chillo's

Not only had she broken down Cuchillo's reserve, but she was undermining certain resolutions to which he and Buzo some time since had set the seal of their best judgment and of their ambition to

be successful matadors.

Each had promised the other, and they had shaken hands upon the promise, that until he had had a success in the ring he would not permit himself to fall in love. It was true that Astron's success had not come until after his marriage with Concha, but then Astron was an exception. Domingo said so. You cannot, he said, make rules for genius. Astron himself, whose word was gospel to his younger brothers, had practically distributed by some thirs. admitted the same thing.

Buzo and Cuchillo had made this promise to each other with great confidence in their ability to keep it, because they really believed that falling in love was entirely a matter of choice.

And now along came Kittywinks to up-And now along came Kittywinks to upset these silly notions, and to sweep them off their feet with her daring, her high spirits and her beauty. Buzo had been disturbed from the first. Why, he wondered, should he like her so much when he knew her so little? But Cuchillo, a little older than Buzo, and of a race which matures earlier, was hard hit. He laid himself out to please. His handsome eyes and teeth flashed away like hellographs. And he tried also

like heliographs. And he tried also flashes of wit, which caused the other young people to rock with laughter. Nor

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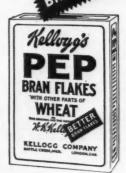
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did he omit a more direct communication of his sudden passion. He made love to Kittywinks quite openly, Spanish fashion. Her eyes were like stars, her hands and feet were like gypsy hands and feet only smaller, more slender and more beautiful. Her mouth reminded him of the roses of Granada.

Kittywinks had read about gypsy lovers in books. And now that she seemed to have captured a live specimen for herself, she was in high fettle.

Everybody was in high fettle over Cuchillo's performance except Buzo. Buzo's Spanish veneer seemed suddenly to have worn thin. He began to think as an American thinks, and concluded that making love in public is offensive. And besides, if anyone was to make love to Kittywinks, that person most surely should be himself. He, not Cuchillo, had discovered her, and by right of discovery she was, properly speaking, his.

During the exploration of the cave by electric torchlight, Cuchillo kept close to Kittywinks, while Buzo, outwardly cold and haughty but inwardly miserable, followed at a distance.

Domingo had told the truth about the cave. It contained not only the curious and easily defensible recess in which he claimed to have hidden for three days and nights without food or water, but and nights without food or water, but some of the oldest paintings in the world. Collender had read about the more celebrated paintings in better-known Spanish caves, and remembered that the scientific author of the writ-ing had claimed for them an age of at least twenty thousand years. These releast twenty thousand years. These re-sembled them, and could not have been much vounger.

THE wall of the cave upon which paintings and traces of paintings remained resembled a practice sheet. The ancient artist had tried out over and over the hoofs, joints, hump, tail, horns, forelock and all the details which were to go into the making of the finished composition.

Then three times over, and each time with increasing freedom, knowledge and spirit, he had gone after his charging And each time he had failed to bison. get what he wanted.

But he seemed to have been satisfied that at the next effort everything would be sure to go right. From his sketchings and practicings he had moved away for perhaps ten feet to a space of wall that was particularly smooth and fine-grained, and there with bold angular lines and sure modeling he had produced what Collender pronounced to be the finest charging buffalo in the world.

"What would you do, Cuchillo," asked Buzo, "if you were standing in the bull ring at Seville, and the trumpet sounded and the door of the pen was flung wide, and instead of a poor little bull, you saw a terrible horned monster like that coming out at you?"

"What would I do?" said Cuchillo mag-nificently. "Why, if the little Senorita happened to be looking on, I would dedicate the monster to her and kill him in the usual way."

"More likely," said Domingo, who disliked boasting in others, "you would run away so fast that your shoes would catch

Cuchillo subsided sulkily.

Meanwhile Collender had set up his camera and prepared a charge of flash-light powder. This went off before he meant it to, and proved a superb way of changing the subject. Everybody jumped, including Collender. And all the bats in the world, losing their toe-holds upon the roof of the cave, began to fly about in wild blind terrifying circles.

Kittywinks, who really believed that the least contact with a bat resulted in having horrid things take up a residence in one's hair, fled for the mouth of the cave with loud shrieks composed in equal parts of terror and high animal spirits. Close at her heels the ardent Cuchillo tripped and fell, so hard and flat that his wind was knocked clean out of him. He sulked for quite a long time.

While the picnic was being spread, Buzo started back into the cave with an electric torch and his sketchbook.

"Want me to hold the light?" asked Kittywinks. She was ashamed of having fled screeching from the bats, and wished

to repair her reputation for daring.
"That will help a lot," said Buzo.
Seeing them disappear into the cave, Cuchillo resolved that he would punish himself still further by refusing to eat or drink. He would say that his fall had sickened him, and he would sit gloomily aside and watch the others enjoy them-selves. Perhaps he would seem to them a tragic and romantic figure.

a tragic and romantic figure.
Only the prompt return of Kittywinks and Buzo with a fine, swift sketch of the charging bison, coupled with a sudden delicious odor of roast chicken, banished this childish and human resolution.
The children wanted to know what kind of people had lived in the cave, and collecter told them what he had seed

Collender told them what he had read.
"Nobody knows," he said, "what they called themselves; but the gentlemen who write scientifically of such matters call them the Cro-Magnon race. At one time they seem to have been pretty much all over Europe. At the same time other races, inferior to the Cro-Magnons, lived in western Europe, and unfortunately it is only from them that the modern Europeans are descended. Compare that fine painting in the cave with the usual crude prehistoric scratchings, and it is easy to see that in the arts anyway the Cro-Magnons were head and shoulders above any primitive race of which there is any record.
"But from their skulls and skeletons we

know that they were finer in every way and had much more room in their heads for brains. Why they perished nobody knows. But probably if they had been allowed to survive and develop, the world would be a happier and more beautiful place to live in. Of course, this isn't what I think. It's only what I have read in

Domingo had been listening attentively. Now he spoke. "It isn't what this person thinks, either. It is true that this person has neither lived nor loved scientifically, nor read scientific books; nevertheless, this person has suffered more than one experience which has been denied to the men of science. When this person spent three days and nights in the cave without food or water, it was not from hunger or thirst that he suffered, but from ghosts! Outside the cave were rural policemen armed with rifles. Inside were ghosts of the Cro—?"
"Cro-Magnons," Collender came to the

rescue.

"Cro-Magnons. They were larger and more able than the usual run of ghosts, and more terrible. At first they merely appeared and disappeared, beginning and ending with the eyes. On the second night, by which time the bones in this person's body had turned to water, they put in a longer appearance. They sat in a half-circle before the mouth of the recess in which he had taken refuge, and gazed at him. Even the little muchacho ghosts had teeth like wolves. On the third night one of them spoke. It was the ghost of the ancient artist who had painted the charging bison."

"How in the world," asked Perfección,
"could you know that?"
"Because," said Domingo, "he used to
appear all by himself, even in the daytime, but not to gaze at this person. He would stand in front of his masterpiece and gaze at that. He would advance and retreat. He would shade his eyes with his hands. He would lay his head first on one side and then on the other. He would stick out his tongue a little way. He behaved precisely as the ghost of the Señor Velasquez or of the Señor Goya would behave in the same circumstances.

"Well, the ghost of the old master spoke to this person and said, 'What is your name?' and this person answered with the utmost courtesy and gave him

the required information.

"When the ghosts learned that the name of this person was Del Antro, they began to look at one another and nod their heads. And the ghost of the old master struck the fist of his right hand into the palm of his left and exclaimed, 'I told you so! I told you that the genius of our great race had not entirely perished from the earth.'

"It is doubtful if so many happy ghosts ever were seen by any one person gathered together in one place. Some of the very oldest and some of the very youngvery oldest and some of the very young-est danced for pure joy. And one of the youngest and prettiest of the Señora ghosts cried, 'Mi gitano,' and tried to force her way into the recess with this

"But the others seized her by the shoulders and shook her, and some of the Señora and Señorita ghosts slapped her and scratched her, and one very old ghost shook his finger at her, and said, 'Don't you know that you are his greatgreat-great'—he kept on saying 'great' for nearly an hour and a half, counting on his fingers—'grandmother?'

"This caused her to be so ashamed of herself that she changed from ghost-color to red, and became redder and red-

der until she vanished.

"Then they asked this person why he had come back to the cave of his an-cestors and he told them the whole story, how he had mistaken not only one chicken for a rabbit, but several; how the rural police armed with rifles were hunting for him, and were even now drawing closer and closer to the cave."

"And did the ghosts frighten the police away?" asked Mosca.
"All but two of them. Two of them, having been frightened to death, were unable to make off with the others."

Perceiving a certain doubt in Mosca's eyes, Domingo added: "Whether from fright or from some other cause, two of them remained behind is one of heaven's most precious truths."

"Father," Mosca asked, "if you went back into the cave all alone, would you see the ghosts?"

"Naturally."

"Don't you wish to see them?"
"Some of them, certainly. But this person never forgets that he is a mar-But this ried man, and as it is obvious that all the Señora and Señorita ghosts cannot be his great-great-grandmother, his mo-tives if he revisited the cave alone might be misunderstood."

"Just what color." Buzo asked. ghost-color?"

"The female ghosts," said Domingo, "are of a fine golden color."

The strange fate of the small American boy takes the strangest turn of all-in Gouverneur Morris' Concluding Installment behel marc helea prou of R the I to th Th when it gr

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## Seeking an Education by Calvin Coolidge (continued from page 39)

beheld the marvels of old Babylon, I marched with the Ten Thousand of Xenophon, I witnessed the conflict around beleaguered Troy which doomed that proud city to pillage and to flames, I heard the tramp of the invincible legions of Rome, I saw the victorious galleys of the Eternal City carrying destruction to the Carthaginian shore, and I listened to the lofty eloquence of Cicero and the matchless imagery of Homer.

They gave me a vision of the world when it was young and showed me how it grew. It seems to me that it is almost impossible for those who have not traveled that road to reach a very clear conception of what the world now means.

It was in this period that I learned something of the thread of events that ran from the Euphrates and the Nile through Athens to the Tiber and thence stretched on to the Seine and the Thames to be carried overseas to the James, the Charles and the Hudson. I found that the English language was generously compounded with Greek and Latin which it was necessary to know if I was to understand my native tongue.

I discovered that our ideas of democracy came from the agora of Greece and our ideas of liberty came from the forum of Rome. Something of the sequence of history was revealed to me so that I began to understand the significance of our own times and our own

In March of my senior year my sister Abbie died. She was three years my junior but so proficient in her studies that she was but two classes below me in school. She was ill scarcely a week. Several doctors were in attendance but could not save her.

Thirty years later one of them told me he was convinced she had appendicitis which was a disease not well understood in 1890. I went home when her condition became critical and staid beside her until she passed to join our mother. The memory of the charm of her presence and her dignified devotion to the right will always abide with me.

In the spring of 1890 c.me my graduation. The class had five boys and four girls. With so small a number it was possible for all of us to take part in the final exercises with orations and essays. The subject that I undertook to discuss was "Oratory in History" in which I dealt briefly with the effect of the spoken word in determining human action.

It had been my thought, as I was but seventeen, to spend a year in some of the larger preparatory schools and then enter a university. But it was suddenly decided that a smaller college would be preferable so I went to Amherst. On my way there I contracted a heavy cold which grew worse, interfering with my examinations, and finally sent me home where I was ill for a considerable time.

where I was ill for a considerable time.

But by early winter I was recovered so that I did a good deal of work helping repair and paint the inside of the store building which my father still owned and rented. There was time for much reading and I gave great attention to the poems of Sir Walter Scott.

After a few weeks in the late winter at my old school I went to St. Johnsbury Academy for the spring term. Its Principal was Dr. Putney who was a fine drill-master, a very exact scholar, and an excellent disciplinarian.

He readily gave me a certificate entitling me to enter Amherst without further examination which he would near have done if he had not been convinced

I was a proficient student. His indorsement of the work I had already done, after having me in his own classes for a term, showed that Black River Academy was not without some merit.

During the summer vacation my father and I went to the dedication of the Bennington Battle Monument. It was a most elaborate ceremony with much oratory followed by a dinner and more speaking, with many bands of music and a long military parade. The public officials of Vermont and many from New York were there

I heard President Harrison, who was the first President I had ever seen, make an address. As I looked on him and realized that he personally represented the glory and dignity of the United States I wondered how it felt to bear so much responsibility and little thought I should ever know.

The fall of 1891 found me back at Amherst taking up my college course in earnest. Much of its social life centered around the fraternities and although they did not leave me without an invitation to join them it was not until senior year that an opportunity came to belong to one that I wished to accept. It has been my observation in life that if one will only exercise the patience to wait his wants are likely to be filled.

My class was rather small, not numbering more than eighty-five in a student body of about four hundred. President Julius H. Seelye who had led the college for about twenty years with great success as an educator and inspirer of young men had just retired.

He had been succeeded by President Merrill E. Gates, a man of brilliant intellect and fascinating personality though not the equal of his predecessor in directing college policy. But the faculty as a whole was excellent having many strong men, and some who were preeminent in the educational field.

The college of that day had a very laudable desire to get students, and having admitted them, it was equally alert in striving to keep them and help them get an education, with the result that very few left of their own volition and almost none were dropped for failure in their work. There was no marked exodus at the first examination period, which was due not only to the attitude of the college but to the attitude of the students, who did not go there because they wished to experiment for a few months with college life and be able to say thereafter they had been in college, but went because they felt they had need of an education and they expected to work hard for that purpose until the course was finished. There were few triffers.

A small number became what we called sports, but they were not looked on with favor, and they have not survived. While the class has lost many excellent men besides, yet it seems to be true that unless men live right they die. Things are so ordered in this world that those who violate its laws cannot escape the penalty. Nature is inexorable. If men do not follow the truth they cannot live.

My absence from home during my freshman year was more easy for me to bear because I was no longer leaving my father alone. Just before the opening of college he had married Miss Carrie A. Brown, who was one of the finest women of our neighborhood. I had known her all my life.

After being without a mother nearly seven years I was greatly pleased to find in her all the motherly devotion that she could have given me if I had been her own son. She was a graduate of Kimball Union Academy and had taught school for some years. Loving books and music she was not only a mother to me but a teacher.

For thirty years she watched over me and loved me, welcoming me when I went home, writing me often when I was away, and encouraging me in all my efforts. When at last she sank to rest she had seen me made Governor of Massachusetts and knew I was being considered for the Presidency.

It seems as though good influences had always been coming into my life. Perhaps I have been more fortunate in that respect than others. But while I am not disposed to minimize the amount of evil in the world I am convinced that the good predominates and that it is constantly all about us ready for our service if only we will accept it.

In the Amherst College of my day a freshman was not regarded as different from the other classes. He wore no distinctive garb, or emblem, and suffered no special indignities. It would not have been judicious for him to appear on the campus with a silk hat and cane but as none of the other students resorted to that practice this single restriction was not a severe hardship.

A cane rush always took place between the two lower classes very early in the fall term, but it was confined within the limits of good-natured sport, where little damage was done beyond a few torn clothes. If we had undertaken to have a class banquet where the sophomores could reach us, it undoubtedly would have brought on a collision, but when the time came for one we tactfully and silently departed for Westfield under cover of a winter evening where we were not found or molested.

It had long been the practice at Amherst to give careful attention to physical culture. It had, I believe, the first college gymnasium in this country. Each student on entering was given a thorough examination, furnished with a chart showing any bodily deficiencies and given personal direction for their removal.

The attendance of the whole class was required at the gymnasium drill for four periods each week and voluntary work on the floor was always encouraged. We heard a great deal about a sound mind in a sound body.

At the time of my entrance the two college dormitories were so badly out of repair that they were little used. Later they were completely remodeled and became fully occupied. About ten fraternity houses furnished lodgings for most of the upper class men, but the lower class men roomed at private houses. All the students took their meals in private houses so that there was a general commingling of all classes and all fraternities around the table which broke up exclusive circles and increased college democracy.

The places of general assembly were for religious worship, which consisted of the chapel exercises at the first morning period each week day, and church service in the morning, with vespers in the late afternoon, on Sundays. Regular attendance at all of these was required.

Of course we did not like to go and talked learnedly about the right of freedom of worship, and the bad mental and moral reactions from which we were likely to suffer, as a result of being forced to hear scriptural readings, psalm singings, prayers and sermons. We were told

that our choice of a college was optional but that Amherst had been founded by pious men with the chief object of train ing students to overcome the unbelief, which was then thought to be prevalent, that religious instruction was a part of the prescribed course, and that those who chose to remain would have to

If attendance on these religious services ever harmed any of the men of my time I have never been informed of it. good it did I believe was infinite. The the least of it was the discipline that resulted from having constantly to give some thought to things that young men would often prefer not to consider.

If we did not have the privilege of doing what we wanted to do, we had the much greater benefit of doing what we ought to do. It broke down our selfishness, it conquered our resistance, it supplanted impulse, and finally it enthroned reason.

intercollegiate athletics Amherst In stood well. It won its share of trophies on the diamond, the gridiron and the track, but it did not engage in any of the water sports. The games with Williams and Dartmouth aroused the keenest interest and honors were then about even. But these outside activities were kept well within bounds and were not permitted to interfere with the real work

of the college.

Pratt field had just been completed and was well equipped for outdoor sports, while Pratt gymnasium had every facility for indoor training. These places were well named for the Pratt boys were very active in athletics. One of them was usually captain of the football team. I remember that in 1892 George D.

Pratt, afterwards Conservation Commissioner of the State of New York, led his team to victory against Dartmouth, thirty to two, and a week later kicked ten straight goals in a gale of wind at the championship game with Williams, leav-ing the score sixty to nothing in favor of Amherst. But both these Colleges have since retaliated with a great deal

In these field events I was only an ob-server, contenting myself with getting exercise by faithful attendance at the class drills in the gymnasium. In these the entire class worked together with dumb-bells for most of the time, but they involved sufficient marching about the floor to give a military flavor which I found very useful in later life when I came in contact with military affairs during my public career.

The presidential election of 1892 came

in my sophomore year. I favored the renomination of Harrison and joined the Republican Club of the College which participated in a torch light parade, but the unsatisfactory business condition of the country carried the victory to Cleveland.

For nearly two years I continued my studies of Latin and Greek. Ours was the last class that read Demosthenes on the Crown with Professor William S.
Tyler, the head of the Greek department,
who had been with the college about
sixty years. He was a patriarch in appearance with a long beard and flowing white hair.

His reverence for the ancient Greeks approached a religion. It was illustrated by a story, perhaps apocryphal, that one his sons was sent to a theological school, and not wishing to engage in the ministry, wrote his father that the faculty of the school held that Socrates was in hell.

Such a reflection on the Greek philos-

opher so outraged the old man's loyalty that he wrote his son that the school was no place for him and directed him to come home at once.

In spite of his eighty odd years he put the fire of youth into the translation of those glowing periods of the master orator which were such eloquent appeals to the patriotism of the Greeks and such tremendous efforts to rouse them to the defense of their country. Those passages of the marvelous oration he said he had loved to read during the Civil War.

My studies of the ancient languages I supplemented with short courses in rench, German and Italian.

But I never became very proficient in the languages. I was more successful at mathematics which I pursued far enough to take calculus. This course was mostly under George D. Olds who came to teach when we entered to study, which later caused us to adopt him as an honorary member of our class. In time he became President of the College.

He had a peculiar power to make fig-ures interesting and knew how to hold the attention and affection of his students. It was under him that we learned of the universal application of the laws of mathematics.

We saw the discoveries of Kepler, Descartes, Newton and their associates bringing the entire universe under one law, so that the most distant point of light revealed by the largest reflector marches in harmony with our own planet. We, too, discovered that the same force that rounds a tear-drop holds all the myriad worlds of the universe in a balanced position.

We found that we dwelt in the midst of a Unity which was all subject to the same rules of action. My education was making some headway.

Next Month Calvin Coolidge tells you of the principles that guided his life as a struggling young lawyer destined for the White House

## Detective, by Request by Edward Hope (Continued from page 91)

in. Burnett, still jovial, was making fresh high balls for all who wanted them. Gerrish had joined his wife at the other table.

Mrs. Burnett had buttonholed Lawler, and Gertrude was being the perfect host-ess, marching about the room from one pair to another, helping Burnett with the high balls, recommending sandwiches

Batt was blessedly alone with Olivia Dale on a sofa. "May I get you some-thing?" he asked. "Sandwiches? A fresh drink?"

"No. thank you."

"You mightn't think so from the way I play bridge, but I really can carry plates and glasses. My brain isn't quite so rudimentary as you'd be justified in suppos-

She did something with her mouth

"You—" he began, and decided that it would not do. He gulped.

Fortunately, Lawler, who was standing with Mrs. Burnett at a window at the other side of the room, filled the gap.

"Chances of golf are looking up, Livvy," he called to Olivia Dale, with that suggestion of ownership that made Batt want, unreasonably, to punch his perfect nose. "The moon's out and most of the clouds are gone. The rain's over."

"Rain stopped at about ten o'clock," said Burnett. "I noticed when I was dummy. It ought to be a fine day to-morrow."

ing me?" Gerrish wanted to know.
"One." said Burnett. "And that's generous." "How many strokes a hole are you givBatt turned to his companion. "Of course," he said softly, and a little miserably, "what Gerrish and Lawler have been saying about mystery stories is per-fectly true. Our amateur detectives are pure fancy. And we fix our plots so that they have all the luck as well as all the

"You're not going to let them tell you things like that?" she said, astonishingly. "You know perfectly well it isn't fair to you. I've read enough of your books to know it."

He shrugged. "It's very kind of you to say so, but—" He sipped his drink. "I suppose," he said, after a moment, to say so, but—" He sipped his drink.
"I suppose," he said, after a moment,
"that when I write about these infallible
amateur detectives, I'm compensating for my own ineffectuality."

"Who'd like to play some more bridge?"
Gertrude Hudson called out.
Mrs. Gerrish stood up. "Really, Gertrude, I don't think I could stay out of bed another minute. And Howard's as tired as I am."

"Tve had enough of cards," Mrs. Burnett said, "but I'll walk out in the moonlight with almost anybody."

"Will I do?" Lawler volunteered. "The full May moon comes but once a year. Myself, I like to walk in the light of it."

"That leaves four, anyway," Gertrude said. "Livry and Jim Burnett and Batt and me. Go and walk in your moonlight." She turned to the others. "What about some more bridge, children?"

The Gerrishes went upstairs. Mrs. Burnett and Lawler disappeared into the hall, and the front door slammed. The remaining four settled down to bridge.

The cut gave Batt Olivia as his partner. Before he had grown used to this piece of good fortune, he found his cards all dealt. He snatched up the other pack and shuffled hastily.

"One spade," said Olivia.
"By," said Burnett.

Batt glanced at his hand. He saw the ce of hearts, three small spades, and the

king and two other diamonds.

"Three spades," he said.

While his partner did her best to justify his optimistic bid, he fiddled with his high-ball glass, lighted a cigaret, and. all the time, kept cataloguing the beauties

of the girl across the table.

Several hands later, Batt was busily engaged in being set by three tricks doubled, when Mrs. Burnett and Lawler

reappeared. "That's the loveliest moon I ever saw," said Mrs. Burnett.
"Shhhhhh!" said Olivia and Gertrude

together.

Batt's finesse of the jack from dummy landed in the hands of Burnett's queen. "The old sleuth seems to have misinter-

preted a clue," said Lawler.
"Be quiet, Ken!" Olivia commanded.
Batt took a trick and led from the
wrong hand. Gertrude pointed out the error.

"Complete, scientific observation," murmured Lawler.

Batt finished his miserable attempt minus several hundred points. On the next hand Gertrude Hudson made a little slam and ended the rubber.

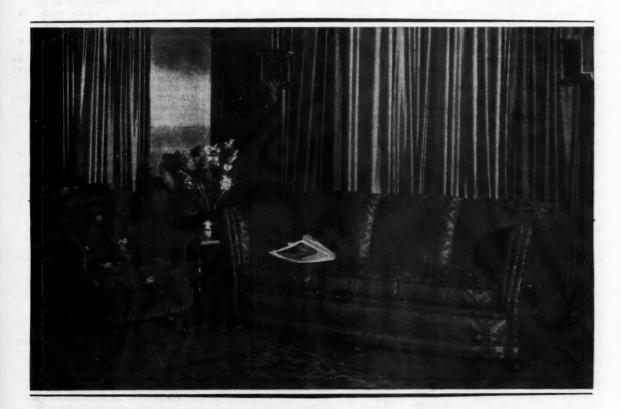
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ten past two.

Batt removed his shoes and wiggled his toes. He lighted a cigaret. He exhaled plentifully and watched the smoke rise in the air.

Olivia Dale, he decided, was not only the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She was the most patient, too. Could it be that, after all these years of easy resistance to feminine charm, J. J. Battersby, at last, was-

Someone knocked at Batt's door. Yes?

"Can I come in? Burnett. Gertrude

and Kay are-Batt got up and opened the door. "Come along. I was just having a final cigaret. Have one?"

Burnett helped himself. "Kay's got a lot of new clothes she bought in Paris last month and she's showing 'em to Gertrude. They chased me out." "Well, sit down." Batt settled himself

on the edge of the bed.

"Say, I've got a story for you," said Burnett. "Maybe you've heard it. Prob-Stop me, won't you? It's about a golden-wedding anniversary party. It seems that the old husband and the old who'd been his best man were sitting in a corner, talking . . ."
Batt hadn't the heart to stop him.

The story was finished and the listener managed to laugh nearly as loudly as the teller. Burnett offered another. And

another.

"May I come in?" Lawler was standing in the bathroom that connected his room with Batt's.

"Sure. Come along." Batt rose again.
"Burnett just brought in some stories.
Sit down."

"I thought the laughing sounded like ories. What were they?"

stories. Burnett needed no urging to go over his first one again.

"There was one something like that,' said Lawler, and offered the tale.

Twenty minutes or so later, Gertrude

Hudson knocked.

"All right, Jim. You may go to bed The fashion show is over. Good night, Batt. 'Good night."

"Good night, Gertrude," said Lawler. "Oh. Are you in there, too? Go to bed, the lot of you. Your stories will keep."
Burnett stood up and yawned. Batt

got to his feet. Lawler picked a book from the table.
"Is this any good, Battersby?"
"I don't know. Haven't read it, but that fellow writes good light stuff."

"Guess I'll take it to bed with me. I

can never get to sleep for hours."
"Help yourself. I'm not going to need

anything to put me to sleep."
"Good night, gentlemen," said Burnett from the door.

'Good night." "Good night."

Burnett left. Batt untied his tie.

Well, I'll be getting along," said Lawler. "By the way, you'd better close the door on your side of the bathroom. I'll probably be burning lights for a long

"All right. Good night. Glad you

came in.

"Thanks. Good night."

Batt's thoughts still whirled about Gertrude Hudson's cousin, as he clicked off the bed lamp and closed weary eyes. His mind reproduced her face for him to admire, her dark eyes for him to gaze into, now, to his heart's content.

He wondered whether she might let him drive her to New York, when the time for going home should come. With

"Well," Burnett said, stretching, "it's blasphemy, he supposed Lawler had already been accepted for that privilege. Or perhaps she didn't live in New York. Good Lord! He didn't even know where she lived. But what did he care? He could go there.

Drowsier and drowsier, he pictured quite impossible scenes in which he and Olivia played the leading--nay, the only -rôles. And at last he slept .

He awoke, all at once, tense. He stared into blackness.

Then he heard a scream. From somewhere in the house. The second scream, he supposed. The first must have wakened him.

Batt switched on the bed lamp, jumped out of bed and into his slippers. He was fumbling hastily with a dressing gown, when there was a bang on the bathroom door and it opened to reveal Lawler in pajamas and bath robe, his hair mussed. "Did you hear that?" the newcomer

demanded. "I certainly-What the dickens do

. 99 you suppose "Don't know. Sounded from Ger-

"Don't know. Sounded from Gentrude's wing."

"Let's go." Batt was wriggling into the dressing gown. He opened the door to the hall and led the way into the darkness. "Where the devil's the button?"

"The open and the chairs I think" said ?"

"Top of the stairs, I think," said Law-r. "There." The light was on. Batt banged on Gertrude's door.

"Yes. Yes. Come in. Oh, wait." Her voice was shaking badly.
"What's all this?" Burnett came padding down the hall, his hair in little spiky masses.

Gertrude could be heard turning the key in the lock. The door opened and showed her, trembling, clutching a neg-The door opened and

ligee about her. "Oh," she exhaled, and backed up to sit on the edge of the bed, as the three men came in. A table by an open win-dow lay tipped over on its side, a framed photograph, three books and a broken vase beside it. Roses that had occupied the vase were still together, their stems

mixed like jackstraws. Everything else seemed in order. "What's happened, Gertrude?" asked

Burnett, who was first to enter.

"Somebody—something—knocked over that table. Jumping out the window, I suppose. I screamed."

laughing uneasily. "Burglars, ha?"
"Was anything taken?" Batt asked.
"I don't know. I didn't get out of bed till you knocked. The pearls were in that jewel box on the dressing table."
"It's closed, anyway," said Lawler as he reached for it.
Gerrish and his "if"

Gerrish and his wife appeared at the

"My dear, what on earth has hap-pened?"

"Burglar," said Burnett briefly. Batt was leaning out the window by the table staring down into the darkness, for the moon had set.

"The pearls are gone," Lawler said quietly. He handed the box to Gertrude "You'd better see if anything else is missing.'

There was silence while their hostess rummaged through the box.
"No," she said finally. "Everything

"No," she said finally. "Everything else is here, I think. Give me a cigaret." "Oh, those lovely, lovely pearls!" cried Mrs. Gerrish, and went to Gertrude to comfort her.

comfort her.

"My Lord, Battersby," her husband woofed, "do you fellows carry your mysteries wherever you go?"

Batt smiled wryly and half sat on the window sill. Lawler stepped over the débris from the spilled table, and leaned out the window.

"Perfectly easy jump, of course," he said, and shook his head. "Perfectly," said Batt.

Olivia Dale and Mrs. Burnett arrived at that moment and the talk grew con-

The men, except Batt, began to develop neories. The locked door appealed to nem. So did the fact that the intruder theories. had failed to take several valuable rings and pins from the box.

and pins from the box.

Gertrude Hudson was desolated. Now that the strain of fear was eased, she weakened and gave way to tears. The men fidgeted, aware of their strange appearance in their pajamaed state. The women, save only the luckless Gertrude, had taken time to make themselves presentable. Batt found Olivia Dale bewitching in a long Chinese-red coatish thing, from under which silken pajama legs emerged to culminate in feathery slippers.

Well, I suppose somebody'd better call

said Burnett. the police,"

"The police? With Battersby on the premises? Why?" Gerrish had not forgotten that expensive rubber of bridge.

Lawler laughed. "That's right. It seems to be up to you, Battersby.'

"That was THAT was theory," said Batt. "This is

"Practice makes perfect, though, doesn't Mr. Battersby?" Mrs. Burnett said kittenishly.

He shook his head.

"They're my pearls," said Gertrude.
"And if it's all the same to you—"
"Fully insured, weren't they?" Gerrish

"Yes. There's that, of course."
"I'm sure," said Gerrish's wife, "that Mr. Battersby would be infinitely better able to handle the case, if he cared to."
"You aren't fair to me," Batt protested.

"I said policemen did not make the best detectives. I said it was possible to imagine higher-grade men for purposes of fiction. I did not put myself forward a criminologist."

"But surely you're higher grade than any policeman! And after all your writ-ing, you're better trained. It's up to you prove your theory." Gerrish was unrelenting.

"Nobody's risking anything on you but the insurance company," said Lawler.
"It seems to me that the insurance

company requires an immediate report of all losses," Batt argued. "I think you're afraid to try it," said

Gerrish. "I am. It's no test, anyway. Suppose I fail. Who can prove that the police would have succeeded?" Batt's chin was I fail. more firmly set than usual.

Gerrish cleared his throat. "Tell you what, Battersby. We'll make it a sporting proposition. I'll write out ten questions and offer you reasonable odds on each of 'em. And I'll leave the decision to the rest of the party. If four out of six say your answer is right, you win. Four out of six against, you lose. A tie, no bet. Four out of six doubtful, no bet. How's that?"

"I'd like to see your questions and odds." "May I use your desk, Gertrude?" asked Gerrish.

"Certainly." Gerrish sat down at the small writing

table and wrote scratchily with a pen.
"I'll read you the questions and the odds I offer," he grunted, when he had

finished. No one spoke.
"One: Was the robber a professional criminal? Fifty to fifty.

"Two: How did he get into this room?

Fifty to fifty.
"Three: Was he assisted in any way
by anyone in the house? Fifty to fifty.

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On th was smi "I car She in these or snooping "Four: At what time (within half an hour) did he enter this room? Fifty to

forty.
"Five: How many accomplices, if any, had he? Fifty to five.

"Six: How did he escape from the grounds? Twenty to thirty. How did he leave the neighborhood? Thirty to twenty. "Seven: Why did he take only the

"Seven: Why did he take only the pearls? Fifty to ten.
"Eight: Where (within a ten-mile radius) is the robber now? Fifty to five.
"Nine: Who were the accomplices, if any? Three hundred to fifteen.
"Ten: Who was the robber? Three hundred to ten."
Still no one said enything. Gerrish

Still no one said anything. Gerrish cleared his throat.

"If you accept all those bets, you stand to win one thousand dollars or lose two hundred and eighty-five. I think the odds are fair. Is it a bet?"

Batt hesitated a moment, trying to remember all the questions. His eyes, wandering, met those of Olivia Dale. She nodded at him almost imperceptibly. "It's a bet," he said.

The others straggled off to their rooms until no one remained but Gertrude Hudson and Olivia Dale and Batt. Gertrude and Olivia smoked rapidly, while Batt went about his business

He had to think how the mythical He had to think how the mythical Kenyon Pitts would have proceeded with the investigation. Observation of the most minute details had always been the system of the hero of "The Dripping Dagger" and "The Deadly Thing," but his creator, now that he tried to impersonate him, found that there were more minute details in a ground than he had minute details in a room than he had ever supposed.

With the flash light Gertrude had lent him, he examined all the windows, their locks and the objects near them in the room. He went over the sill of the window beside the overturned table, square inch by square inch. He did as much for the floor under the window, and both sets of curtains, and the table itself.

Under Gertrude's direction, he set the Under Gertrude's direction, he set the table up where it had been and placed everything (except the smashed vase) in its normal position. Then he walked, first slowly, then rapidly, from the dressing table that held the jewel box to the window. Finally he spoke to his hostess. "Was there a spratch on one leg of this

window. Finally he spoke to his nostess.
"Was there a scratch on one leg of this

"A scratch? What sort of scratch? Good heavens, no! If the brute scratched that table, I hope they hang him. Is it

"Deepish, but it won't show much. It's inside a leg." She rushed to his side solicitously. "There," he pointed. solicitously. "The "Oh, the beast!"

"Oh, the beast!"

"And, while you're over here—was there this tear in the curtain?"

"There was not. Those curtains are just two weeks old."

"Well, I'll be going along. You don't mind if I prowl around all night?"

"No. And I wish you luck."

"Thanks. I'll need it. I'll be climbing into some clothes now. See you at breakfast at ten." breakfast at ten."

He dressed rapidly, in knickers, a sweater and heavy golf shoes. At the foot of the stairs, he pushed all

the light buttons and stood for a minute thinking what to do next. Behind him, a stair creaked. Batt whirled.

On the landing stood Olivia Dale. She as smiling. "May I play, too?"
"I can't think of better company on a was smiling.

pearl hunt—or anything else."
She indicated her golf clothes. "I put these on because I thought we might be snooping about outside."

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"Where do we begin?" she asked. "I was just wondering. Under Ger-trude's window, I guess." "Come on."

"Only two rules: don't step on any footprints. And tell me anything you notice." He opened the door. "Very good, sir."
They both laughed. He took her arm.

It was small and muscular and excited.

There were plenty of footprints under the window. In the soft dirt of the flower garden there were deep imprints of a man's galoshes. Thence, on the firmer soil, but still visible in the mud the rain had left, were tracks that led off toward the river.

Bending over and walking slowly, with the girl behind him, Batt had no trouble in following the tracks. Not many min-utes brought the investigators to the water's edge. The prints here were clearly defined. They led into the water.

Batt straightened up.

"Well," said the girl, "are we baffled?"

"Oh, no. We don't baffle easily." He turned the light on the water beyond the last footprint. "I suppose I'd wade out there for a thousand dollars, but maybe I won't have to. It looks squishy." He swung the light along the bank of the river. "Let's take a little walk," he said.

Twenty steps in one direction produced nothing of interest and Batt led the girl back to the tracks again, stepped neatly over them, and walked on.

Suddenly he stopped short. "Ah-ha!" he exclaimed melodramatically. In the disk of white light were the prints of two galoshes. As the light traveled inland, it showed two more prints. Then there was

no mark of any kind to be seen.
"So this is where they landed," said Olivia.

"What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think. I'm not one of the higher intellects."

"Let's go back to the house," he said. "What do we do now?" she asked, as they reached the front door.

"We pray that we're not locked out. I forget whether I fixed the latch." But the door opened easily enough, and they were inside

'Come on, Mr. Pitts. What's the next

"Well, there's one thing I want most awfully to see. If I take you with me, will you keep your deductions to your-self?" self?

"I swear," she stated in her best ap-

proach to sepulchral tones.

"All right." He opened the door to the coat closet, which was immediately beside them, and switched a light on. His His glance did not reveal what he sought, and he began to rummage. Behind a stack of ancient tennis rackets in a far corner, he found a pair of galoshes. He lifted them, and looked where they had stood. There was not a vestige of mud, but there were four oval wet spots.

"Oh!" gasped Olivia. "That makes it entirely different, doesn't it?" "What do you think?"

"I think I'll slap you, if you say that

again."

"As a matter of fact, I'm only being careful not to make an ass of myself. The things I'm thinking now may be utterly absurd. I've still got to do a lot of reasoning.

"Before we finish investigating?"

"The investigation is over. I may be all wrong, but I don't know anything else to investigate."

Olivia Dale seated herself on the sofa the living room, "Well, I must say in the living room. I'm disappointed."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, in the whole business. Where are the bloody fingerprints? Where's the torn letter with only six words decipher-able, one of which is 'murder'? Where is the Chinese document? Aren't we going to have any sliding panels or faces peer-ing in at us from the windows? And, anyway, who ever heard of a high-class mystery without a will?"

'This isn't my mystery. I always have

at least one murder.

"Why, right this minute we ought to hear a piercing shriek and rush upstairs to find Mr. Burnett murdered."

"You're my bloodthirsty public. But for people like you, I'd probably be writ-ing about sweet little schoolgirls and their puppy loves."

"I don't read blood and thunder ex-clusively, but when I get a mystery, I want a nice gory one."

"So does everybody else. Shall I go and stick a knife between Gerrish's ribs?"
She laughed. "Have you really finished with this thing? Do you think you're prepared to answer the ten questions?"
"As prepared as I know how to get," he told her.

The excitement suddenly slipped from him and he found himself, instead of the self-confident impersonator of Kenyon Pitts, merely that rather ineffectual young writer of mystery stories, the diffident J. J. Battersby. It took all his courage to sit down near Olivia on the sofa. When he spoke his voice was husky.

"There's one thing about this mystery. It's a little poor in its elements of excitement, but it's—uh"—he clenched his hands—"high in love interest. Which is the hardest thing to get into blood-and-thunder stuff." he rushed on, as he felt his ears growing red.

Olivia Dale looked at him slantwise. "Don't you think we'd both better be getting some sleep?"

"What's the use, Miss Dale?" He

"What's the use, Miss Dale?" He pointed to the white shades, which were blue with the daybreak behind them. "Breakfast's at ten. With revelations." "Still—" She hesitated. "And I suppose I'll have to urge you not to call me Miss Dale. You'll be flinging it at me until I do." "Oh no Miss Dale."

"Oh, no, Miss Dale."
"Stop it, sir!"

"What, then?"

"Livvy, I hope you're satisfied."
"I—uh—shall try to be." It had been such a nice phrase in his mind, and it came out so lamely. He took a breath. "Will you answer me one question?"

"Has it something to do with the in-

"It may be used against you."
"Try it."

"Do you belong to the Lawler fellow as completely as he seems to think?"
"Why—" It was her turn to be con-

"If you'd rather not-uh-please don't -uh

"Has he said something to you?"

"No. Just his—his manner with you."
"I certainly don't belong to him—yet."
"But soon?" Batt lost his nerve again.
'm sorry. I'm being rude." "I'm sorry.

"Yes. But I'll tell you, since you're so observant.

"And interested."

"I've known Ken ever since he came back from England last fall. All last winter we played around together every-where. And last month he asked me to marry him."

"Oh. I see. Wen, "Oh," gulped Batt. I'm awfully sorry." He got up. "I me I'm sorry I came galumphing into it."

"I haven't answered him yet," she said. Batt sat down suddenly. "Oh." "I told him I'd decide not later than the first of July."

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"Oh. Oh, well, then-the lists are

not—closed?"
"Heavens, no!"

"I just wanted to be sure," said Batt. After a long silence he added: "You don't know anything about me, but-well, the first of July is some weeks away. "I'm going to bed," Olivia laughed.

She little sleep is better than none."

stood up.

Batt rose, too. "I suppose you're right. Darn it.'

Everyone else had been in the breakfast room for ten minutes when Batt put in an appearance. He carried some pieces of paper in one hand and one of his coat pockets bulged enormously.

"The pearls?" asked Lawler, pointing

at the stuffed pocket.
"No," said Batt. "I haven't got the pearls. There wasn't any bet on that." "I suppose I owe you one thousand dol-lars," snorted Gerrish.

"I do hope you got a little sleep," said

Gertrude.

We weren't prowling around "Oh, yes. long," said Olivia. Everyone turned to her and stared. Batt seated himself. "'We,' Livvy?" said Lawler. "What do

you mean—'we'?"
"Batt and I," she said sweetly.

"Do you mean to say-

"Do you mean to say—"
Batt cut in. "Livvy was very helpful
in the detective work."
"Well, Howard," simpered Mrs. Burnett
to Gerrish, "is that legal under your bet?"

"Both amateurs," grunted Gerrish.

His wife could scarcely contain her enthusiasm. "Oh, please, Mr. Battersby!
Tell us what you found out."

"Yes, Batt." Gertrude urged. "After

"Yes, Batt," Gertrude urged. "After all, there's a lot of money involved."
"Insurance money," corrected Burnett.
"And mine," said Gerrish.
"Could I have some coffee before I begin?" Bett asked

Batt asked. "It'll be right in. But won't you start

while you're waiting?"

Batt shrugged, and took a piece of paper from the top of the pile he had brought. "As you like," he said. "If you don't mind, I shall answer Mr. Gerrish's questions little by little. They don't come in the right order.

"Question one: Was the robber a pro-fessional criminal? Fifty dollars, even

money. Answer: No.

"Question two: How did he get into this room? Fifty dollars, even money. Answer: Through the door.

"Question three: Was he assisted in

way by anyone in the house? Fifty

dollars, even. Answer: Yes.
"Question four: At what time (within half an hour) did he enter this room? Fifty to forty. Answer: Two-fifteen A.M. "Question five: How many accom-

plices, if any, had he? Fifty to five. Answer: One.

"Question six: How did he escape from the grounds? Twenty to thirty. Answer: This will appear presently. How did he leave the neighborhood? Thirty to Answer: This, too, will appear presently.

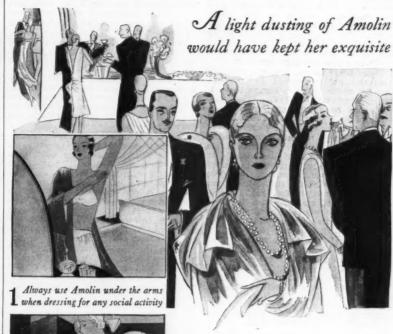
"Ah!" he broke off, as coffee was placed beside him. He helped himself to toast. "If you don't mind," he said, "I won't answer any more of the questions now.

He ate the toast, while the rest buzzed with unbelief. Arguments blazed up.

Finally Batt took up another paper.

"The first thing I noticed," he said, referring to the paper, "was that the table that was overturned was not in a direct line between the dressing table, from which the pearls were stolen, and the window, through which, presumably, the robber made his escape. There was no excuse for the robber to bump into the table on his way to the window, unless

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he was stumbling about in the dark. Yet, by the fact that he was able to pick just what he wanted from the jewel box, we know that he had light enough.

"The second thing is that the table fell away from the window, not toward it, as it naturally would have, if a man, hurrying to the window, had knocked it over.
The third thing is that there is an odd scratch on the inside of one leg of the table, where nothing on the robber's person could have touched it. The fourth thing is that one curtain at this window is torn. The fifth thing is that the sandy dust that the rain left on the outdoors part of the window sill is undisturbed, except by a few scratches across it.

"From these things, I reason that the table was not overturned by accident, that the robber did not escape through the window, and that the table was overturned by some contrivance which scratched its leg and tore the curtain and also left its marks on the window sill.

"From this I reason, rather simply, that the purpose of overturning the table was to fix the time of the robbery at about four-ten A M., although in reality it had been committed earlier. Now, the only logical motive for trying to fix the time of the robbery at four-ten, if it had been committed earlier, was a desire to shield someone whose alibi for four-ten was perfect and whose alibi for the actual time of the robbery was defective.

"The actual time of the robbery must have been after two-ten, because Gertrude went upstairs at two-ten and did not take off the pearls until a couple of minutes later. At, let's say, two-fifteen, she took off the pearls and put them in her jewel box. Then Mrs. Burnett came and told her about some clothes she had bought in Paris, and Mrs. Burnett and Gertrude went to look at them.

"Gertrude stayed in Mrs. Burnett's room for from twenty minutes to half an hour. Say she got back to her own room at two-forty-five. She locked the door at that time and did not unlock it again until after the four-ten excitement.

you'll grant me that nobody left Gertrude's room by any window, you'll have to admit that the pearls had been stolen between two-fifteen and two-fortyfive. Therefore, going on my earlier reasoning, we must look for someone who lacks a perfect alibi for that half-hour.

"And my eggs and bacon are getting cold, and so is my coffee, and I'm going to have breakfast, pearls or no pearls."

Conversation broke out again, as Batt went to work at his food.
"Olivia did it, I suppose," said Lawler.

"That's why she had to help you investi-

Batt ate on until his plate was clean and his coffee cup empty. Then he lighted a cigaret.

"Of course," he said, "I may get into trouble with the Mystery Story Writers' Protective Association for being so frank with you about methods and clues and things." Of all the pairs of eyes he saw about the table, only Olivia's were amused and friendly. He fumbled with

a piece of paper.
"Now," he went on, "let's take up the other interesting features of the case. Under the window of Gertrude's room, from which, you remember, we have reasoned that the burglar did not make his escape, there were well-defined prints of galoshes—men's size. They were deep in the garden, as if their wearer had jumped from the window above; then they led from there to the river, and at

"But two things I just said are a little misleading. The prints in the garden were as deep as if someone had made them by jumping from the window above,

but they had slanting lines at their edges that showed that the wearer of the galoshes had jumped backward from the edge of the garden and had not landed vertically.

"And the prints disappeared at the water's edge, but they reappeared some fifty feet or so up the bank. From these facts, we are forced to assume that the prints of the galoshes, like the table that overturned at four-ten A. M., were part of a plan to establish an alibi for the real culprit and lead investigators off on false

"The tracks in the garden were made at some time after the rain had stopped, for they were perfectly clear. The rain stopped at about ten o'clock.

The galoshes which made the tracks were carefully washed off—presumably in the river—and replaced in the coat closet in the front hall. Although he removed the mud, the person who used them forgot to dry the soles."

Batt picked up another paper.

We have deduced that the pearls were stolen between two-fifteen and two-forty-five A. M. We have inferred that the tracks were made between ten P. and four-ten A. M. We have agreed the principal culprit was perfectly alibied for four-ten A. M., but not for the actual time

of the robbery. And we have concluded that the table in Gertrude's room was overturned by some device that could be operated from outside the room.

"From the deep scratch on the inside of the table leg, and from the tear in the curtain, I assume that the device was a piece of rope or cord with some sort of hook on the end of it. From the fact that all the prints in the garden and the lawn were carefully made for disingenu-ous purposes. I believe that the device that tipped the table over was not operated from the ground but from some room in the house.

"If we eliminate the maids as possible robbers—and I think we're safe in doing that—we haven't a wide range of choice for the window from which the tabletipping device was operated. It leaves the Burnetts' room, mine and Mr. Law-ler's, since these are the only ones that are near enough to Gertrude's room to be used for that purpose.

"I think I am ready to answer all the estions now." Batt cleared his throat questions now." and read from a piece of paper:

"One: The robber was not a professional criminal. "Two: He got in through Gertrude's

Three: He was assisted by one person

in this house. "Four: He entered the room and left it again between two-fifteen and twotwenty-five.

"Five: He had one accomplice.
"Six: He has not yet escaped from the grounds or left the neighborhood.

"Seven: He took only the pearls be-cause he wanted to create a sensation, and the pearls were enough for his pur-

"Eight: The robber is now at this table. "Nine: His accomplice was Mrs. Bur-

'Ten: The robber was Mr. Lawler.'

HERE was a gasp from five persons in unison. Then Mrs. Burnett gigin unison. gled loudly and started to say something. Lawler, however, was on his feet. His face was red and his mouth was crooked.

He glared at Batt for an instant, then

sat down again. Batt rose. He reached into his bulgy pocket. He pulled out a long piece of heavy brown twine, to the end of which was fastened a hook that had once served as part of a coat hanger.

"I found this in a drawer of Mr. Lawler's bureau this morning. That's why I was late for breakfast.

Lawler exhaled sharply between his teeth. "I suppose you went through my pockets and read my letters while you were at it!" His voice rasped and his

words were bitterly distinct.

"Why, Kenneth!" said Olivia Dale.
Lawler stood up again. "I might have known better than to play a game with cheap little

Burnett cut in on behalf of Batt, who was speechless

Wait a minute, Lawler. Seems to me you invite a man to detect you, he's got all the right in the world to act like a detective. Seems to me Mr. Battersby square. And won."

"Yes," said Gerrish. "I'll pay."

Lawler jammed two fingers into a waistcoat pocket and brought out a small tissue-paper-wrapped package. He laid it on the table before Gertrude. "Here are the pearls," he said. "Better

count 'em.'

He turned and stalked out of the room. They heard the front door slam. There was an uncomfortable silence. "Well!" said Gertrude.

Batt looked up. Gerrish was writing a check. Burnett pushed back his chair.
"I'll stick to golf for mine," he said.
"Any time you're ready, Howard."
Gerrish tossed his valuable slip of

valuable slip of paper across the table.

talking to Gertrude on the veranda of the country club. The whole party had driven over for the first Saturday-night dance of the season. In anticipation of pleasant moments with his hostess' cousin, Batt had forgotten how little sleep he had had the night before. But, so far, she had been elusive.

"Dance with me?" he asked.
The brows above her dark eyes were troubled for a moment. Then she smiled.
"I will if you're willing to dance."

"I'm more than willing to try." 'Come along, then."

Burnett, heaven-sent, had and taken Gertrude in charge. had appeared

Dancing with Olivia took Batt back to the days of his puppy love, when he was seventeen. Not since then had he been so breathless, tingled so at the touch of a girl. Her hair, brushing his cheek, gave goose flesh. The music sent shivers up his back.

Talk, confound you, he said to himself.

Talk, confound you, he said to himself. Talk, for the love of Allah! Talk!

"What did you mean," he managed, "by saying if I was willing to dance?"

"I meant I didn't want to sit out. I've had enough of sitting out for tonight." She raised her head. For an electric instant, he gazed straight into her eyes.

"What makes you so bitter about sitting out?'

"Oh, I'm not bitter. Only sitting out with Ken Lawler." Only I've been

Batt swallowed with some difficulty.

"Is that—such an awful—ordeal?"

"We fought. And I don't mean anything as mild as quarreled."

With a final deafening crash that left the air vibrating, the music stopped. Batt looked down into the girl's eyes.

"Does-does walking out come under your prejudice against sitting out?"
She smiled and took his arm and they

went out into the moonlight. "What did you fight about?" he asked.

"Or shouldn't I ask?"

"I guess you should. Because it concerns you. We fought about his being such a hopeless sportsman. I knew he was a rotten loser at bridge, but that performance this morning was too much.

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And he's been grumping around all day, Beautifully. And in all humility . . . as if he'd been abused." as if he'd been abused."
"And—what was the result of the

talk?"

She answered with a gesture of the free hand, a gesture something like snapping her fingers.
"You mean you—you—called it off?"

She only nodded her head rapidly.
They were walking down a slope on the grass. A tree cut off the moonlight. Batt groped for words, beautiful words. To say for him what he wanted to tell her.

She stumbled, lost her balance Batt caught her. Clumsily, fumblingly. He found himself holding her close.

Words, undisciplined by his writer's mind, flowed from him.

'Listen. Listen to me. I have no right to say this. To say anything. You can forget all about it in a minute if you want to. You don't know anything about me. You think I'm crazy. You will. I can't help that. I love you. That's all.

I know it. I know I love you because I've thought I was in love before. I know now." He was bending over, closer and closer. Her eyes were round with wonder.

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He kissed her. For only an instant. At the touch of her lips on his, he realized, all at once . . .

"Oh, I'm—I don't know what I'm doing.
I'm—absurd."

Her head went back a little, then slowly it moved from side to side. "No," she whispered. "No. You're not."

#### -but Never a Bridegroom by Royal Brown (Continued from page 49)

energy suddenly struck dumb, witlessly, hopelessly beglamoured.

Tommy, stripped and ready shower, had broken the silence. ready for "Time to go beddy-bed, Romeo.

Bill had glanced up at him. he had grunted from out of the fog.

Nevertheless, he had set down the shoe he held and so Tommy had gone to his shower. But when he had returned he found Bill still holding the pose. A wounded stag. Absolutely hopeless. Tommy, wriggling into pajamas, had

removed his fraternity pin from his mouth, where it had reposed during his shower, and pinned it to the coat.

"That," he had remarked satirically, "is

one bit of ritual you won't have to follow tonight, I suppose."
"Huh?" said Bill again.

It had penetrated, anyway.

"Your conversation seems to lack both variety and sparkle," Tommy had com-plained. "I suppose she was absolutely thrilled when you asked her if you might

park your frat pin with her."
At that Bill had found his voice.
"Tommy, did you ever see anyone like her?" he had demanded eagerly.

The campus was crowded with hers at the moment. Every frat house had its

"Which?" Tommy might have asked-

which? Tommy might have asked— he had not kept tabs on Bill Bill, however, had pressed on. "There isn't," he had announced fervently, "an-other girl who can hold a candle to her.

"Oh, I know," Tommy had intervened soothingly. "This is the night of nights—unprecedented in the history of the human race. You feel like going out and

slaying a dragon or two, and—"
"It may seem funny to you," Bill had protested, "but—but this is the real thing, Tommy. Why—why, when I think of Bab I feel like writing poetry."

Bill writing poetry—good Lord! Well, Bill wasn't in any poetry-writing mood tonight, obviously, as he sat across the table from Tommy. Rather was he patently considering a world that he would have smashed to bits cheerfully.

"Where's that

Bill roused himself. "Where's that drink?" he demanded.
"Coming," soothed Tommy. "George probably ran out of wood alcohol and had to send out and get some. Oh, here he is now.

George set the glasses before them. Tommy turned to Bill. "Let's drink a bast to college boys," he suggested. toast "Here's-

"College!" exploded Bill, surprisingly. "College! I'm through. I never—"
"Oh, come now, Bill," reproved Tommy,

On, come now, Bill," reproved Tommy, his voice gay but his eyes watchful. "Think of all college means. Bright college years and all that. Perhaps we could sing that song. In fact, if George here were only twins we could make a quartet."

Bill came to his feet unsteadily. "George," he announced severely, "is not

twins. George is just himself. Anybody could see that. Anybody 'cept you. You''—Bill blinked twice—"are drunk. Dishgracefully drunk."
He swayed precariously. And Tommy,

"Sure," agreed Tommy swiftly. "I'm drunk—what you need is to get me out into the air." He nodded toward Bill's into the air." He nodded toward Bill's coat and George, getting the idea, helped him insert Bill into it. He then got into his own and added: "You just walk me around the block, Bill—that'll fix me up."

George, however, had something to say, "Hey, how about the drinks? Somebody owes me five-sixty."

Tommy, as always, was broke. So he picked Bill's pocket.

"And they say," he murmured, as he

woman always pays." "that the

The night was as mild and serene as ever; the soft air was like a drug. It seemed so to affect Bill; he moved like a man in a dream. A deep one, for he a man in a dream. A deep one, for he seemed to have forgotten his own car and did not, as Tommy had feared, strive to take the wheel of Sam's.

"This," thought Tommy, pressing the starter, "seems too good to be true."

He glanced at his watch. It was just after midnight and he decided that the campus was no place for Bill until the dance was ended

dance was ended.

The thing to do was to drive around for a while. He did so and through almost two hours Bill never yipped. Tommy was not sure whether he was sunk in profound absorption or dead to the world. Presently he stopped at an all-night gasoline stand to fill the tank and purchase cigarets. He glanced at Bill. Bill did not stir and Tommy slipped from behind the wheel.

When he returned the tank was filled

—and Bill was at the wheel.

"Move over, you ape," Tommy commanded quickly. "You—"

Instead, Bill shifted into first; the car was in motion as Tommy jumped upon the running board and caromed into the seat Bill had occupied.

"Say-" he began, at once angry and apprehensive.

"Shut up!" said Bill, through his teeth.
"You think I can't drive but—"

He went straight from first to high and the car shot ahead, the speedometer leap-

ing from twenty to thirty, from thirty to forty-five, to fifty.

There was a turn ahead. "Look out!" gasped Tommy, and braced himself.

It was then not quite half past two in the morning of Thursday, May twenty-

At just before ten o'clock in the morning of Friday, May twenty-fourth, the dean of the college sat in his study awaiting Tommy's arrival. The dean sat at his desk encompassed by peace, but he was perturbed.

And, as well, puzzled. Within a few minutes it would be his painful duty to receive Tommy Jones here and—

The thought in the dean's mind broke off at that point. His long, fine fingers tapped the desk unconsciously. This was May and, as always during house-party time, the young Nordics to whom he played the part of a minor Jove had flung their winter garments of repent-ance aside and revealed themselves, frankly, as young hedonists.

At such times the dean was disposed to be liberal. And yet-

The dean rose from his desk abruptly. He did not fall into the established professorial type. Rather did he look as the Emperor Augustus might have in his fifties, a full-blooded man who had been young himself.

The dean had been young himself. He

was considering that.

In the prehistoric days before automobiles had become a common nuisance he himself, driving a trap at something more than the ten miles an hour then deemed right and reasonable for horse-drawn vehicles, might at two o'clock in the morning have locked wheels with a milk wagon and ditched it.

Moreover, had he been a bit exhila-rated—and the dean, when younger, had known such moments—he *might* have run away. The dean doubted that—but

he was striving to be just.

In any event—his thought ran onthe analogy was not exact. The differ-ence between a horse-drawn trap at fifteen miles an hour and a car at fifty was the difference between an air rifle and a modern machine gun.

Then, too, running away after an automobile accident was a serious offense. in fact, the irate owner of the milk truck had gone to the police instead of coming to the dean, Tommy Jones might be facing something even worse than ex-pulsion from college this May morning.

"He was going more than fifty and on the wrong side of the road at that,"
the driver of the milk truck had informed the dean. "I did my best"—he
had not phrased it precisely so—"to
get out of the way, but even so he sidewiped me."

And so on, in vigorous detail, ending

up with his bill for damages.

"Both mud guards gone and the body dented," he had summed up. "The chassis is sprung, too—it won't be less than four hundred."

The dean, a practiced diplomat, had thanked him, promised him he would be repaid, assured him the offender would be dealt with summarily.

The owner of the car already was known to the dean, inasmuch as the milkman himself had discovered Sam's roadster in a local garage. It had been easy to identify, for its left fender had been wholly ripped off, the side of the car badly dented and the top dislodged

and thrown skew-gee.

But the driver? Anybody's car was everybody's car at house-party time.
"You were not driving it yourself, then, Sears?" the dean had queried.

trac thi ling 'No, sir," Sam had replied. "Some-

body must have borrowed it."
"You have no idea who, of course,"
the dean had suggested dryly.

Sam hadn't; not a glimmer. He had lied according to his lights and the dean had honored him for it, even though he had reminded him that he would hold him responsible for the damages until the driver was discovered.

the driver was discovered.

It was at that point—just after four the previous afternoon—that Tommy had eased himself into the dean's presence.

"I had hoped, sir," he had explained calmly, "to get the matter fixed up without your being bothered." The corners of his mouth had flickered as he had added, "I know you are a busy man." "Thank you," said the dean dryly.

"But" Tommy had explained "the

"But," Tommy had explained, "the milkman located Sam's car before I could

locate him

"You might," the dean had observed, "have stopped and taken his name at the moment-and also discovered whether he had been injured.'

"It was my strong conviction," Tommy had replied smoothly, "that he was more grieved than hurt. He was angry—and words said in anger are often regretted. He seemed, in fact, to be active and in good voice as I departed."

"You should have stopped," the dean had interrupted sternly.
"I dislike to disagree, sir, but the more I think of it"—Tommy's grin had flashed there—"the surer I am that I did the wiser thing." wiser thing.

"Perhaps you would like to explain that?"

"Sorry, sir—I prefer not to."
The dean had expected as much. There was something more to this than Tommy was telling—but what? Would he ever get at it? The dean doubted it even when he said:

when he said:

"You will come here, if you please, at ten tomorrow morning. I do not want to be hasty in action. But unless something develops you must know that——"

"I understand perfectly, sir," Tommy had said. Adding, regretfully, "The worst of it is that I've just pawned my bag—but I imagine I can dig up another."

And there the matter rested; within a few minutes now Tommy's connection with his Alma Mater would be terminated The dean regretted that, yet certainly there was no other course open to him.

Nevertheless, he continued to stand at his window, overlooking the elm-shaded campus, with the big Gothic library opposite and the eternal hills beyond.

The campus was almost deserted but in the middle foreground, as the dean became aware, stood a man and a girl. The latter, almost an anachronism now that house parties were over, had her slim back to the dean and was not to be identified. The hatless youngster whom she addressed was.

The dean's interest focused and sharp-ened. He could not hear what was being but he was human enough to

wonder.

wonder.
"You still here?" Tommy was saying.
The face that was hidden from the
dean was pretty—and tragic.
"How could I go," demanded its owner,
"until I was sure that—that everything is
going to be all right?"
Tommy who right well have looked

Tommy, who might well have looked tragic, merely grinned. "Of course everything is going to be all right," he assured her. "But you really shouldn't be lingering here, you know."

That she ignored. "Bill—Bill says that if you're—you're expelled he'll tell the whole story."

"And what is that?" demanded Tommy.



done properly . . adds loveliness to

# Children's Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean thoroughly, Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

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Only thorough shampooing will...remove this film ... and let the sparkle, and rich, natural... color tones... of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—fine young hair and tender scalps

HE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary and lustre of children's hair . . . descaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, pends, almost entirely, upon the way soon dries the scalp makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why careful mothers who want their children . . . to have . . . beautiful hair always use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust and dirt.

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It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage, and it will—fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.



#### For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED

COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

"Why, that he was driving, of course." Tommy's eyes remained cool, challenging. "Bill? Why, Bill was so cockeyed drunk he doesn't know yet what happened. Anything he says is incompetent, irrelevant and-

'He wasn't as bad as that!" she pro-

tested. "He remembers perfectly."
"Try and prove it to me—or anybody else," suggested Tommy. He glanced up at the chapel clock. "I've got a date with the dean at ten. I know he's counting the moments and-

"He—he isn't going to expel you?"
"Me? How you talk!"
He grinned at her and would have

passed, only:
"You—you are a perfect peach," she said breathlessly, a second later explaining to Tommy—but not to the startled dean—the impulsive kiss she had presented him. "I'm proud that Bill has a friend like you."

"I hope," observed Tommy, "that you will continue to feel that way after you are married to him. "By!"

The episode, as even the dean could see, was ended. He retreated to his desk, more puzzled than ever and picked up again a card that summarized Tommy's undergraduate record. He had it in his hand when Tommy entered. "Sit down," said the dean.

Tommy obeyed, at the same time producing a check. "To cover the damages to the milkman's truck," he explained. "I think he overestimated them but I suppose I'm in no position to argue."

"You—have communicated with your father, then?" suggested the dean.

"Father has yet to get the bad news," replied Tommy calmly. "But the check is perfectly good."

The dean placed the check on his desk and then his eyes met and held Tommy's.
"I suppose," he began abruptly, "that in a way you may be considered typical of thousands of undergraduates here and elsewhere. You have come to college at some parental sacrifice, to fit yourself for life-

"My father," Tommy inserted, "is not a college man himself. He sent me to college, as you say, at some sacrifice in order that I might have advantages he

never knew."

The dean was perplexed anew. don't quite understand you—if you are serious," he confessed. "You say what I

say, practically-

"But not precisely," said Tommy.
"There is an essential difference—but
does it matter? It was my idea that unless I had some satisfactory explanation certain extra-curricular activity

my college days were ended, anyway."
This, the dean knew, was true. "It
was merely," he explained, "that I feel
at a loss to know what college means to
you. From your record it would seem that certain courses interest you while others do not.'

"I," said Tommy, "have never felt that the mastery of the significance of certain obscure passages in Shakespeare's plays was of any practical value."

"If you are endeavoring to compute it in dollars and cents—"
"That was in my mind," confessed

Tommy shamelessly.

The dean did not lose his temper but he was ruffled. He chose to believe him-self practical and he tried to merit that opinion in the minds of others. As to the value of a college education he took a middle ground, opposed alike to those who regarded it as a happy playground for care-free adolescents and those who sought to prove by statistics that it was a definite avenue to increased earning power after college.

The dean held merely that college was an enrichment of the inner man, al-though he would not have been so trite as to express it that way.

Least of all to Tommy. Instead: "It occurs to me," he remarked, "that you Instead: "It should have entered a business colleg

"It occurs to me that you are right," retorted Tommy cordially.

The dean, distinctly ruffled now, rose. "There is nothing more to be said," he informed Tommy. "You know, of course, that it is the rule that undergraduates who are dropped leave at

"Oh, I am practically packed already,"

Tommy assured him.

This was the truth. At half past ten, when Tommy returned to the study he shared with Bill, his wardrobe trunk and Bill's bag, which he had insouciantly ap-propriated, were ready to close and all his personal impedimenta had been stripped from closet, bureau and walls.

stripped from closet, bureau and walls.
He glanced at the mantel clock. Another hour at least before Bill, who had classes till twelve, would appear. Tommy still had his roommate to deal with and he knew that Bill was going to prove harder to handle than any dean. He considered that and then went to the phone where he talked briefly with Bah

Returning to the study he filled his pipe and took up a novel he was already

halfway through.

Entering at twelve Bill found him so.
Bill was sober now. "How did you—"
he began and stopped short, as he
caught sight of Tommy's trunk. "Where
—where are you going?" he demanded.
Tommy tossed aside his book. "To
lunch," he informed Bill. "Bab still

lunch," he informed Bill. "Bab still lingers at the inn—reckless child—and we are taking her. Or rather I should say you are taking her and me."

Bill, however, was still gaping at the wardrobe trunk. Abruptly he turned. "I'm going to see the dean," he announced. "If you think—"

Tommy gripped him by the arm. "The dean," he reminded Bill, "is probably at dean," he reminded Bill, "is probably at lunch himself. And it's neither politic to disturb the animals while they feed. To say nothing of keeping a lady—a very particular lady—waiting."

"If you think I'm going to let you be the goat," persisted Bill passionately, "you—"

"If you think I'm any goat," retorted Tommy, "you are going to flunk com-parative zoölogy. Let's eat." They went across the campus toward the inn with Bill sputtering like a Roman

candle all the way.

"Tommy's been expelled," was his un-romantic greeting to Bab when she ap-peared. "He thinks I'm going to stand by and let him take the gaff."

'A minute ago," said Tommy to Bab. "he was calling me a goat. Now with this gaff reference he's intimating I'm a poor fish. But he's all wrong." He paused. The head waiter was at his elbow. "Two—and an extra," he said, adding confidentially, "I'm the extra."

They were placed at a table beside the

window, a pleasant prospect being so provided. Tommy ignored it. It was his belief that Bab had slipped her hand into Bill's and again something nebulous quickened in him. It was spring and he was young himself. Nevertheless:

"Bless you, my children," he said. "Do you mind if we eat?" They ordered and then before

could begin, Tommy addressed Bab.
"Bill," he told her, "has a crazy notion that I've been chucked from college be cause of something to do with a milk truck. As usual, he's off."
"You're a---" began Bill.

"Please!" protested Tommy. "Remember that there is a lady present." He turned again to Bab. "The dean," he said, "never even mentioned the milk truck this morning. He said that he would like to ask me, as a typical undergraduate—perhaps that was an insult but I overlooked it—just what college meant to me. I stated my position frankly, and when he said it was his impression I should have selected a business college I agreed and—there you are."

"What?" gasped Bill bewilderedly.

"You mean to say that—"

"No stenographic notes were taken durHe

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ing this momentous interview," Tommy assured him, "but I give you my word of honor that that is an accurate summary of what happened."

Bab's pretty eyes were at their widest. "The soup," suggested Tommy, before either she or Bill could speak, "is very

good here. Why not give it a try?"
"I suppose," exploded Bill scornfully,
"the milk truck wasn't mentioned yester-

"the milk truck wasn't mentioned yester-day, either. Try and tell me that."
"Oh, it was—yesterday," admitted Tommy. "But I gave the dean the check that you made it possible for me to guarantee as good this morning and that settled that nicely. He——"Bill started to speak but Bab checked

"Do—do you really mean that if Bill hadn't hit the truck you'd leave college now, anyway?" she asked breathlessly. "O Pandora!" apostrophized Tommy

Aloud he said, "Perhaps not. I might not have had the courage of my convictions.

"Courage? Convictions?" echoed Bill dazedly. "Say!"

"Well, it would take a lot of courage to go back home and tell the folks that we vere all wrong about this college idea.

"Wrong about college?" echoed Bab.
Tommy grimaced. "You are neither
of you paying any attention to the soup,"
he said. "Why, anyone would think you
were in love!"

Bab blushed, beautifully. Just the ame: "You—you don't like college?" same:

she persisted.

"I love it. I wish it would go on for-"I love it. I wish it would go on for-ever," Tommy assured her. "It's my ideal life"—he grinned—"but I'd have been shoved out a year from June anyway— and there you have it." Plainly, however, neither did. "The chef," offered Tommy, "is going to feel really hurt, I think, if you don't touch the roast either."

They, however, were no more in-terested in the roast than they had been in the soup. They wanted, as Bab had put it, to have "everything all right" again. ght" again. "Bill,"

"Bill," demanded Tommy abruptly,
"why did you come to college?"
"Me? Why, the governor came here
himself. He'd naturally send me."

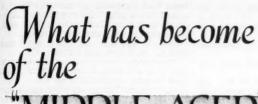
"Has he ever told you precisely what he got out of college?"
"Why, no. He had a lot of fun here, I know; he likes to come back to the reunions and the big games."

"That is what he expects you to get out of college, presumably?"

"Why, I suppose so. But-"He doesn't expect you to get out and cop a good job, show that you've made the most of your advantages, as soon as you get your diploma here?"

"You know darn well I'm going to Harvard Business School before—"

"Before he takes a chance on you in his own business," supplied Tommy. "He has no illusions about what your four years here are doing for you. He's send-ing you where he has been himself, that



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you may have the same memories, get the same fun. He can afford to and he knows exactly what he's paying for." "Say," protested Bill, "what's all this

got to do with—"
"Me?" finished Tommy. "Well, what

"Me?" finished Tommy. "Well, what does college get me?"
"Oh!" broke in Bab quickly. "You can't mean that. College does give us lots of things. Ideals and—and back-ground and things like that."

Things like that is-right," acquiesced Tommy. "The dean was right," he remarked reflectively. "I should have gone to business college—and so should thou-

sands of others.

"And that," he added quickly, "isn't a cheap whack at college. The trouble isn't so much with colleges, anyway. It's what the folks back home-folks like my folks, that is, not Bill's-seem to think a chap can get out of them. The big idea is, 'We're scrimping to give you every advantage—we expect you to prove you deserved it.'

"And how!" he went on. "Step out into the world and step right into a good ich on the otherwischen."

job on the strength of your diploma. Yeah! Think that over. Take the chaps who graduate next month. Some will go on into law or medicine, some will get three years of actual business training on top of their four years here. The rest well, the rest are going to be an awful disappointment to the folks back home for a while anyway."

He grinned, if wryly, and added, "Col-

lege, you see, won't have made a second Rockefeller out of Willie, after all. In the end he'll probably sell bonds-and

there's a reason."
"What is it?" demanded Bab guickly. "Well, a college diploma is a handicap in some ways," explained Tommy. "A college graduate can't take anything the way some bright and ambitious lad who quit during high school because the family exchequer was getting low could. He's supposed to get a good job and— try and get it."

They were all silent for a minute.
Then, before either Bab or Bill could speak, Tommy plunged anew.
"A diploma will mean something to Bill—his future is all mapped out." he "But as far as I'm concerned, in the long run, I gain more than I lose, as I see it. Nobody is going to expect so much of me to start with; I can take anything—and I may surprise them yet. Anyway"—he grinned—"I'll have a year's head start on the rest of the class, even if it's only selling bonds."

The waiter was removing the salads now, Bill and Bab were looking at each

other uncertainly.
"I mean it—absolutely," said Tommy.
"It's my funeral—kindly omit flowers." It struck him then, as an afterthought,

that if he could only leave Bill with Bab, Bab might clinch it that way. So:

"Why don't you drive Bab as far as Worcester?" he suggested. "It's such a pleasant afternoon that you might feel repaid for the kindness.

"But if you're really going," protested ll doubtfully, "I——" Bill doubtfully, "I—"
"Oh, I shan't be gone until after you get back," said Tommy.

Nevertheless, he intended to be. returned to the study he had shared with Bill only to lock his trunk and secure the bag he had borrowed. He had bid-den Bab good-by as she sat in Bill's car. "The next time," he had teased, "that

I see you both off I expect to have rice in one hand and an old shoe in the

other.

Now he glanced at his wrist watch. Twenty minutes to train time. His thoughts went momentarily to the session he must have with his father; then he put it from his mind, characteristically.

"I'm doing it for his own good," ran his thought, "and it will probably hurt me more than it will him—but he'll never believe it." Fat chance, in fact.

There was nothing to keep him, yet e lingered by the window. The May he lingered by the window. sunshine lay benignantly on the campus there were laughing groups outside. But for once Tommy was not smiling.

The college lay before him. Gothic library set among the evergreens. The big gymnasium where Bill had met his weakness. Well, she'd be his strength now. Good kid, Bab. Bill's father could and doubtless would subsidize their start in life; Bill could marry after graduation here and carry on through Harvard Business School as a benedict . . .

The chapel with its twin spires gleaming high above the elms and the ivy, the stadium beyond the avenue of pines. The fraternity houses and all the amenities and luxuries of college life.

Not all this was visible to the outer eve but it was all passing in review before Tommy's inner eye. And, distant hills became obscure. And, swiftly, the

Here he had spent almost three years. He had seen those same hills turn royal purple as the dusk fell, night after night. The dean had said he was at a loss to know what college meant to him. Tommy would not have told him-that would not have been characteristic of Tommy—even if he could have found the words.

Sentiment—spoken—was not his long-est suit. Nevertheless, college meant—

well, something.

It was all in that weird lump in his throat. He tried to swallow it and—
"Come in," he commanded, as a knock

on the door snapped the spell.

The last person Tommy expected to see came in. The dean was no less surprised to find himself there. The matter, as he had told himself again and again, was closed. But was it? Was anything ever closed? Besides: "The truth is," the

dean had confessed to himself, "that I talked like a prig." He might have added, as truthfully, that he both liked and, curiously enough, esteemed Tommy.

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Now, as eye met eye, not a word was spoken for a moment. Then: "I'm sorry," said the dean, "to see you go. You will understand, of course, that that is quite unofficial."

"I," replied Tommy, neither coolly nor sually, "am sorry to go—and that can casually,

be as official as you care to make it."
"Unofficially," the dean said, "I'd like
to ask you why you drove away—if it was you who was driving.

"The reason I drove away—if I was driving," Tommy explained, "was because I had had part of one drink and the other fellow—this is very unofficial—had had several. It struck me that, considering the feeling against mixing liquor with gree these days. I could heet liquor with gas these days, I could best serve not only myself but the college as well by—keeping going."

The dean saw no reason to dispute

him, officially or otherwise. He just gave him a swift, keen glance. Then: "I have been dean here for some years," he said reflectively; "I have seen men graduated with high honors go down to defeat and I have seen others who to defeat and I have seen others who were temporarily disowned return to receive high honors." He paused, then added: "I may be optimistic—but I still have hopes of you."

"I suppose," remarked Tommy, "that no man could be dean unless he was also an optimist. And—I hope, sir, your hopes will be fulfilled—somehow."

"Some day—let us say in 1938," suggested the dean "nerhans you will drop greater the dean" merhans you will drop.

gested the dean, "perhaps you will drop into my office and tell me the whole story. I am always glad to see anyone." "Even with a criminal record?" grinned

Tommy.
"The dean," sighed the dean, "seldom meets anybody without one. In fact, as I look through old records, I am sometimes amazed by the number of men who have achieved success whose records

here were not unblemished.

"Yet they have prospered—as the wicked seem to," mused the dean. "One can turn to them when financial needs press. And so I make my peace"—he grinned—"in order that some day I may ask you for one thousand—or ten."
"If I have it, you'll get it," promised

Tommy.

"Let us shake on that," suggested the dean. "For I have an idea I'll get it.
You have, at least, a source mind."
Tommy grasped the proffered hand

and for a moment speech failed him. Then: "I," he said, his voice not quite normal, "can hardly say that this is the end of a perfect day. In fact, I don't know what to say. And yet—"
The dean rose to the occasion. He was

a scholar and a gentleman. As such he spoke. "I," said the dean, "get you, Steve!"

A resourceful youth is Royal Brown's Tommy Jones, as he proves next month when he lands a job for himself as well as "A Punch for Judy"

## Dear Editor by Sinclair Lewis (Continued from page 65)

was in the heart of the great city, also her money was by now almost entirely exhausted, without friend, relative, and anyone to whom to go.

"What shall I do, what shall I do?"

moaned Betty. Something had to be done and done

quickly! Brave little Bareback Betty had faced too many tribes of hostile Indians to be scared by any emergency, though here was one to make the stoutest heart quail. Swiftly snatching up her pocketbook she looked into it and found that all the money she had in the world was two English half-crowns, which is a coin amounting in American money to about 59c depending on the rate of exchange. Betty said, "I will go for a ride on the

subway here and think what I am to do."

So she took her suitcase and went for a ride on the subway. Sitting next to her was a very nicely dressed gentleman in a frock coat and a high hat and brave though our heroine was, at her immature age she had not

yet learned that vice may be dressed in the habiliments of virtue.

He said to her, in an English way to which she was, of course, not accustomed, "My little maid, by your face and by your buckskin costume, also the address on

your suitcase, you must be an American."
"Yessir," she said, "I am indeed."
"You seem to be in a troubled frame of mind," he said.

"Yes, I cannot find the address of my aunt, my one sole refuge, by jumping jiminy, in all your great English city." "Well, well, that is too bad," he said.
"You must let me help you, my little maid.
My name is Sir Aldebrand F. Montague,
and I am a very rich financier and nobleman. A gay group of people are gathering at my castle in the country for a gay week-end and you must come with me and rest and get accustomed to this English iffe while we try to think up and devise ways and means of finding your aunt."
"Well that sure is nice of you, Sir Mon-

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tague," she said, of course Betty knew that to say sure like that was very democratic but she was in her sturdy way determined that she was not going to let any foreigner put anything over on her. And so they took the train to Sir Montanut carries earth, with was in lovely countained.

tague's castle, which was in lovely country just outside of Leeds, and there was gathered a number of famous noblemen, statesmen, authors, etc. And so it hap-pened that the words first spoken at the beginning of this story were spoken as Betty strolled among the English guests who were very curious about her clothes.

She thought for a while that Sir Mon-tague was the finest man she had ever met, was also very grateful to him for having been hospitable to her when she could not find her aunt. But she found that there was a nicer man there, who was a Duke, the Duke of London in fact, and very rich, but he was very young and innocent and she felt curious the way Sir Montague kept looking at him. All this she understood better when that evening, after a very fine dinner with caviar, fried chicken and the finest of viands, with practically all the guests in dress suits,

they sat around playing poker.

Having been brought up a Methodist and her father was entirely against playing poker, red dog, betting on horseshoe pitching and all games of chance, Betty did not like to play poker, but she felt that she owed something to as kind a host as Sir Montague, and so she sat in on the game and as a matter of fact where a game of poker doesn't go over penny ante it is not like wild games like pinochle, roulette, etc., etc.

But a stirring and terrible thing hap-pened. Betty had noted that Sir Montague won almost every hand while the young Duke was losing all the time. Fi-nally there came a time when the Duke had a full-house and he bet many pounds sterling on it, so that there was a tremendous pot in the center of the table and then when they laid down, Sir Montague had four queens and with a vil-lainous leer that try as he would he could not conceal, he raked in the pot.

But suddenly Bareback Betty leaped up and drawing her Colt's revolver from her pocket she pointed it at Sir Montague and demanded, "Stick 'em up!" He was very scared and did so, and rushing around the table to him. Betty triumphently draw and see a ten of discovered. phantly drew an ace, a ten of diamonds and a deuce (in case later they played deuces wild) from his sleeve.

There was a deadly silence.

"I do not desire to be ungrateful to you for your hospitality, Sir Montague," said Betty, "but I cannot bear to see you cheating this poor young Duke, you are a cheat at cards and unless you give back to this young Duke all the money back to this young Duke all the money you have fraudulently won from him, I shall be forced to put a bullet through your brain, and remember that from Tacoma to Tucson it is known that the pistol of Bareback Betty never fails!"

At this brave speech Sir Montague

turned pale, and reluctantly handed back to the Duke every cent of which he had thus far robbed the Duke.

This incident so agitated everybody that they soon went to bed.
Plucky little Betty knew, by her wide reading, that all castles have dangerous

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN.

secret passages, etc., and while a less educated girl might have gone to bed without investigation in the beautiful wood-lined ancient and historic chamber which was assigned to her, our heroine took a good look around and piled her bureau in front of her door before retiring, in foreposter bed.

Dawn drew near, over the lovely old castle which was the family-seat of Sir Montague. The little birds began to chirp in the hedges, thatches, closes, and other quaint old-fashioned features of that old-world spot. Soon the great red sun would pop up above the distant mountains. And Betty Burlingthwaite lay quietly sleeping in the vast foreposter bed.

But suddenly she was aroused by an

awful shriek!

She jumped up out of bed and with the foresight which she had learned in so many dangerous trips with her father. Mr. Burlingthwaite, she snatched up her revolver from where it lay beside her bed and stood quietly ready to face whatever might happen. And just then as she had guessed, her room in this old castle did have a secret passage and suddenly a door which had seemed only a part of the wall opened and in rushed a man who by his powdered wig, knee-breeches, etc., she knew was the butler.

Modestly snatching up the bedquilt and wrapping it about her, also pointing the revolver at the fellow, Betty demanded, "What are you doing here?"

The butler fell on his knees and he begged, "Pardon, my lady, but I have just killed Sir Montague, because of his many meannesses and vices, which are such that I would blush to tell them to you,

and I have come here for protection."
"I am no 'my lady,' " said Betty proudly.
"I am just a simple example of American girlhood, where we have no artificial titles or other distinctions. But never has it been said that anybody, no matter what he done, has in vain turned to a Burlingthwaite—or for that matter any other true citizen of Idaho—for protection and got turned down. Hide there under the bed, my man, and I shall see what may be done." be done.

Hastily dressing herself in her buckskin garments which now seemed so sane and wholesome beside the poor vanities and colors of the butler's costume, and making sure that her revolver was ready for a quick draw, Betty cast aside the bureau before her door and marched out.

What a scene met her eyes! The hallway there in the castle was already filled with policemen, under the direction and supervision of a Scotland Yard Inspector, and struggling in their grasp was the poor young Duke whom she had saved from the crooked gambling of Sir Montague the night before.

When virtue is attacked, simplicity can rise to nobility. There was, V can rise to nobility. There was, for the nonce, nothing of the simple and chummy girl in Bareback Betty as she faced the Inspector and in tones no less than regal demanded, "Why, and by what right, do you hold this young man, of the most respectable family and who I noticed last evening did not partake of a cocktail when the other guests were indulging in that unAmerican vice, for a horrible crime?'

'Excuse me, lady," said the Inspector. "that is all very true but I have already examined the witnesses and I find that Sir Montague was cheating His Highness the Duke very badly at poker last evening and so there, you see, is a natural explanation of why the Duke should be sore at Sir Montague and should wish to bump him off."

Suddenly, for a moment, but oh, one of those moments that hold more than

many another year of dull and ordinary living, the eyes of Betty and the Duke met, and suddenly from eye to eye leaped that love-light which can never be quenched and Betty knew that though 'twas but yesterday that she had met the Duke he, perhaps alone among the English folks she had met so far, understood her and her brave soul and that they were in love. But at the same time, she was in a terrible quandary.

She loved the Duke better than life itself—and not because he was a Duke or an Englishman but because she had at first glimpse, trained as she was in the West where men are he-men, seen Far that he was a pure and innocent young man. But at the same time she had given her word to the butler whom, she knew, had committed the crime, that she would rescue and not betray him.

What shall I do, what shall I do?" moaned Betty. Suddenly she had an idea.

"Have you fully and completely in-pected the scene of the crime?" she demanded of the Scotland Yard Inspector.

"Say, who do you think you are?" he demanded, being astonished that so young a girl should take so much authority in an important case like this.

"I'll doggone soon show you whom I am!" she snarled, forgetting for the moment, with the excitement and her love for the Duke, the nice language she had been taught to speak. With that she snatched out her revolver and with three quick shots, but reserving three other bullets for what might happen after that, she shot out three globes in the chandelier in that baronial hall. And then she "I am the daughter of the sheriff of Pulawaska County, Wyoming, and proud though you may be in Scotland Yard, I dare say my dad and I have solved as many mysteries as any of you!"
"I see now that you are one of us," the large to the second of the

Inspector said respectfully, "and I should

be glad of your advice."
"Let me see the room where this fell deed was done," she demanded and they all went with her to the library where, a terrible sight that caused even a person like Betty that was so used to scenes of dreadful vengeance to shrink, sat Sir Montague slumped down in his chair,

dead in his dress suit!
Instantly Betty went into action and some of that snobbish English party of noblemen had thought that she was merely an ignorant American girl, they soon learned better! She carefully in-spected everything in the room and then dashing to the window, she threw it open.

"Ah-hah!" she said, and then she said to the inspector, "Give me your pocket flash-light.

He complied at once.

Throwing its beam outside the window she cried aloud, "Do you see those foot-prints on the soil of the garden just

underneath the window?"
"Good heavens, yes, now that you call
my attention to it, I do!" cried the In-

spector from Scotland Yard. "Follow those footsteps and you will find the murderer," for it may be seen by now that Betty had thought of a way of fixing this without implicating either the Duke or the butler whose confidence

she had promised to keep sacred. Inspired by the cleverness of the brave little woman, the police, led by the Inspector, were inspired to follow the footsteps from the window into the copses and hedges of that great estate.

Dawn was breaking over the English hills. Little did the folks know what was transpiring at Castle Montague. Outside the estate, the vicars and other nobility

were sitting quietly over their pancakes and sirup and reading the London, Eng-land, Times, while here, without folks knowing it, all was excitement and intens-ity as that little file of brave blue-clad men, led by Betty with her revolver, silently crept along the paths, following the footprints, on—on—on—to the cottage of the hired man!

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The footprints stopped there and they were, as proved by measurements later. exactly the same footprints as Betty had

discerned at the castle.

Drawing his own revolver, the Inspector, saying grimly, "Well, say, Miss Burlingthwaite, I guess you've taught us a couple of tricks!" smashed in the door of the hired man's cottage with one powerful blow of his mighty fist and, laying hold on a frightened man who aying hold on a frightened man who guiltily rose from his bed, shouted loudly, "I arrest you in the name of the British Empire for the murder of Sir Montague! My men! Release the Duke!"

And then Betty suddenly found her

self folded in the strong young arms of the Duke of London and as he pressed his lips to hers he murmured, "Dearest, will you who are so brave and good accept, dearest, the humble love and affection of a man whose life you have saved?"



SCRIPT AVAILABLE FOR OUR MAGAZINE.

THE EDITORS

Dear Editors, Cosmopolitan:

There is some dreadful mistake about my story which I wish, I am the last to demand anything special but justice is justice and I would like to have this rectified at once.

I know what has happened which is that my story did not get to the editor himself but was merely read by one of your ordinary manuscript readers, so I am returning MS and I wish to have it read at once by editor himself.

He will see that in story I have strictly followed every scientific rule laid down by teachers of shorts. first rule is that the beginning of a short story must be either a stirring piece of dialogue or the description of an interesting scene. In order to make sure and have a 100% story, I combined them both.

The second rule is that a good story should contain apt bits of philosophy, and throughout the story I have put in a number of items about the purity of this young girl and evils of booze. The third is that a story must have

not only a beginning and an end but a Middle, which is also known as the Climax, and this I have certainly provided with a murder in a castle. Then, all scientific teachers agree that the End must be snappy, with a love-interest, and I have certainly fixed that.

So, if you will look over the story again, you will find that I have com-plied absolutely with each and every one of these rules, and am sure that you will reconsider favorably.

If it is not asking too much, will you kindly obtain for me and send with check the autographs of E. Phillips Oppenheim, Fanny Hurst and other authors, but it will not be necessary for you to hold up check while obtaining these autographs.

Yours sincerely,

Mabel Trivet Barley.

#### The Prince of Wales by Frazier Hunt (continued from page 35)

think of what that means toward friendly relations. I said something then about how such a gift and the coopera-tion of one American citizen furnished one more instance, if one were needed, of the genuine friendship that exists between the United States and this country. And you know it's a friendship which springs from a kinship of ideals as well as a kinship of blood."

Here was a Prince thinking deeply and profoundly about great and serious prob-Here was a new heir to a hard

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and trying post.

Today his playtime is only for the bodily exercise that is so necessary for

his high-strung temperament.
"I haven't had much time to myself since my father was taken ill," he said to

me simply and earnestly.

And never again will he have much time to himself. Gone forever is his freedom. He is a man of duty today—a man of destiny.

I asked him for a list of his appoint-

ments for an average day and he had one copied for me.

Morning: Sir Hugh Trenchard (Chief of the Air Staff)

Lord Churchill (Chairman of the Gt. Western Railway)

Sir Ronald Storrs (Governor of Cy-

Business interview with the Secre-tary of the Duchy of Cornwall Afternoon:

Visit to Australia House to see and speak to a party of boys from the Barnardo Homes just off overseas Inspect offices of the Big Brother Movement (another organization of which H.R.H. is patron)

Two hours of golf 6-8 Work at home

8.45 Official dinner party York House

Official, public and semipublic duties now take the time that once went to riding and playing. He belongs to the Empire now.

A new Prince-more serious, more sure a little less smiling, a little less wistful.

I quote it exactly as it was given to me: He knows where his life work lies and he accepts it fully and uncompromisingly.

He is doing it his own way. his grandfather nor even his father would have dreamed of tramping through the mud and poverty and heartaches of the coal fields of Durham with their tens of thousands of unemployed. But did enter the head of this Prince of 1929—and for three days he went unan-nounced from cottage to cottage, seeing for himself the urgent necessity of immediate assistance.

To hundreds of poor, discouraged miners and their families he came as a fresh pledge of help and friendliness. He was their friend, their leader who would do was humanly possible to aid them. It was his own way of expressing his deep and sincere concern in the common people and their common problems.

As the Young Prince he endeared himself and his crown to the great overseas Empire.

As the New Prince he has won anew for himself his own British Isles.

#### Should I Have Killed this Man? (Continued from page 51)

we have loads of room. whether you wouldn't enjoy coming over for a while. If you want to see some more of the Festspiel you could commute from here—it's not more than a couple of hours by car. There is swimming and boating and riding, if you like. Only I warn you that you will find it quiet. I have two youngsters, now; my girl is nine, my little boy six."

Then followed directions for train and

automobile routes.

I was enchanted! Here was an opportunity for a real rest with companion-

"How nice!" I said out loud, and the rter grinned appreciatively. "Tell me porter grinned appreciatively. could you get me a car to drive to Schloss Gruenstein? It's the estate of Count Liebenberg. Do you know it?" "Yes," he answered promptly; "of course. Lots of tourists used to go out

there from here—that was before the young Count Liebenberg moved in and shut it up to the public. It's an age since anybody asked the way." He looked at me for a moment. "How is the young countess?" he asked in a tone so warm with sympathy that I looked up, astonished

"You know her, then? She is an old school friend of mine. I haven't seen her in fully ten years—no, eleven! But I can't imagine her being otherwise than well—she was always so full of life. But she speaks of her husband as being not very strong.

'She used to come in here now and then. A charming young woman—an American, I believe. It is also a long time since we have seen her here."
"Is her husband really so ill?" I persisted, because there was something about his manner which distressed me.

'Why, he's odd; something of a hermit, they say. It's a funny family. His mother was a queer woman, very. She used to live here, in this hotel, for a week each year-on her way to her annual cure at Gastein, before-

He interrupted his sentence to point out my way on a road map, adding: "You can make it in a couple of hours." It was three o'clock by my wrist watch. "I could get there in time for dinner, easily!" I exclaimed. "Pack in half an hour. But I'd better let her know. Could I telephone, perhaps?"
"Oh, no; there is no telephone," he said shortly. "The young count had it taken out

"How odd!" I exclaimed involuntarily. But here was Anne's letter in her schoolgirl writing, and cordial enough. "Telephones are a nuisance. I can certainly appreciate the desire for peace," I said. "Anyhow, I suppose

there is room enough! I won't inconvenience them if I arrive unannounced!" At this my friend, the porter, smiled. "Hardly. That castle has at least a hun-

dred rooms. Before we were an hour on the road a drizzling rain began to fall. When we first looked down upon the St. Wolfgang-See it stretched away drearily,

pocked and gray, like molten lead with the bubbles breaking. Schloss Gruenstein lay on the farther side and remotest end of the lake, and we circled that body of water for over an hour be-fore the chauffeur pointed toward the water's edge and said, "There's Gruen-

stein.' My first impression was disappointing. Schloss Gruenstein was a

building, not more than two stories high, and at the angle from which I first viewed it, seemed to be built in four wings enclosing a square courtyard, like the peasant houses of upper Austria. As we came nearer I saw that it was indeed so built, but that the courtyard which I had first seen was only one of a whole succession connected by gateways.

Then I lost sight of the house entirely.

We sped through a cobbled, plaster village, and in a moment were against a vast wrought-iron gate, framing the entrance to an avenue of chestnut trees.

From the porter's lodge an ancient individual in frayed and dirty livery tot-tered out. "Wen suchen Sie?" he asked.

I replied that I had come on the invitation of the Gräfin Liebenberg, mentioned my name, and he nodded. It seemed that he had been told to expect With a key as long as a foot rule he opened the gate, which groaned on rusted hinges; we drove inside, and the old man carefully locked it after us.

At this moment for the first time the idea came clearly into my consciousness

that something was wrong; at least was not what I had expected. That ragged old porter was not the servant, surely, of a rich young man. This alley of un-trimmed chestnut trees, this unweeded and untended driveway, the unmowed park on either side, where grass and weeds stood waist-high, did not belong to an estate which was a going concern.

Here and there in the park there were bald spots amidst the grass which, from their shapes—although weeds were making inroads upon their borders-seemed once to have been formal flower beds. But nothing was growing in them now. The unabated drizzle depressed me.

I wished suddenly that I hadn't come-that I had gone straight on home to I had the feeling that the gate had shut me in upon something which might be painful, and would cerbe dreary.

While I was thinking thus, we passed through a pretty arch in a plaster wall, above which was a charming Madonna, and entered the first courtyard.

I saw, immediately, that the house was

beautiful. Its proportions were graceful and harmonious, and the little iron bal-conies before the windows were ex-

quisitely wrought.

There were openings at either side, but we drove straight ahead, under a fine baroque archway, and entered a sec-ond court, like the first except that a slight severity indicated that it might have belonged to an earlier period.

Passing through the third arch—this time it was of stone, and pure Roman-esque—we came to what was evidently the original structure. Here the windows were smaller, the walls thicker, and of stone, on which the plaster, applied much later than the original building, had cracked in great pieces.

The courtyard here was of grown, like that in the park, to its full The place might have been an historic ruin, and there were no signs that it was tenanted. Here I got out of the motor, walked along a flagged cor-ridor, and stood in front of the house.

The Schloss fronted directly on the lake, across a strip of rough lawn not more than fifty feet wide. It was low, sturdy, thick-walled, and entirely plain -not a suspicion of ornament decorated

I had seen no indications that anyone was living in it, but I now reentered the corridor and knocked as loudly as I could on the largest of the several doors which gave upon the passage. There was a brief silence, and then the door, oak aged to the appearance of stone swung inwards, and a slatternly woman servant in a dirndl dress—the native costume: calico, a white guimpe, and a flowered apron—and with stockingless feet thrust into straw shoes, stared at me.

"I have come to see the Gräfin Lie-nberg," I said. "Will you tell me, ease, where to have my bags taken, benberg," please. and will you tell her I am here?"

She smiled with evident pleasure.
"Ah, yes, you have come to visit the Gräfin. You are the American lady.
The Gnädige Frau will be pleased. She had not thought you could get here so quickly." And she called to the chauffeur to bring the bags while I stepped into the inside passage.

I had only time to notice the beautiful vaulting, to remark to myself that it had plainly not been whitewashed in many years, to observe with pleasure the satin smoothness of the ancient stone flagging. when a door opened, I heard a sudden, "Oh, my dear, how nice that you have

come!"-and there was Anne.

In the moment of greeting her, my apprehensions were quieted; Anne looked I remembered her, and very little older. She had the same strong, slim body, the same warm brown eyes, and the same cordial voice. She kissed me, repeated how glad she was that I had and we started for my room together.

"You are in the same wing where we all have our rooms," she said. "This old house is so enormous that we huddle together in one little corner of it.'

We had gone from the first inner passage into a wide, bare room, evidently a sort of hall, and from there up a broad, winding stairway, enclosed in thick walls and lighted by tiny splayed windows. This stairway gave upon a wide gallery along one side of which were doors. The open side of the gallery looked down into the grassy courtyard, over a railing of wrought iron.
"Here's your room," said Anne, after

we had passed several closed doors.

It was a vaulted chamber, not especially large, with whitewashed walls, a tiled floor and a row of small, deep-silled windows looking out upon the lake. It contained a high-backed, narblack walnut bed with a matching night table and armoire, a marble-topped bureau with a bowl and pitcher on it, sofa covered with a Persian rug, tall mirror and an easy chair in faded chintz.

"You'll want to wash and probably rest before dinner," said Anne, "which is at half past six, because of the children. You'll see them then." She came and stood beside me, looking down at the lake. "I nope you'll be comfortable. the lake. I nope you is be control asset it's a shabby old place. We keep it just about as it was. And oh, yes—there's a bathroom down the gallery—the little white-painted door which we passed. It's not very up-to-date." She was

speaking awkwardly, with veiled apology.
"I find it very grand," I said. "A vaulted chamber, an ancient Schloss!"

I gave her a hug.

'Oh, we shall have so much to talk about, shan't we?" she said suddenly, in little rush of words. "I am so crazy to hear about everybody. You've been traveling about so much—you must have seen many of the old crowd. You will

its unbroken front which had a dour know about them! You will tell me about look. New York—you have been there re-You will tell me about the thecently? ater and the opera, and what Paris is like now. And about the Festspiel!"

"A lot of interest you must have in the Festspiel," I scoffed, "if you haven't taken the trouble to go the short dis-

tance from here to see it!"

At this her face clouded over, like an offended child's. "It's Eugene," she said, in a low voice. "As I wrote you, he isn't well. He doesn't care about going out, and I can't very well leave him." She spoke quietly and with complete control, so that I was startled when suddenly she gave a subdued cry, "That's why I'm so glad you have come!"

She moved toward the door, swiftly; and as she went out she turned to say, 'I'll come for you when dinner's ready Something in her manner in the last

moments had perturbed and embar-rassed me. Certainly there was not the slightest impropriety in anything she had said. She had spoken as a dutiful, even a devoted wife. And yet I felt, and irritatedly, as though I sort of conspiracy against Count Liebenberg, a man who was my host-and a man whom I had never seen.

As I took off my dress, poured water from the heavy china pitcher into the bowl, and mechanically began to get for dinner, I tried to dismiss thinking, recall the cheerful mood into which the first sight of Anne had put me—in other words to get myself into the agreeable, uncritical mood becoming in a guest. But I could not do it.

"What a place!" I thought to myself, looking around the room. "Comfortable enough—but imagine people with a fortune allowing it to run down like this. And an American girl! That bathroom is half a mile down the corridor! Not even a linen slip-cover for the sofa."

I looked at the warm-colored, deeppiled Persian rug on the divan in disgust, already feeling its hot prickling of my back. "One can't lie down on that— August. Perhaps he lost his fortune during the war. But he didn't. I remember hearing that he didn't.

"And dinner—at six-thirty! For the children. Why don't they eat with their nurse? With nothing to do here the evenings will be so long! And Anne will come and get me. Heavens, couldn't she send a servant?" Which reminded me looked around the room for a bell. There wasn't any.

"A mildewed castle, shut in, no telephone, no service-what a life! And incidentally a bad place for an invalid, I should think. In this depressing climate—all the year round! In winter it must be horrible. I wonder what's the matter with him, anyhow?"

Unable to think of anything more for my mind to grumble about, I unpacked my bag—irritated again because there were no hangers in the armoire—dressed in a cool flowered chiffon, and waited for Anne to return.

She came back dressed in white crêpe de Chine gone ivory-colored with wash-"We can go down to dinner now," she said in a prim little voice.

As I got up quickly—conscious sud-denly of considerable hunger—she stood still, and the expression on her face was that of a little girl whose toe is digging embarrassedly into the ground.

"You know-I told you-Eugene isn't He's sometimes very quiet Some times he doesn't seem cordial with strangers. It's nothing. He really will be glad to see you-it's just his way." I wanted to say, "Heavens, Anne, what's wrong with your old man?" Something like that; vulgar and frank. But of course what I did say was, "Why, silly Anne. I know Count Lieben-berg isn't well. The porter at the hotel even told me so."

"What did he tell you?" Anne asked sharply.

"Why, that Count Liebenberg wasn't well and lived a rather withdrawn life."

"Oh," from Anne. "Yes, that is true." We walked down the gallery in the direction opposite the stairs, without resteps. At the other end was tracing our another staircase, exactly like the first. This led to a flight of reception rooms, through which we walked quickly. Apparently they had last been decorated in the late eighteenth century, because they were heavy with fringed damask, Empire mahogany, bronze and ormolu.

There was a slight bloom of dust and dampness on the mahogany. the rooms were not lived in and had a

slack caretaker.

These rooms led to another stoneflagged hall. From this we entered the living quarters—a long salon paneled in painted wood faded to a faint green, and comfortably, even pleasingly arranged with a medley of old furniture, selected apparently from the rest of the house, probably according to Anne's taste. The

"Here we are!" Anne cried merrily—
yet I thought I detected a shade of
apology in her voice. As she spoke we
entered the dining room.

Both children and Count Liebenberg were already seated at the table, and I noticed the children first. Anne's daughter, Dagmar, was a tall, thin little girl, looking much older than her nine years.

She had Anne's coloring, even Anne's features, but her expression was so different that I noticed resemblances only later. She had bottomless eyes, a grave mouth, and an air of mature pois lied by the way she twisted her serviette as she stood up to greet me.

The little boy was a fine-looking chap, who grinned all over his fair little face. "That's the American lady, isn't she, Mama!" he crowed, looking up at me

with bright eyes.

Count Liebenberg had arisen as I came in, and now I turned to him with hand outstretched. He took it, bowed over it, straightened himself with ramrod stiffness and said-not a word.

It was not that his gesture was rude. So might one respond to an introduction at a crowded reception. Here, in this informal dining room, I was completely I smiled, however, tendered nonplused. some banality about the castle and the drive, and Anne and I sat down.

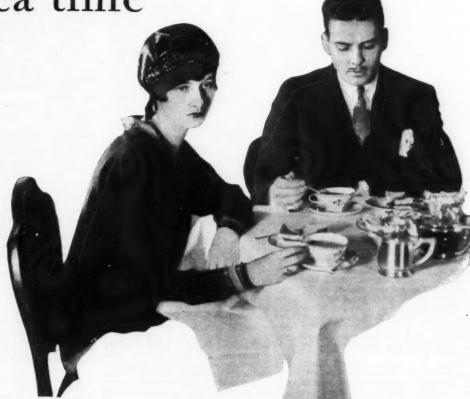
Throughout the entire dinner, he uttered not a single syllable. Anne, how-ever, was completely poised and carried on a light conversation, while little Richard saved the situation for both of us by chattering about his rabbit, his "Igel"—a tamed porcupine—and asking questions about America. Little Dagmar said little but watched me constantly with her wide, deep eyes.

To save myself embarrassment I scarcely took a good look at Liebenberg. He seemed to eat with relish, however.

and not like a sick man.

HE dinner was miserable. There was a 1 tasteless, watery soup, boiled beef-I suspected it had served the soup firstwith grated horse-radish, a dish of car-rots and peas, and toughish palatschin--pancakes with lemon and powdered sugar. There was also a sour wine.

It was a relief when dinner was over, and we rose to go to the salon. Liebenberg bowed us out politely, and as little Richard approached him, he took the child's hand in his and walked out, Still lovely looking at tea time



-but suddenly his interest was gone!

You can never tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you...



The new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless)—for sensi-tive skins and for frequent use. Use daily or every other day. Night or morning. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

BETTY knew she was glorious looking as he drove her to town for a day of shopping. He'd been so eager for her promise to tea with him!

And now at tea time-some unaccountable thing had happened. He was no longer enthusiastic. What could it be?

If someone had only told her that "you can never tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you!" Only by the regular use of Odorono, which was developed by a physician to check perspiration, can you be certain of continuous protection.

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following us, with the boy at his side. Richard alone treated him with complete normality.

"Won't you play for us, Eugene?" asked Anne, as we entered the salon. It was the first direct word she had addressed to him since we came down.

"It would be a pleasure, if you care to sten." His voice lacked timbre and feellisten. ing of any kind, but his words were polite, as every gesture had been.

H = sat down at the piano immediately across a corner of the room. He started with a Chopin sonata, played a few fugues of Bach, and then, in a dreamy manner,

began something unrecognizable.
"You improvise?" I asked, rising, and

standing over the piano.

"I compose," he said, looking up at me for one flash. He managed in the phrase to reprove me utterly, to put me

in my place.

I dropped to a sofa, and for two interminable hours we listened to Count Liebenberg "compose." The only interruption was Richard being led off to bed by the girl in the dirndl. As far as I could see she was the only servant in this immense house.

Count Liebenberg did not pause to say good night to his son. With eyes closed or concentrated on the keys, he played

on and on.

Musically his improvisations were complete balderdash, hash of the more sentimental nineteenth-century composers. Nor was his playing impressive. mooned over the music, caressing the keys. There was nothing masculine or passionately felt in what he did.

I spoke several times, in a low voice, to Anne. Each time I felt an almost imperceptible halt in the music. He slowed down, as if to say, "Well, shall I stop or shall I not? Do you want to talk or shall I play?"

Invariably he got the desired effect. Our voices trailed into silence. My feet began to twitch with nervousness. I was acutely, painfully, terrifically bored.

And Anne? I gathered that she had hoped it would not be just like this—now that I had come. Her face became set, with the expression of someone who is trying desperately to keep her poise. Once her eyes lifted to my face and she looked for a second into my eyes. It was as though a voice had cried aloud, "Oh, please, help me! Help me!"

I began to get angry. What a horrible situation! Why, in heaven's name, didn't Anne get out of it? And why, why, why had she dragged me here? Was the man crazy, or was he just a selfish, egotistical beast? I would leave tomorrow. I would certainly leave tomorrow.

The man, absorbed at the piano, gave ample opportunity to study him. me ample opportunity to study him. There was nothing brutal about his face. It was rather sensitive, and weak.

I noticed that he was meticulously, almost foppishly dressed—in contrast to Anne, who seemed to care nothing about her clothes. This certainly indicated a shange in her. I remembered her as a girl who adored pretty clothes.

When I thought that I could not stand the ambling music a moment longer, he stopped. He got up from the piano slowly, bowed stiffly and said, simply, "Good night"—and walked out.

I got up with a jump because my feet ere tingling. "Come out into the air, were tingling. "Come out into the air, Anne," I said, and guided her toward a door which opened upon a terrace.

We stood in front of the castle on the narrow lawn. 'The rain had stopped and a thin, pale moon was up. The water's lapping was the only sound.

"Let's take a little walk," I said.

"I think I'd better go upstairs," said Anne.

And now I burst forth. "In heaven's name, why? Is Liebenberg a child or an idiot? You say he is ill. What is the matter with him? You look miserable, Anne. Is he always like that? How do you stand it?"

What a relief. The very air seemed to cool. I thought I felt a breeze

Anne grasped my arm tightly and stood stock-still. "Listen," she said. "He isn't always like this. Sometimes he's quite human. Sometimes he will play all day with the children—especially Richard. Other times, he will go for days and not say a word. If I interrupt him when he is playing, or press him to break his silence, he sometimes bursts out in a terrific temper. Once he grabbed me by the throat. I thought he would kill me. She trembled. "But perhaps I exagger-Honestly, Dee, he isn't always so." "How long

Her loyalty touched me. "I has he been like this?" I asked.

The first year we were married I was awfully happy—much more so than I expected to be. You see, I married Eugene chiefly because mother wanted me to and, of course, he was an awfully good match. I am not pretending that that didn't influence me.

"But I wasn't exactly in love with him, not crazily, certainly, and that first year he was heavenly to me. I'll never forget it to him, as the Germans say. Never. We had a lovely house in Vienna, and near Vienna a little chalet; we knew all

sorts of delightful people.

"Then Eugene began to be strange. He had moods. had moods. But they came and went. And now—for the last five years—it has been pretty much like this all the time.'

"Anne, it looks to me like an incipient melancholia. Has a doctor ever seen

several have. The year moved here he was very strange. We still had some contacts with friends in Vienna, and I invited a neurology professor, a friend of ours, to come us here. Eugene didn't protest, and the professor had an opportunity to see and talk with him. He told me—and the others who saw Eugene later told me the same thing-that there was a bad strain in the family. His mother was queer, you know. The last ten years of her life she lived in a—in a private sanitarium.

"And that isn't all. He doesn't pay "And that isn't an. He doesn't pay
the slightest attention to his business.
For over a year he has not opened a
letter. He has no partner, only employees, and the business, they tell me,
is being ruined. He will not delegate his powers to anyone else."

"But surely he can be forced to do that. Have you no rights? Can't you prove that he is incompetent to handle his business affairs—get a guardian for the children?"

"You would think so! I've gone through all that. I got a statement from two neurology professors, but Eugene is clever. The moment he thinks anything is about to be done, as he says, 'against him,' he recovers-for a weeks, just long enough to make it impossible to prove him incompetent. You see how we live. If things go on this way, we shall be penniless."

Why don't you get a divorce?" I felt

brutal, but I said it.

"I can't! I can't! Do you think I haven't thought of that! Not for my sake-I don't seem to care much what happens to me-but the children! Think of my girl and boy growing up in this house! As it is I cannot educate them properly. I try to teach Daggy myself, but I am not very clever. You know, but I am not very clever. Dee, I never was.

"But I haven't any grounds for divorce! It's true that Eugene mishandles me now and then, but that is only when he is when these moods are on him. couldn't prove that he was cruel, only that he was ill. And he is not ill enough to put in a-in a-sanitarium. And any-how, I couldn't do that! I couldn't do that! It would be too cruel.

"He might get well, you see. The pro-fessors said that he might, conceivably, get well. In the end his moods may conquer him. But it probably will be years.

"But I didn't bring you here to tell ou this. Honestly, I didn't! He seemed to be a little better lately. I am so lone-some—I am so dreadfully lonesome! I wanted so to see you, to hear about the people we used to know. But it is always so, lately, if people come. It only makes him worse."

Anne was crying now, softly and hopelessly. And I stood beside her, feeling bereft of reason. What could she do? Run away with the children? And live on what? Anne was not the woman to support herself, let alone two youngsters.

I saw the future stretching out before her. This damp and depressing old house; loneliness; the children growing into neurotics before her eyes . . .

"You saw Richard," she said, almost as

though she had read my thoughts. "Isn't he an angel? He laughs all the time; "Isn't he's as healthy and full of fun as—as I used to be. And look at Dagmar. She was like him three years ago. But she is becoming so strange and repressed—and she is terrified of her father. She will not let me out of her sight."

And when there was no money even for the simple necessities which they now had—what then?

"He has already had to sell the Vienna house and several estates," she said in a low tone. "I don't honestly know how much money we have in the world. I believe there is still considerablecould be properly invested.'

WE SPOKE no more of Anne's troubles that night. I went up to my room early. In bed, I resolved to go away the next day. Obviously, there was nothing I could do for Anne. But I could not sleep I kent remembering Appears the sleep. I kept remembering Anne as she had been eleven years before; her laugh-ter, her vitality, her endless good nature. Just the sort of girl that a weakling like Liebenberg would turn to, thinking to find life in her.

He had not found it, but she had lost the source of hers. No; Anne wasn't the girl I had known. She had lost her energy. Or she had almost lost it.

I saw her free. Still young—she was only twenty-nine. The old sparkle and zest would come back to her. She would forget. Marry again.

My room was hot, and little breeze came in through the small, high win-I opened the door to the corridor, thinking to get a cross-current of air. I heard a noise. It was a child, weeping. It was Daggy. "There, there, darling," I could hear Anne murmuring, while the child cried hysterically: "I had such dreadful dreams, Mummy."

Later, a man's voice, cold and thin. "I've told you I won't have people coming here and spying on me. I won't have it. I am not like you gregarious Americans. I like seclusion—solitude. Do you hear?" The last words were harsh.

"Of course, darling. I am sorry," I heard Anne's voice say wearlly. I decided I could do without air, and

shut the door.

The morning was beautiful. In the sunshine the wild garden looked more happy-go-lucky than neglected. The

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lake sparkled with a million silvery scales. And breakfast was gayer than dinner had been the night before.

At eight o'clock we had assembled again at the table. Liebenberg was in riding clothes, booted and spurred. I recalled that Anne had told me that riding was the only sport he still liked.

"Too bad you haven't brought riding things," he even went so far as to remark to me in an almost cordial voice, after I had announced that it would be necessary for me to return to Salzburg

that day.
"Before I go, won't you show me around the estate a little?" I asked him, ignoring Anne's distress at my announcement.
"Anne will have the children to attend to, and that will give us a chance to get better acquainted."

He bowed and, breakfast being over,

left the room at my side.
"I should love to see your stables," I said.

This actually seemed to please him, for

he smiled slightly and again bowed in affirmation. We left the room together. At the stables, where he had three really superb horses, he showed what, in him, seemed almost enthusiasm. When we left the stables he was in a good

We walked through the park together, and on the way he asked me a number of polite questions about myself. I saw that he did not listen to the answers.

And now we approached the house again, from the front, beside the shore. Our walk led us past the boathouses, where a canoe was swinging on a rope in the water. The sun danced on the lake, and I cried impulsively:

"Let's paddle a bit." Liebenberg's face darkened. "I hate

"You don't sail—or swim?" I asked.
"But living here all year I should think you would go in for all the water sports."
"No; I don't swim," he said gloomily.

I had walked down the path to the boathouse and was under the shed by this time. He had followed me—whether reluctantly or not I had not noticed. I felt that he wished to make a good impression on me, now that he knew I was going away.

I wondered whether he knew that I

had heard him the night before. I had a feeling of power over him—a knowledge that I could capitalize his desire to have me leave without awakened suspicions. I had made up my mind that he was really mad; perhaps, as yet, only a border-line case; anyhow, he was not yet completely unable to control himself.

"I want to go out on the lake. Please ke me," I said coolly, handing him the take me. rope of the canoe.

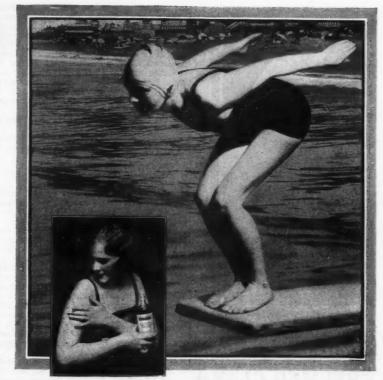
He untied it without speaking, and I got into the boat. He followed me.
"I'll paddle you, since you don't like water sports," I said brightly, and took my place in the stern.

He sat down with his back to me, curling his legs under him. Again he was encompassed in one of his dark silences.

I paddled out into the lake, hypnotized by the glint of the sun on the water. We were in a bay, completely isolated. No house lay along its banks. Count Liebenhouse lay along its banks. Coberg's estate surrounded it.

I paddled swiftly and the boat leaped ahead with each stroke. Liebenberg sat motionless, but hostility seemed to radiate from him.

A passing cloud threw a shadow over At that moment I turned and looked at the house. On the lawn, walking in brilliant sunshine, were Anne and the two children. The quivering leaves of trees made a dancing design on the plaster walls of the castle, and from this



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far spot Anne and her children in their white dresses looked like a bright and tender painting by Monet. Ahead of me was the stiff dark back of Liebenberg.

And at this instant a thought came into my head so clearly articulated that it almost shouted itself aloud. It was a sentence which had a beginning, but no end. I saw Liebenberg's stiffly costumed body, his heavy, spurred boots, and I thought, "If I should say, 'Let's change

thought, "It I should say, Let's thange seats!" and stand up——"
Why not, after all! Let him paddle for a while. And standing up—
The breeze was with me, too, swaying

the slim boat gently. Just a kick and then another-

"He does not swim!"

The paddle feathered the water, pret-tily. Back on the lawn Anne and the children in sunshine. In eternal sunshine. "Clear the way"—the phrase leaped sharply to my mind! "Clear the way for Life!" "Clear the

leaped sharply to my mind! "Clear the way for Life!"
"This thing in boots—" So went my thoughts, racing, robbing me of breath. "Is he alive? Only a barrier to life. A log of wood, blocking up the exit to life. A rotting beam in a rotting castle. "Logs float. But not when spurred with iron. How does he get his riding boots off, without a manservant? Hard to pull off one's own boots. Probably Anne pulls them off for him. Anne, slave to a madman. slave to a madman.

"If I should stand up, say, 'Let's change seats--' Clear the way-and leap away

clear—for life.

My heart beat so loudly I could hear it. It beat to the rhythm of words: Stand up, Stand up, Let's change, Stand up. Clear the way, Clear the way, for Life! Life!

"Oh, why don't you do it? Do it! Do it now! Now! Now! You coward! You stupid, conventional coward! Never again, never again will you have this opportunity. A chance like God's. Just one gesture—an eternally right gesture—and release. Release for them all, now, now, when it's not too late!

"In ten years he will be gibbering in a sanitarium as his mother did. In ten years—too late. You must do it now! "Stand up! Stand up! Coward! Are

you afraid of ghosts! They will haunt you, anyhow! Ghosts of Anne; ghosts of her children! Rotting in this castle! Stand up. Coward! Base, base coward!" And always, ebbing back from my He

throbbing purpose—Fear.

"I can't—I can't. Oh, to be so bound—hand and foot—so booted with inhibitions, with taboos. Can't one ever in one's life make a single voluntary gesture? A gesture clear and free from thou-shalt-nots?"

Stand up! Stand up!

I began lashing with the paddle, and the paddle sang, "Stand up!" In a moment I would do it. In a moment I would start that swim for home.

"Wait a minute! Just a minute! all, it does take courage. I never killed a man before!"

In a minute. In a moment!

But the opportunity passed. Suddenly Liebenberg turned and glared at me. It was as though he felt the very moment of my funk—felt it, perhaps, before I did.
"Why are you paddling like that?" he

why are you padding like that?" he asked sharply.

It was too late. I turned the canoe toward home and paddled steadily, quietly.

It was too late. Now I could never do it. I no longer had even the impulse to do it. The demon had gone out of me—had gone out scornfully, contemptuous of my weakness. It h too cowardly for this deed. It had found me

I went back to Salzburg that night. Anne looked after me with eyes in which there was no light. I believe that she felt, instinctively, that there had been a crisis—a moment in which she was nearly free—and that the moment had

I heard from her a year ago, in a re-I heard from her a year ago, in a repressed, uncomplaining letter. Liebenberg is worse, but not hopeless; she is worried about the children; they have had to let a wing of the castle to village folk; unfortunately, however, this does not bring her any more companionship. Liebenberg will not even speak to them. Everything that I foresaw on that summer day is inevitably coming to pass. And so, I leave it to you, should I not have murdered him?

have murdered him?

## Doubling for Cupid (Continued from page 55)

by his master to eat the turtle-egg omelet, which he did with an Oriental

appreciation of the fitness of his fate. But, true and false, the tales were a But, true and false, the tales were a diversion from the routine Saturday-night gossip of plantations and crops and tropical weather. They flavored the Saturday-night drinks until the hour when everyone went to the Café Barbary. The Café Barbary was a symptom of the effort of Tapit's foreign population to know civilization slives the effort of the second of the contraction of the contractio

to keep civilization alive on the edge of the jungle. Why not? There were night clubs in London and Paris and Berlin. If the native orchestra of Tapit made a mess of American jazz-well, the na-

a mess of American jazz—well, the native orchestras of London and Paris and Berlin weren't so hot, either.

Besides, Nydra Renaire was at the Café Barbary. There had been tales about Nydra Renaire, too. But all that they knew in Tapit—or really cared about—was that she had come from San about—was that she had come from San Francisco to dance at the Café Barbary and had remained to share its owner-ship with Hymie Rodriguez. A good business woman, Nydra Renaire. Tapit wondered what had caused her to leave the States for the luxuriant iso-

lation of Tapit. But it did not wonder too much. Nydra danced—and Tapit was grateful.

It was believed that she was genuinely fond of young Harry Beall, on the island to learn some of the far-flung ramifica-tions of the great Beall Packing Corpo-ration's trade. The senior Beall was

ration's trade. The senior Beall was president of the corporation.

It was further put to Nydra's credit that she welded her blond affection gracefully with her business sense. Young Beall took it seriously. He cut down on his drinking and followed her with remarkle aves with romantic eyes.

His eyes were on her this Saturday night as she danced in the Café Barbary. So were the eyes of a hundred others who had crowded into the rendezvous.

Even the girls of the Café Barbary could afford to be generous with their advicable of the Cafe Barbary could afford to be generous with their advicable of the way.

miration. Nydra only danced. She was not otherwise a rival of the girls of the Barbary. On the contrary, she shared, as partner in the place, whatever prosperity the Barbary girls gleaned from their protections. their patrons.

Hands of twenty different hues beat out their applause and voices in as many different dialects cried for an encore.

Nydra danced again.

It was a dance of her own country; so similar, after all, to the native dances of these islands. But the dancer? Her hair was yellow. A yellow different from the

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Décolletan Dualiste 801 E. Cool, sheerboneless—ever so smart for your summer sports frocks, your lowback tennis dresses. Of apricot net with elastic inserts . . . up-lift lace brassiere. Price \$10.00

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flagrant yellowness of the Barbary girls, who traded on the immemorial fascina-tion of fair women for men of dark skins. Under such yellow hair, Nydra's eyes were a surprise of sultry color. Her body was as graceful as a French ballade. Nydra danced.

In a far corner of the Barbary a dark man in smart white clothes straightened the black silk neckerchief at his throat and signaled the waiter to bring his bill.

"I find myself, alas, short of the what-you-call cash," said the dark man. "I will be permitted to sign a chit, do you think?

"Yassuh, cap'n. I'll speak to Mistah

Hymie."

me credit. Be so good as to let me have your pencil."

He took it. The waiter bent forward, curious, as he wrote, with a flourish:

"Lastro—the Pirate."
"Quit yo' funnin' cap'n."

"You think I jest, my friend? Then at-From the pocket of his immacutend." late jacket he brought the handbill that McDougal had given him. "This, I regret, is a miserable likeness. But per-haps it will serve."

It wasn't really such a poor likeness. The sitter seldom is satisfied with his photograph. This one was sufficient for the waiter. His eyes rounded into car-toonist circles of fright. His hand, hold-ing the check, trembled. In a panic, he hurried across the floor where Nydra was dancing. She frowned.

Hymie also frowned and advanced to meet the offending waiter. stammered his alarming news. The man

"Hurry! Get Captain La Roche and his men!" ordered Hymie.

The waiter tripped over a chair in his blind anxiety to obey. He ran down the principal thoroughfare toward the headquarters of the constabulary.

The sense of something portentous communicated itself to the patrons of the Café Barbary. Nydra, annoyed at the flight of the waiter across the floor dur-ing her dance, glanced toward Hymie. He made frantic signals for her to continue the dance.

She tried, but for once the patrons of the Barbary failed to follow the movement of her lovely body. The fingers of the orchestra wavered. Their music ex-pired on a whimpering discord. Three patrons near the door decided to follow the waiter into the tropical night.

NYDRA, furious, quit dancing. Hymie was placating her in elaborate pantomime as she came toward him. He tried to explain in a whisper what was happening. The whisper was not suc-cessful. The name of Lastro sounded in a sibilant echo through the room.

"You mean to say you called those half-breed cops?" Nydra demanded. Well, you may want 'em. But I don't reed any policeman to settle my affairs."
"Aw, listen, Nydra," pleaded Hymie.
"Business is business. We don't want no trouble."

We're not going to have any," she as-ed him. "Only no smart-Aleck spigsured him. otty is going to crab my dance and get away with it."

Hymie, miserably helpless before the threatened disorder in the Café Barbary, watched her walk through the crowd to where Lastro sat. The Café Barbary sat. patrons looked on.

Lastro arose, smiling, as she came to is table. "You honor me, Señorita." his table.

"Don't kid yourself, hombre," Nydra replied. "I just stepped over to tell you your credit is no good."
"That is deplorable." Lastro shrugged.
"But I am reconciled if it brings me the

opportunity to speak with such a delight-

ful lady."
"Never mind the Castilian etiquette," "Kick in with the dinero." said Nydra.

Lastro took out a handful of gold pieces. "It is the trait that I so much admire in woman," he remarked. "The direct way in which she moves to her object, especially if her object is moneyor a man

The Café Barbary watched, enchanted with the spectacle. That is why no one saw young Beall making his way toward the two at the table

"You are not afraid of Lastro, the pirate?" Lastro asked her.

Nydra laughed. "If I ever wanted you, fellow," she said, "I wouldn't send a gov-

ernment destroyer after you."
"If ever you want me," responded Lastro, "I assure you, you need not go to that extreme."

Nydra held out her hand, impatiently. Lastro placed the gold coins in it. Then,

with swift grace, he bent and kissed her When he straightened, young Beall stood before him. Before Lastro could speak, Beall had struck him. Lastro

moved as a serpent strikes. He caught Beall's arms and pinioned them. "You are heroic," he said pleasantly. At near-by tables, some of the patrons of the Barbary began to get to their feet. take a hand in the little drama.

Nydra motioned them to stay out of it.
"You are heroic," Lastro repeated, "and
I dislike heroes. They are stupid."
"Let him go, Lastro," said Nydra.

"You have only to speak, Señorita. You like this one? Ah, that puzzle of woman's what-you-call instinct. How woman's what-you-can inscinct. How often have I wondered at the tricks it plays in selecting a mate." He released Beall, who stumbled. "Only women may be truly heroic," Lastro told him. "It is their nature. With a man heroism is a week or a medium." their nature. With mask or a madness.

He turned his back on Beall and bowed to Nydra. "You have been very kind, Señorita. It has been refreshing to meet you. Adiós, hasta la vista—until we meet again."

"I believe you've got the nerve to try

it, at that,

"But of course, Señorita. I would be ungracious if, having seen you, I did not try to see you again."
"You'd better duck," suggested Nydra.
"The cops are coming double-quick."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Lastro. "I have

the what-you-call business with them. "And they've got the what-you-call business with you," returned Nydra. "Soon we meet again, Señorita."

"That gives me something to live for."
"Your words lift my heart."
"I must be more careful of my gringo

said Nydra.

Lastro bowed again and, leisurely, walked through the crowd. Afterwards, everyone wondered why no one tried to

Captain Junipero La Roche marched his little squad again down the principal thoroughfare. It was a hesitant double-quick at which the white-trousered legs the constabulary moved toward the

Café Barbary.

The street had become mysteriously deserted. The band stand was empty. Junipero's sword hilt felt cold to his fingers. Just outside the entrance to the café, he brought his squad to a halt.

At the same moment Lastro came out of the place. Junipero, face to face with a legend, searched for his voice

"Splendid!" cried Lastro. what-you-call constabulary." "It is the 'You are under arrest!" croaked

Junipero. "But no, amigo!" Lastro protested. "Let us not intrude such nonsense on this

so-lovely evening. I have a communica-tion for your superiors. Attend!"

He offered Junipero the handbill.
Junipero's fingers failed to hold it.
Lastro picked it up and handed it to him again.

"Observe that portrait," he said.
"Shocking, is it not? Please to examine
my features." He struck an attitude with the light from the café on his face. can see for yourself, capitán mio, that it es not do me justice.

He brought from his breast pocket a photograph of himself. He handed it to

the paralyzed captain.

"Favor me, my friend, by giving this excellent portrait to your superiors and asking them please to use it on their official reward offers. You will do this? Mil gracias, capitán valiente."

Lastro, straightening his neckerchief, sauntered along the principal thorough-fare toward the pier, and vanished.

Junipero, holding the photograph, stood in front of his squad until he heard the chuckling of a tiny launch as it nosed through the velvet sea.

The government destroyer arrived briskly at dawn. An officer and a boat's crew came ashore with crisp effi-The officer treated Junipero with ciency. chilly contempt. It grieved Junipero. He could not understand why one who failed to capture Lastro with a destroyer should put on airs before one who failed to capture Lastro with a mere squad. The officer and his crew crisply left Tapit and the destroyer hurried briskly off again to the south.

In a week Tapit had settled back into its lazy routine. The visit of Lastro had become part of an incredible tropical saga. Young Beall alone did not recover from Lastro's visit. More ur-gently than ever, he begged Nydra Re-naire to leave the island and return with him to the States.

He was urging this on her one surprisingly cool morning as they strolled along the beach. It was Nydra's habit to swim there, twice a day.

This morning, she walked thoughtfully beside Beall. She was wrapped in a bathing robe as merry as a shower of confetti. A black robe, with squares of valley and red are the state of the squares of the yellow and red and white.

"But you shouldn't feel badly, Harry,

"But you shouldn't feel badly, Harry, about Lastro getting the best of you. It can happen to anyone."

"Oh, it isn't that, although it's not pleasant to know that he made a fool of me. It's you, Nydra dear. I don't want you to be in a spot where such men can insult you."

"But I wasn't insulted... I was really

"But I wasn't insulted—I was really amused." She added quickly: "Except

that you felt badly."

"I want to take you away," Beall went on, earnestly. "Away from places like the Barbary—back to civilization—back home.

"I'm not so stuck on civilization," she responded. "And home—well, the Bar-bary is like home to me. You see, I'm afraid it would never do," she said.
"Your folks would feel that way, too—
the way you do about a girl who makes her living in the Barbary.

"But you're not like those other girls in the Barbary," he broke in. "How are you so sure?" "You couldn't be!" he cried. "They're -you know what they are. You're dif-rent. You're courageous and fine."

Nydra's dark eyes grew gentle. "Dear boy. Do you really believe these things about me? But suppose they weren't true? I'm not admitting they are, mind you. Suppose I was like the rest?"

"Don't say such things!"

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He's be and wo "Are worse?" If I kn isn't as dramati in whic

'You ward to Nydra face of "But just suppose," she persisted gently, "that I was like them. Would it make any difference to you?"

"You couldn't! You, with your beautiful, proud body."

"But suppose I could—or I had?" she ent on. "Would you still want me? went on. "Wou Tell me, Harry."

"Nydra, I'd want you if you were the worst woman in the islands.

He was so youthfully earnest that she

smiled again.
"I wonder," she murmured.
dear—just maybe—we will m journey to the States." "Nydra!"

She began to slip out of her cloak.

"Lady, please?"

They turned at the voice. before them was a huge negro. He had emerged, silently, from the fringe of jungle that broke on the beach.

You want me?" asked Nydra

"Please, lady."

The negro stepped forward and handed a small parcel and an envelope. At once he moved back several paces.

Nydra opened the envelope. laughed shortly as she read the note it contained and looked at Beall.

"I'll let you read this." she said, "if you promise not to get excited."

Beall took the paper. His body grew tense as he read. The note ran:

Señorita querida:

You said my return gave you You said my return gave you something to live for. And I make so bold to tell you thus that I will do myself the breathless honor of presenting myself before another day passes. Of course, I rely on your gallantry not to notify the socomical authorities of my as I rely on your understanding to accept the token of my esteem which will be handed you with this. I anticipate with impatience hearing your voice and looking into your eyes. Until that moment I sign myself.

Your miserable servant,

Lastro

his signature was written:

"The Pirate."
"I knew I should have been more careful about my gags," said Nydra.

Beall turned quickly to the spot where the negro had stood. The man had dis-

"But Nydra, what are you going to do?

"I'm going for my swim before it gets too hot."
"But this is serious, Nydra."

"Not too serious."

"You think he won't come, then?" "On the contrary, I'm sure he'll show up, as he says, in twenty-four hours."
"Then we've got to tell the authorities and capture him."

"Oh, no. Lastro's too good a sport for that. Besides, he's relying on me not to tell. It's a sporting proposition."

"But he's dangerous. You can't be sporting with a criminal—a murderer.

"Somehow, I'm not afraid of Lastro." Nydra spoke softly.

"If you don't do something, I will. He's been known to kidnap women—and worse."

"Are you afraid he'll kidnap me—or worse?" Nydra smiled. "Don't worry. If I know anything about men, Lastro isn't as interested in me as he is in a dramatic situation; a dramatic situation in which he has the spotlight."

"You talk as if you were looking for-ward to his visit."

Nydra's dark eyes slowly examined the ace of young Beall. They did not face of young Beall.



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reflect the smile on her lips. Beall's eyes dropped.

Nydra opened the parcel that had been given her with the note. From it she lifted a chain, at the end of which hung a faultless square-cut emerald.

"At least, if he does show up," she remarked, "it'll give me the chance to hand this back to him."

She tucked the jewel carelessly into the pocket of her cloak. Then, slipping out of the cloak, she walked with a movement as graceful as dancing to the water's edge. She was all but naked in her shred of bathing suit. Her body, colored by the sun, was the brown that is in smooth old ivory.

Young Beall, watching her, forgot everything else. He forgot even the note in his hand as he saw her plunge into

the embrace of the waves.

Her fearlessness in the water was a little quarrel between them. Beall was not a good swimmer. He felt his help-lessness to follow her; to aid her if anything happened.

Just before sundown, Nydra went alone to the beach below the town. The sea was colored gold and crimson and purple when she swam to shore. emerged from the waves like a figure in a Greek myth. The last rays of the sun turned her into a figure of polished bronze.

"Splendid, Señorita! Exquisite!

kneel in adoration."

Nydra was not startled at the voice. body relaxed as she faced Lastro. He stood by her discarded bathing cloak.

"Ah, but you are beautiful!" he ex-

"You're not as original as I thought," said Nydra, moving toward the cloak

and toward Lastro.

"But of course," he replied, "to tell you that you are beautiful is to announce that you are a woman-or that it is the hour of sundown."

She coolly returned his gaze.

Still, you would not have me stand before such beauty—such a work of art," Lastro went on, "and devote myself to thinking of a clever what-you-call epigram."

"Please don't try to tell me," she said, "that you're looking at me in pure artistic admiration."

"Dios forbid! That would be the final insult: to look at you and not desire you as a man." He picked up the bathing cloak and held it for her. "It is chilly and you are wet," he said. "In my country we have a saying: The sun life; the shadow is death.'

Nydra slipped into the cloak. "And you are not afraid?" he asked.

"And you are not arraid?" he asked.
"Not afraid of Lastro the Pirate?"
"To tell the truth, I think you're a
little afraid of me."
"But Señorita, if I was afraid, would

I return?"

"Certainly. Did you ever know a man to run away from a woman, especially when he knew he should?"

"Never. That is, never in time. never far enough to save himself. have spoken true words. I have I have reas men return under such cirturned. cumstances—as deer walk toward a bright rag waved by hunters with guns. It is curiosity, Señorita, to be frank She made a mocking curtsy.

"But there is more," Lastro proceeded. "A great deal more. I have, also frankly, a great admiration for you. And, if I may be so daring, I sense a sympathy between us. We understand each other a little, is it not so?"

"We understand each other a whole

"We understand each other a whole lot," Nydra agreed. "But you've made one serious mistake, Lastro."

"It is a mistake, naturally," said astro, "for a man to suggest that he Lastro. understands a woman. But I understand women only well enough to know that the poorest of women can make a what-you-call chump out of the best of men. Even out of me, Lastro."

'No: that isn't your mistake. It's this." Her hand dug down into the pocket of her cloak and brought out the emerald. 'But no! It is a lovely jewel!" Lastro

"You made more of a hit with me," she told him, "by trying to sign that chit in the Barbary than by trying to buy my interest with this."

She looked straight at him. Then she threw the jewel into the ocean.

"Just so you can understand me a little better," she said.

"A pity, Señorita, that you should fling away that so-lovely stone. But I ap-preciate the gesture."

From his own brown finger he twisted a ring that bore an extravagant dia-mond. He held it up to admire, then tossed it into the water.

"So that you may understand me a little better," said Lastro.

"What do you want, Lastro?"

"And just now," he smiled, "you taunted me with not being original."
She hesitated. When she spoke again

her voice was firm, emotionless. not a chance, Lastro," she told him.
"Not even a little cruise on my pretty

ship? Come; it is a fitting background for you. You would enjoy the antics of my crew. And it is lovely in the open where dawn murmurs poetry the nights are dreams done in velvet and silver."

Nydra seemed amused. She shook her

head.
"You think I am selfish, Senorita. But not so. I offer you this to save your happiness."

"You seem to Her laugh was ironic. be awfully sure I'd be happy with you."
"Why should you not be? But allow
me to explain. It is not so much that

you would find possible happiness with Lastro as it is that you would most certainly lose happiness by accepting that boy, Beall. But you will not do that." "No? Well, I've just about made up

my mind to do that very thing."

"But no. You have merely played with a sentimental fancy. He is not your kind. The young man-

"You're pretty well informed about my affairs, aren't you?"
"Minutely. I am very interested. And I have excellent spies. You must not forget, Señorita, that I am a villain. And what a villain!" "Go ahead; what about the young man?"

"Believe me," Lastro began again. "or, better still, believe what your own heart tells you. He is not worthy of you. He loves not you but a creature of his own pale imagination; a creature you could never resemble."

"Harry's a fine young fellow." 'And these are all the words you can

find to defend the man you are going to marry? Of course, there would be the formality of a marriage."

doesn't include that formality?"

ever, if you wished, I could arrange with the missionary in the Calabras Islands. Such moral refinements delight him.'

"Don't kid yourself, Lastro. And you disappoint me when you try to put your-self over by knocking another man."

"I only tell you the truth—truth that you know. That is always a dangerous thing to do."

"Harry worships me."

"He worships, then, as men worship their gods, without understanding and with the hope of favors. He loves you because, first of all, he believes you are what-you-call pure. Would he love you if you weren't? If you were like the other girls of the Café Barbary? Would he love you if he knew why you had left San Francisco?"

Why do you say that?" she asked "Pardon; I should not. It is only that I do know—and I respect you for it."

It is only

"You're quite a man, aren't you?" "Quite. And you sense it is so, even while you try to say it in jest."

while you try to say it in jest."

Nydra put her cloak more closely around her. "Yes, I'm disappointed in you, Lastro," she said. "I hoped you were going to be fun. But you're not. Good-by, my bold pirate. I'm going."

"But you are not disappointed," ar-

gued Lastro. "You are angry because I have made clear something that has troubled your own mind. I am the one who should be disappointed-because I was sure that you had spirit enough to hear the truth."

"Good-by, Lastro."

"Forgive me if once more I must contradict you. It is not good-by. We will meet again soon. Only next time you will come to me."

The jungle in back of them suddenly broke its silence. Out of it rushed twenty soldiers of the constabulary, their rifles bayoneted and ready. At their head was Captain Junipero La Roche, grasping his sword with a new, grim resolution. By Junipero's strode Beall, revolver in hand. "Hands up, Lastro!" he shouted.

"The speech of a hero in books," com-mented Lastro, ignoring the command. He turned toward Nydra as the soldiers made a bristling ring around him.
"Yes, I am the one who is disappointed. Señorita. I was sure you would not inform the authorities."

"But I didn't! I swear to you I dn't. You've got to believe that." Lastro's eyes traveled to Beall. Then his white teeth flashed in a smile. "I believe you," he declared. "And that makes this so-martial incident only amus-Once more: adiós, hasta la vista."

Slowly he raised his arms, in sur-render. He grinned at young Beall, so earnest with his revolver, and at Junipero La Roche, so earnest with his sword.

Junipero's staccato orders were marred by a baffling tremolo. In the dark, his men made a square around the prisoner.
"Forward—march!"

And off marched Junipero La Roche and the entire constabulary of Tapit, bearing a legend to the island jail.

After them marched young Beall, still

carrying his revolver. Nydra stood watching.

UNIPERO almost wished the destroyer JUNIPERO almost wished the description officer and his crisp crew were there to see his triumphal entry into the town. But he knew how it would be in such an event. The officer would take the credit for the capture of Lastro.

Junipero flourished his sword before the straggling audience of natives. He resolved to rebuke Sanchez, the lockup keeper, for not appearing at the door of the jail as the captors approached.

Two abreast, with the prisoner neatly in the center of the column, Junipero marched his force into the jail.

Outside the jail, the native audience waited and whispered in awe of Lastro the Pirate and of his imposing captor, Junipero La Roche.

Inside the jail, there was darkness.

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"Sanchez!" shouted Junipero. "Sanchez, you son of a beetle! Turn on the lights!" He himself started for the light switch. The others heard him gasp in

The lights went up. At the switch was a blond young fellow at whose side a machete hung, cutlass-fashion. A big man, with the shoulders of a wrestler, had Junipero by the left epaulet.

Lined up against the walls of the room were a dozen men, black and yellow, brown and white. Their striped jerseys and dungarees made something like a uniform. They all wore machetes. Cartridge bandoleers were crisscrossed over their chests. Two of them fondled over their chests. Two of them fondled machine guns.

machine guns.

The constabulary, surrounded, stood bewildered at "carry arms."

Lastro smiled and adjusted the jade ring that fixed his silk neckerchief.

"It is discouraging, Señor McDougal, is it not," said Lastro—"how too-smoothly my plots work out? Is there no one really to match wits with Lastro? I become bored. No sooner do I con-ceive a plot than I know how it is going to end. Ah, if there were only another such villain as I—but that could not be."

In back of him, young Beall made a frantic decision. He raised his revolver. At the same moment a heavy hand flattened him against the wall. The gun was twisted out of his fingers.

"Your heroism is a lamentable habit, my friend," remarked Lastro. "I have told you before that I dislike heroes." The burly Mongolian who held Beall

stared expectantly at his master.
"I will take this one with me," Lastro decided. "Come, we will go back aboard our cozy ship."

"Hadn't we better go up on the hill first," suggested McDougal, "and put the wireless out of commission?" "By no means," Lastro answered. "We

"By no means," Lastro answered. "We want them to send for the pretty little destroyer. We sail at dawn and she will reach Tapit about noon. Thus we will know where the destroyer is, which is best." He bowed to Junipero La Roche. "Will you please to take your place at the head of your men?" he asked courtenally. teously.

Outside the jail, the excited native audience heard Junipero's voice, shouting commands: "Shoulder—arms! About—face! Forward—march!"

And through the door of the jail marched the constabulary. The audience stared. Marching at the side of Junipero, affably, suggesting commands to utter, was Lastro.

"Right oblique-march!"

The soldiers of the constabulary shuffled across the plaza. Following them came the crew of the Golden Rule. With the crew, captive, was Beall. The soldiers marched around the plaza. turned off it and tramped in single file out on the pier.

Lastro whispered to Junipero. The captain looked startled. For the first time he protested. Then he gave the order. "Column right—march!"

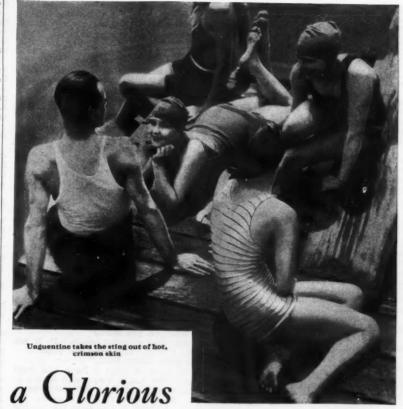
"Column right—march!"

The first soldier column-righted toward the unguarded side of the pier. At the edge he hesitated, looked at Junipero—and marched off the pier. He fell, at "shoulder arms," into the sea. Plop! And after him, one by one, marched Junipero's whole company—plop! plop! plop!

Junipero had his moment. As the last

Junipero had his moment. of his men floundered in the water, he turned to Lastro. His body stiffened. His sword came to a salute. Then Junipero pivoted smartly on his heel and, shoulders back, head up, marched off the nigr

Before the natives had fished them all



# Tan without Burning

WIM out to the raft and show Swill out to the raft and snow them some fancy dives. Feel the sun on your bare skin. Get a fashionable coat of tan and store up energy for the sunless winter months.

But don't risk sunburn's tortures. Just as every burn does, severe sun-burn kills the living cells on the surface of the skin, and sets dangerous poisons free to infect your system. High fever, weakened nerves, general debility may be the result.

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Inguentine

Hears

ashore, the wireless on the hill was crackling its call to the destroyer. Already word of Lastro's second visit, carby messengers and the eccentric island telephone, was reaching the far-lying plantations. In three hours, Tapit almost as crowded as on Saturday nights. There was much more excitement

There was a good deal of talk about organizing a nautical posse to go out and seize the Golden Rule, its commander and young Beall. Beall was the important part of the incident. Undoubtedly, the pirate was holding him for ransom.

There was a good deal of talk and a good deal of indignation. But nothing was done. You can't sink a ship with pistols, especially a ship with machine guns and a cutthroat crew.

Besides, the senior Beall could afford to pay a ransom. It might be a good lesson, too, for young Beall. Better wait

for the destroyer.

At midnight, Nydra Renaire went down to the pier to find a native boatman who would take her out to the Golden Neither money nor her prestige bribe any of them. She decided, Rule could bribe any of them. at last, to take out Beall's own launch. He had taught her how to handle it. Nydra moved down the dark street facing the wharf.
"The compliments of Lastro, the pirate," recited a voice.

Out of the shadows stepped a young man in naval uniform. He saluted.

"If you wish to visit the Golden Rule," said Larson, "the ship's launch is at your service. It is just a step down the beach. My commander bade me assure you that you could return to shore when you wished. Will you honor us?"

Lastro was waiting to greet her when she stepped aboard the Golden Rule. The crew was nowhere in sight.

"But you are marvelous!" exclaimed Lastro. "You enchant the night by your presence!"

"All right, Lastro," said Nydra. said I'd visit you—and here I am. What do you want?"

What can I want now that you are

here? This is perfection."
"Where is Harry Beall?"

"Beall? eall? Ah, Señorita, you desolate You came because of him?"

"Let's get down to cases, Lastro. You knew I'd come for him-or you wouldn't

have kidnaped him.'

"Ah, the understanding of women! You do not believe, then, that I hold him for ransom? You are right, Señorita. Will you please to come with me?"

With fastidious gallantry he led her to his quarters. There was a trace of incense. In the center of the cabin the incense. "Will you complete my happiness?"
He indicated the table.

"Thanks, I'm not hungry. Where is he, Lastro?"
"Alas, the table set for two was too much like the conventional setting for a seduction," sighed Lastro.

"Are you trying to assure me? Then you're not planning seduction tonight? "Not by conventional methods, I promise you. Señorita.'

Where is he, Lastro?"

"You sadden my heart by continuing to ask for him. Yet your lightest wish is my command." He clapped his hands. "Bring in the heroic one," he ordered, apparently of the scented air.

Two neatly uniformed sailors brought Beall between them. His hands were tied. A gag was across his mouth.

"Heroes talk too much," explained astro. "It is one of their failings."
"It strikes me," responded Nydra, Lastro.

"that villains aren't exactly tongue-tied." Lastro signaled the sailors. They placed Beall in a solid chair and lashed him into it.
"Behold!" said Lastro.

"The proprieties of the drama. A fitting climax to a second act. The hero bound and the villain, for the moment, triumphant."

What are you going to do, Lastro?"

Nydra demanded.
"There is still the third act. pends upon what you are going to do, Señorita.

"That begins to sound a little conventional, Lastro.

"Believe me, it is not so conventional it sounds. When you came aboard as it sounds. you did me the compliment of suggesting that I was not holding this young man for ransom. Did your intuition tell you why I was holding him? "It didn't need much intuition."

"Naturally not. But did it tell you that I planned to save you from an unhappy marriage by killing the young

Nydra weighed him with her dark eyes. "You wouldn't kill him in cold blood?" "Always in cold blood. My conscience does not need the excuse of wrath to pardon my killings."

"You wouldn't dare!" "Seforita, surely you know me better than that. You may despise me, but you have some respect for my villainy."

"What do you want?"
"Ah, that question again. It is not what I want. It is what you want."
"I want Harry Beall."

"In spite of what a would rather go ashore with him than sail gloriously to ashore with Lastro? With Lastro, the "In spite of what I have told you? pirate, to raid in two days the trading settlement at Brancio Reef?"

"I'll take him, Lastro."

Lastro bowed. "As you wish, Señorita. But first a little conventionality. Let us get down to what-you-call cases. Two pairs of dark eyes met. Lastro's

held a gentle amusement. Nydra's face was white. Lastro nodded.

"It is not too much to ask for one who is prepared to be so generous. I am generous, am I not? I ask only the brief hours before dawn in exchange for a lifetime with your heart's desire."

"Lastro, I didn't think you'd make this kind of play.

"You were so sure, then, of your feminine resourcefulness? And of my own sentimental weakness?"

Young Beall began to realize the nature of Lastro's demand. He writhed against the ropes that bound him.

"I have surprised you," Lastro went on, "merely because I meet woman's tricks with a woman trick. The very laudable trick of knowing exactly what you wish-and getting it, without any pretty notions of what-you-call honor or fair play or sportsmanship."

Beall struggled. Nydra shook her head

as if to quiet him.

"Surely it can make no difference," Lastro argued softly. "He worships you. Certainly, he will not cease to worship if you make the what-you-call sacrifice to save his life. And at dawn, I pledge you, both of you can go ashore."
"It's a bargain, Lastro," Nydra said slowly. "You win."

She did not glance Lastro bowed. again at Beall, still trying to get to his feet. Without faltering, she followed Lastro to the door of his sleeping quarters. He stood aside to let her pass. Then he stepped inside and closed the The key turned in the lock. Beall

squirmed in helpless agony.

Lastro smiled as he turned from the door, but his eyes were troubled. He took a step toward her, then halted.
"How I admire you," he said. "No foolish gestures. No outraged protest Dios, what a woman! It is a little sad that you cannot also admire me. But, of course, I am a villain."

Nydra stood waiting for him, invit-ng him with the bend of her body. Lastro moved close to her, slowly. Then, as if reluctantly, his arms went around her. Before they held her, his arms They went over his head. Lastro chuckled.

Nydra held a little automatic pistol,

pointed at his middle.

"And now I admire you more than ever," said Lastro. "But, even if you kill me, how can you get ashore? My crew has orders not to permit it without my command."

"I leave at dawn, with him. It is

your pledge.'

your pledge."
"You win, Señorita—and you need not wait for the dawn." He started for the door, and then turned to her again. "Only one favor, I beg of you," he said. "That is, please to believe that I never intended to force you to keep this hearents." bargain.

"That's not exactly a compliment, either, is it?" she countered.

I confess that I had to be convinced, he replied. "I wished to test the miracle of your courageous heart." The speech is too smooth to believe,"

"But I believe it, Lastro." Lastro bowed, unsmilling, and turned to unlock the door. Nydra poked the gun at him and shook her head.

"Dawn will be soon enough," said Nydra. "Sit down, Lastro. Over there. Make yourself comfortable. You see, I have a test to make myself, something I've got to find out."

Lastro's smile at first was puzzled. Then it glowed as, slowly understanding, he sat down in the chair she indicated.

Dawn began to erase night from the with slow, sweeping strokes. streak of cold green gleamed at the horizon. The sea was a desert of lazily undulating gray.

Beall sat collapsed in the grasp of the ropes. He barely stirred as the key scraped in the lock. His bloodshot eyes ropes turned to the door as it was opened.

Lastro, cheerfully gallant, made way for Nydra. She was pale and weary. But her head was held high. Beall groaned and his eyes fell. The two Lastro clapped his hands.

sailors reappeared. They unbound Beall and helped him to his feet.

"Keep the gag on him until he leaves the ship," ordered Lastro. "I am in no mood for the reproaches of a hero."

was chilly. Lastro took a heavy shawl, woven with the color of jungle flowers, from a chair and put it Nydra's shoulders. She accepted the courtesy and the shawl with a formal indifference. He led her across the deck. At the ship's side, as she was about to climb down into the launch,

Lastro spoke again.

"Adiós, señorita. It is more than ever my regret that you will not be by my side when we raid the settlement at Brancio Reef. Permit me, please: wherever you are, whatever happens, know that you have in your keeping some of the heart of Lastro

She managed a pallid smile. "You're

great villian, Lastro." He bowed. The launch chugged off He bowed. The launch chugged off across the cold gray waves. Lastro turned from the rail. He called

the name of his current Chinese cook.

"And now we will have breakfast," he said. "Some dainty strips of bacon. A

melon. 8 the coffe right thi Tow-h the whe the sea. the cre with the In a s wrapped were rud the sea She look

Beall 1 It was heside he with the Day br end of t shore. B followed h bulist. H through t without a Nydra s Again she miserable.

teeth chat "You'd said quietl "Coffee? anything You wi "Upset? we going t my swim." Oh, you Then, furio "But wh

wanted." You bel now, you a "It depe last night "How car You in the kill him!" "But kill "It will f kill him."

knew when

"But I w Beall gro his despair makes it a me. How o "You don "How can you in his a ke a dog. whole crew' all through "If it doe ou and me. e knows? "Oh, Nydr Tm not. g patien "Patient?"

iways wors I do, Nyo "You said nce if I wa Rei Beall star peak. Nydr "Good-by, She went t ung at the lifted the ci

"I'm hopi from you, I

"I'll kill oarsely, and Beall's laur rough the ave been si ch he ap Unchallenged melon, seasoned not too sharply. And the coffee, Mong, must be just precisely right this morning."

Tow-headed Larson stood trimly at the wheel of the launch. He scanned the sea, sailor-fashion. Two members of the crew remained stolidly occupied with the engine.

In a shelter forward sat Nydra, still wrapped in the shawl. Its jungle colors were rude in the half-light that still held

were rude in the hair-light that still held the sea and the sky. She was silent. She looked at Beall only once. Beall moaned. "Oh, Nydra, Nydra." It was the only time he spoke. He sat beside her, not touching her, still dazed with the horror of what had happened.

Day broke in colors that matched her shawl as the launch reached the lower end of the wharf. Larson helped her ashore. Beall stumbled to the wharf. He followed her like an incredulous somnambulist. He was shivering. They walked through the deserted streets of the town without a word.

Nydra stopped at the door of her house. Again she looked at him. His eyes were miserable. She entered. He followed, his

miserable. She entered. He followed, has teeth chattering.
"You'd better have some coffee," she said quietly. "It'll warm you."
"Coffee? I feel as if I'd never drink

anything or eat anything again."
"You will, though. You're just upset."
"Upset? I'm mad, Nydra. What are we going to do, Nydra?"
"Do? I don't know. I guess I'll go for

my swim."

"Oh, you're brave, Nydra," he began. Then, furiously: "I'll kill him!" "But why? I made the bargain. I

knew when I went to his ship what he wanted.

"You belonged to me. And now-well, now, you are no longer-

"It depends somewhat on you. Does last night make that much difference?" "How can you ask a thing like that? You in the arms of that monster. I'll till him!"

"But killing won't change what's happened.

"It will for me. If it costs my life I'll till him.

"But I went there to save your life." Beall groaned. His fury, whipped by his despair, was warming him. "That makes it all the worse. You did it for me. How can I ever forget that?"

"You don't have to, Harry."
"How can I ever forget the picture of Jou in his arms? Oh, I'll shoot him down like a dog. He's laughing at me. His whole crew's laughing. It will be known all through the islands."

"If it doesn't make any difference to mu and me, what harm is there if everyme knows?

"Oh, Nydra, you are being brave!"
"I'm not," she replied. "I'm really "Patient?"

"Tm hoping to hear something else from you, Harry. You said once you'd aways worship me."
"I do, Nydra; I do!"
"You said it wouldn't make any difference if I was the worst woman on the lands. Remember?"
Beall stard at hom. He could not

Beall stared at her. He could not Bealk Nydra smiled at him. "Good-by, Harry," she said. She went to the flowered curtain that ung at the door of her bedroom. She ifted the curtain and passed through.
"Il kill him." Beall whispered barsely, and ran from the house.
Beall's launch pushed its nose eagerly

brough the turning sea. Beall should have been suspicious of the ease with thich he approached the Golden Rule. Beall should Inchallenged, he made his launch fast



A<sup>S</sup> she dances by, a vision of cap-tivating femininity, every masculine heart thrills to her magnetic charm. Long after she has passed. that mysterious fascination lingershauntingly. Dear enchantress, what is this exquisite secret of allure? Indefinable-strangely enthralling is the magnetism you possess.

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and swung up to the deck. He should have been even more suspicious. deck was deserted.

From Lastro's cabin came the sob of a guitar, tuned to the heartache that is "La Golondrina." Beall made his way stiffly toward the music. As he stepped through the cabin door, he drew a pistol.
"Ah, yes; the hero enters, on his cue.

Come in, young man, I have been expecting you."

"I've come to kill you," Beall croaked. Lastro looked up from the guitar. He was seated at the table. The breakfast dishes and the coffee urn still stood before him.

"I've come to kill you, Lastro," Beall

said again.

"Of course. I knew I could depend on that. But first you'd better have a cup of cof. You are shivering."

It was the second time Beall had been offered coffee. His nightmare was be-coming a foolish dream in which people

offered him coffee. He giggled.
"No coffee?" queried Lastro. "You refuse a miraculous brew. Mong outdid himself this morning. Please to put down that pistol."

"I'm going to kill you."

"So you have told me. But first we must make a little palabra—a little whatvou-call talk.

"I've got no words to waste on you." "So much the better. Last night you had more than enough. But I have some words for you." His voice grew stern. "I'll shoot!" cried Beall.

"No; you will not, my friend. Come, put down that so-comical pistol. It be-

gins to bore me."

The pistol wavered.
"Now we will talk," said Lastro. "Or, better still, I will talk. You come here, is it not, because you feel that I have

"Because you have dishonored her."
"Permit me: it is because I have hurt your pride, your vanity. Ah, what a fool! Young man, Lastro gave you—and she gave you—the great opportunity of your life; the one splendid chance to win the love of a wonderful woman."
"Opportunity?" Beall gasped.

"Exactly. And you have ignored it. You have spoiled everything. Listen, foolish one. Did you really think I would

kill you? No, my friend. Lastro knows that, once dead, you would be a rival he could not hope to match. Dead, you would become a memory; an imperishable lover, more heroic—and, pardon me, more worthy—than you may ever hope to be, alive.

"Lastro, I'm going to shoot."
"Alive, you have only made yourself ridiculous. Even if she were in love with you-a sacrilege to which I cannot even yet reconcile myself—she could not endure this behavior of yours. She suspected that you would act so. That is why she insisted on remaining in my

sleeping quarters until dawn."

Lastro laughed softly and ignored the new indignation on Beall's haggard face. "Admirable woman! She has not told

you of her charming plot; her amusing test of your strutting love?"

Beall had leveled his pistol again.
"You see, my friend, there is really nothing else to tell. Because—attend me closely now-nothing happened last night in my room. Nothing at all."

"What's that? You mean—?"

Lastro nodded, chuckling. "But no!
Did you think I would force my love on such a woman? Or that she would permit it? But yes! You would believe such things. That is why the only thing that happened, happened in that blind little mind of yours.

"Then you didn't really——? She didn't let you——?"
"Does that make you happy, poor fool? It should make you despair."
Beall stood staring. He dropped the Beall stood staring. He dropped the istol. "Then—everything—is the way it

was before. Nothing happened? "Demented one," said Lastro. "Still he does not see. He does not realize that he has lost a gift of the gods."

Beall's effort to smile made a crooked

line of his twitching lips.

"And now please to go ashore." Lastro told him. "I do not like to seem dis-courteous, but you no longer amuse me. Besides, we sail in an hour." Beall turned and lurched from the

Lastro and McDougal stood watching Beall's launch plunging toward Tapit.

"We should've held him for ransom," muttered McDougal. "It would not be entertaining," replied scientiously ask for such a specimen would not pay for my trouble. No; I am through with the little affair of Tapit." He sighed, as an actor sighs. Mc-Dougal threw an amused glance at

Lastro. "Also, the only price I could con-

Larson.

"I was thinking," he remarked, "that we'd have a lady on board when we sailed

Lastro eyed him shrewdly. The laughed. "A woman? For Lastro? Then he need has Lastro for a woman? No. I tell you a man with a woman is less than a man. Sangre de Cristo, he is less than a woman

McDougal permitted himself a grin. "Ah, those evil, moral thoughts of yours, Señor McDougal. How much times have I told you that I admire women only as I admire the panther, to view at a distance, stalking its prey—or locked in a cage? How much times have I told you I would not care to possess one—as a what-you-call pet?"
The Golden Rule trembled and gilded

forward. 'We sail!" cried Lastro. "We sail again

to pirate deeds!"

An answering shout came from a group of men amidships.

"Captain, please—a lady, sir!"
Lastro and McDougal started for the
bot. Three of the crew were hauling a figure aboard. An all but naked figure. Nydra in her shred of bathing suit. Nydra, dripping, breathing deeply after a

long swim and smiling with calm eyes.

"I'm going with you, Lastro," she announced. "And it's your own darn fault."

"You rob me of words," said Lastro, slipping out of his coat and wrapping it

around her.

"Looks to me," whispered McDougal, "like you've got yourself a pet panther." And he winked hugely at Larson.
"We will sail for Calabras," said Las-

tro, "and find the missionary who mar-"Calabras?" queried Nydra. "I thought

we were going to raid that settlement on Brancio Reef." He looked at her, incredulous. He smiled slowly. "Alas, what a woman!"

murmured Lastro. The Golden Rule slipped forward to

the open sea.

Beginning Next Month—Emil Ludwig's tender and understanding portrait of Lincoln the child, Lincoln the youth, and Lincoln the lover

## Tagati by Cynthia Stockley (Continued from page 69)

that veranda would best repay study. They all had secrets—some fine, some sad, some sordid—she divined that.

The priest's were safely stowed in the strong box of his soul; and poor Dick had already unwittingly unlocked his wistful unrequited heart to her. As for Stella, she was not one to give herself away by look or word, but Mrs. Wynd-ham only half hid some simmering tragedy under that cloche hat, Mrs. de Wilton's cheek bones had a haunted look, and the corners of Hibiscus' mouth turned down more than a girl's should. Not so easily fathomed were the Ta-

gati partners. In the Services, men learn to wear masks. Yet, spite of his smiles and warmth, she divined in the soldier some hidden irk. And the sailor caged behind the inscrutable blue distance of his glance-quest of some sort, yes; but was there not more than a hint of bit-

ter dissatisfaction, mortified pride?
In the middle of these reflections she received a shock that for a few seconds drained color from her face and warmth from her body. Fortunately, with the

stir of a departing visitor, no one noticed, and she had time to remind her-self that the Shadow she had just perceived was something Inevitable, over which she had no control. she saw was the Unseen. For what

Into the midst of that gay crowd had come a Shade, imperceptible as vapor, yet a very real Presence! The dread she had was oddly unmixed with fear, for she never felt It to be Malign, only Seeking, Fateful, Patient! Sometimes she had fancied that it was with the back of her eyes she saw It. Or was it with her

She did not know. Only, she knew what It came for. Experience had taught her that. Four times in her life she had seen It, and always Its errand or purpose had been implacably the same—to look for one due to leave the earth soon. That was all Felicia knew.

Strange that her few-and-far-between sights of this pale Visitant had invariably taken place in Africa! The first hap pened when she was a child of five. parents were encamped on the Karoo,

that bare but salubrious desert, because her mother's health had given cause for anxiety, though not for despair. But one night, a week or two before Lady Lissell's death, her tiny daughter, sitting up in her camp cot, eyes roving space, had inquired of her father, more in curi-osity than fear: "Why is that gray thing waiting for Mummie?"

Afterwards her nurse, an old Missiontrained Zulu woman, said solemnly to Sir John: "It was the i-Dhlozi of her mother that she saw. When the body is soon to die its *i-Dhlozi* waits always near at hand for it. But only such as have a pure heart and pure eyes may see what this child has seen."

The second time of seeing It was about a month before Colonel Malcolm, a friend of her father's, on safari with them in East Africa, had been killed by a buffalo. The third time, in Zululand, when the old nurse herself was to pass. On the fourth and last occasion, she and her father were once more on the veld, on their way to take ship for England. Sir John had died on the voyage home.

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age, and

And now, the fifth time! Who was it? But the Vision was passing. In a few seconds she felt Its presence no longer, and with a determined effort she dismissed the thought of It from her mind. The party began to break up at last.

The party began to break up at last.

The Biscuit and Miss de Wilton went off for luncheon somewhere with Buffalo Bill. Father Drago and Commander Amery also made their farewells and were seen off the premises by Dick. In the general reshuffle caused by these defections the countess seized Colonel Vyner and held him in avid conversation. She had discovered that at one time he had been attached to the English Emhad been attached to the English Embassy in Russia. Stella made a subtle motion to Patrick Fenn, as if to say, "A word with you!" and he followed her into the sitting room. Mrs. de Wilton came over to Felicia complaining that she had had only one cup of tea.

"I could do with another myself," said

Felicia, and together they sought the teapot. Mrs. de Wilton looked a harridan with her haunted cheek bones, scarlet lips and hair of a shade that never grew

on human scalp.

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"Don't stay in this country long," she darkly advised Felicia. "That is, if you want to remain in love and charity with all men—and women!" Before the suball men—and women!" Before the subject could be pursued further Stella and Fenn returned to the veranda, she laughing gayly. He consulted his wrist watch. "Time to be off, Vyner, if we're going to see the midday scrape."

His partner rose with a word of excuse to the countess and a regretful:
"Sorry! We'll have some great talks
about it, countess." He turned to Stella. about it, countess. He turned to Steina.

"Don't forget that you and your party are dining and dancing at Tagati next Friday. I hope the countess will honor

But that lady shook her head, sighing, "My dancing days are overpast!"
Vyner had turned to Felicia to add in a low voice: "It is you, of course, in whom our hopes are centered."

whom our hopes are centered."

Fenn, just behind, interrupted with a remark to Vyner: "Better give Mrs. Cardross a chance of consulting with her friends first, and explaining the

"Oh, shut up, Fenn!" retorted Vyner curtly, and Stella said reproachfully:
"Try not to be silly, Pat."
He didn't look at all silly, only rather bitterly amused. To Felicia it seemed an inexplicable incident, but no one elucidated it. Instead, when the two had gone, Stella put more water in the teapot and with great solicitude poured out a cup for Mrs. de Wilton. As the sound of departing footsteps died away the countess remarked reflectively:

"Nice men those, especially Colonel Vyner. The other I understand is not quite—er—one of us?" Felicia, inured as she believed herself

to be to the arrogance of the countess, stared in astonishment, and an indig-nant look flashed across Stella's face.

"I suppose Felix the Cat told you that?" Mrs. de Wilton said truculently. It was the Countess Karamine's turn to stare, but that did not intimidate the painted lady, who continued, sneering: "Of course it was Felix Amery. Just the sort of thing he would say."

Letitia Karamine continued to stare. Stella evidently thought it time to cut in.

"It's quite true, Cousin Letty," she said slowly, "that Pat Fenn was orig-inally a common sailor. But he won his way from the lower deck to commanding a vessel during the war. Rather wonderful, don't you think? And interrupted "Most commendable!" interrupted Cousin Letter in the control of delect patrone.

Cousin Letty in tones of driest patron-age, and closed an unpleasant subject



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Address by rising with dignity as she added: 'May I go and rest now, dear child?"

Bowing with extreme froideur to Mrs. de Wilton, she sailed away with Stella.

Mrs. de Wilton looked after them and grinned. "Bit of an old battle-ax, what? But so am I when my friends are at-tacked." She looked it, and, spite of her artificial ramifications, something about her rang true. "I do so loathe snobbery!" she finished fiercely.

"So do I," agreed Felicia. "But there's this to be said about the countess'—it's the real genuine aristocratic article. And anything real always commands my

respect, doesn't it yours?

CLARA DE WILTON gave her a quick look, saw the spark of fun in her eyes.

They both burst out laughing.
"You're the sort for Rhodesia, my dear! We want that spirit of fun and toleration—not hole-picking in each other's manners and morals."

Felicia slid out a hand and gave the her's a squeeze. "I ieel we shall be other's a squeeze. "I teel we shall be friends," she said impulsively. Mrs. de Wilton's eyes grew misty but

she managed a tragi-comic smile.
"Don't be precipitate, my dear. Women don't care much about me, and you'll hear a lot of things."

"I never judge by what I hear. should consider it an insult to my powers of observation."

They pretend I only care for men." "We all prefer them, of course."

"They call me, behind my back, Compassionate Clarry." "But to be compassionate—surely a lovely quality and a lovely word?"

"Depends on how it's applied," said Clara lugubriously. "Anyway, wait and see what you hear. Meanwhile, don't be see what you near. Meanwhile, don't be put off Patrick Fenn by anything they say about his being not quatte. Quatte indeed! I could just hear Felix Amery mouthing it, and he's not fit to lick Pat Fenn's boots! But just because one man went to Eton and the other came out of Barnardo's Home-It makes me

"Barnardo's Home!"

'Well, some sort of foundling institution that he ran away from at the age of ten. Then they sent him to a training ship. But what's that matter? All decent men like him—Dick Cardross simply adores him. No one would have known anything about Fenn's origin if Felix the Cat hadn't gone mewing and spewing it all round the place. Upon which Fenn gets a complex on the subject and begins to take a kind of bitter pride in proclaiming his 'inferior' status. He hardly ever goes anywhere. house is one of the few places you meet him at. But even here—well, you heard him just now."

"Oh, that's what it was all about?" "Yes, that's the way he's been driven into going on by that beastly Felix. I believe if the truth were known it's all pure jealousy. Amery and his brother Ted when they first came out here took up mining, and it was they who turned down Tagati that Fenn and Vyner are now taking a fortune out of."

"This is very disappointing!" sighed Felicia. "All these stupid social values in a lovely country like Rhodesia."
"It used to be different in the early But now there are so many ex service people settling here, bringing all their little footling standards with them and looking into people's pedigrees and pasts. Rhodes wasn't like that, or Doctor Jim either. They didn't ask Rhodesians to be nice little gentlemen and public-school boys. If they had there wouldn't have been a place called Rho-desia on the map. It was the scalawags of the world who opened up this land." Mrs. de Wilton's cheeks were blazing, her eyes were full of tears, and Stella's reentry at this moment seemed unfortunate. She sprang up confusedly, said an abrupt good-by and dashed out to her car. Stella looked after her with a smile.

"Poor old Compassionate Clarry! suppose she's been getting in a little fine

work about me?"

Felicia stared at her. "I think she scarcely mentioned you. Certainly not with unkindness."

"She will, though; she will!" laughed Stella. "The trouble with Clarry is that she wants one of the Tagati men for her -and she thinks I stand in the way. She's right too. I do. She can't have either of them for her girl." She added, with a certain deliberation: "No one can have the Tagati men.

Having finished lighting her cigaret she sat down and leaned back in her chair, her lovely amber eyes fixed upon Felicia with a waiting glance. But once again results were not as planned, for the girl's arched eyebrows expressed only a Greuze-like peace, and as though she had heard nothing since the opening question she continued answering it:

"We were speaking of the charm of long-ago Rhodesia, as compared with present-day conditions."

"Rhodesia's bad enough now," Stella said scornfully. "What it must have been in those 'good old early days' I shudder to think!"

This was certainly a different creed from Mrs. de Wilton's and declaimed by a different sort of Rhodesian!

"Don't you like it here?"

"A good wife, my dear, has to like wherever her husband is obliged to live." wherever her husband is conget to first. Stella appeared to find something to smile at cynically in this description of herself, as doubtless there was. "Not that Dick was obliged to come here originally. He might have chosen the Argentine, or Canada; coffee-growing in Kenya, or tea-planting in Ceylon; any of which or tea-planting in Ceylon; any of which would have been more amusing than this devilish country. But of course none of them would have suited his idle optimism so well as Rhodesia, where talk is the chief output."

Mrs. Cardross had always indulged in this oblique disdain for Rhodesia and Dick, Felicia remembered that now, but in London such talk had left her indif-ferent. Now that she had met Dick and had seen that wistful tenderness in his eyes when he spoke of his wife, she did not care to hear more, and rose abruptly.

"I think if you don't mind, Stella, too would like to go to my room." hostess got up at once.

"Of course, my dear. It's not a room, though; only a hut. But if you're going to imitate Compassionate Clarry in her hectic adoration of Rhodesia you won't mind that."

Felicia's expression was both innocent and candid as she mildly inquired: "Do you call Mrs. de Wilton that in admira-tion or malice?"

"Neither," Stella said curtly; "and the reason for her christening not being a pretty one, you'd better not inquire too closely into it, ma chère, unless you want to be shocked."

"I adore being shocked," said Felicia with deliberate detachment, and Stella, turning, led the way to the garden.

Several whitewashed huts, spaced about ten yards apart, stood gleaming among lemon trees and jacarandas, and through the green door of one of these they en-tered into that atmosphere of delicious coolness which only thatched roofs and cement floors can contrive. Felicia's dressing case had been brought in, and Pagg had set out brushes and bottles.

"Oh! You've got blue enamel now!" Stella went over and fingered the gleam-ing turquoise and gold fittings. "I shall order myself an enamel set like yours, if you don't mind—rose-pink, though, instead of turquoise."

"I don't mind in the least."

"Not that it's much use having lovely things in this hole."

"That doesn't seem to apply to clothes. Felicia glanced amusedly at the beautifully made white shantung the other was wearing.

"My dear! I haven't a rag. A few months out here completely exhausts one's wardrobe. I was hoping you could let me have a few things. I expect you've stacks more than you want."

Pretty cool that, thought Felicia, who had her own taste in clothes and guarded it jealously. But her natural generosity supervened.

"Of course you can help yourself, Stella, when they come. I have got rather a lot of things."

The girl was glancing around approvingly. With curtains and bedspread of bright printed calico, and leopard skins laid on the polished red floor, the hut looked to her sufficiently inviting.

"I haven't thanked you yet, Stella, for aving me to stay. Cousin Letty rather

having me to stay. Cousin Letty rather rushed you, I'm afraid."
"Cousin Letty's wish is law with us, naturally," drawled Stella. "Still, we are enchantés of course, as long as you're not bored, my dear, which you probably

The words were spoken with indolent indifference and contained about as much warmth as the granolithic floor beneath their feet. However, Felicia was inclined to tolerate Stella the better for not pretending any enthusiasm. Less likable was the cryptic remark thrown out when she was leaving.

"You'll be a godsend to Dick, of course." Felicia, pitching off her hat, mused upon this. "Now why should I be a god-send to Dick?" she inquired of the mirror. "I like him, but if she thinks I'm out here for Dick's amusement-

Suddenly she remembered the Shadow, and foreboding, born of a fatal knowledge, oppressed her. She felt fear, not for herself but for those gay smiling people with their hidden secrets and sorrows—for one of whom the bright blade of Death was already sharpening! The sence of the i-Dhlozi could mean only that! She gave a shuddering sigh, and a cry rose in her heart: "Oh, how I wish I did not see it!"

But next day oppression had departed, and, as always, the remembrance of the Shadow passed completely from her mind. When the heart is young and joie de vivre sparkles in the veins mem-ory does not let itself be long obsessed Shades of another world. Especially in a new and fascinating country.

Felicia never forgot the first dinner at Mañana. The dining hut, a big round one, with the usual floor of red cement, and raw thatch pitched to a central peak overhead, contained a table of native teak and plenty of teak leather-faced chairs—the usual surroundings of Eng-lish people situated abroad. But observation revealed many an odd diver-gence from the conventional.

For one thing, there was Dick seated at one end of the table perfectly at ease in white shirt and cricketing bags, with Stella at the other end cool and ravissante in a pale green gown. The teak table, instead of revealing a splendor of reddish-brown surface, had been covered with green art serge, upon which in turn a couple of blue-checked tea cloths were spread diamondwise. Hea eithe angle mark of kr stran of tw drew' and

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ings show of ba him nothi Every member of the party sat before either a corner of blue check or a tri-angle of green serge, and at each place, marked by a paper napkin, lay a medley of knives, forks and spoons arranged in strange device. Felicia's share consisted of two fish knives placed in a St. Andrew's cross and crowned by a teaspoon and a large dinner fork.

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Stella explained that she had long ago given up trying to teach boys how to set the table.

The meal consisted of very tough roast beef, and a "batter" that Felicia had discovered Dick manipulating that afternoon. Even to her nonconforming mind it had been something of a shock to see a man beating up eggs for a pudding.

In response to her surprised stare he said sheepishly that it was always his job to make the Yorkshire pudding. "Stella won't eat any if the boys make it!" he had explained.

it!" he had explained.

Further items of the menu were a dish of marrowfat "green" peas out of a tin; pumpkin; potatoes that seemed to possess the sense of vision, so large and staring were their eyes; and a glass jam jar containing what the cook called "sauce-a-horse," which proved to be (bottled) horse-radish grated and mixed with cream.

Every change of course was marked by the tinkling of a cowbell at Stella's right hand, but no attention being paid to this, there followed a tremendous shout from Dick: "Kowunder! Jim!" His roar found instant response in the kitchen.

"Inkos! I come!" was echoed fervently back, and presently amid a rustling of bare feet the dishes were removed.

During the course of the next few days Felicia and the countess got all the change from supercivilization that they had pined for, and a little bit over; but Rhodesia having laid her spell upon them, they existed in a pays-enchanté and everything was lovely.

After all, there is a delicious strangeness in being dumped down far from madding crowds on rolling veld of grass and trees, miles and miles of it, flowing away into the blue, uninhabited—except for the scattered farms—by anything but natives and creatures of the wild. Novel too, not to say eccentric, the mode of living at Mañana! Fortunately, Felicia had a genuine preference for the hardships and improvisations of the wild; while the countess, having roughed it on After all, there is a delicious strange-

while the countess, having roughed it on the plains of Siberia, presumably could endure with equanimity anything Rho-desia had to inflict.

It was not necessary to be as subtly in-tuitive as the former, or possessed of the latter's malicious penetration, quickly to get into contact with the characteristics and histories of those who came and went. Items of scandalous interest came floating in on the dust of every motor car.

There was, among others, the blithe-some history of George Osborne, the so-called Biscuit, to keep up their spirits. This young scamp, sent out from home with eight thousand pounds in his pocket to buy a tobacco farm, had certainly done to buy a tobacco farm, had certainly done so, but bought so many other things besides, including cases of foie gras and caviar, expensive perfumes, bath salts, motor cars, and champagne at fifty shillings a bottle, that at the inevitable meeting of his creditors it transpired that he had been living on credit for some time and could pay only about a shilling in the pound. in the pound.

And there was Cannan, a nice simple fellow who after investing his life savings in a friend's mine had nothing to show for it but a heavily mortgaged piece of bad land which had been handed to him out of the wreckage and on which nothing would grow. nothing would grow.



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## STORIES

A constitut an American writer was paid \$1800 for a k sincle short story. By learning to tell the stories of constitutions are successful as the stories of course of instruction will give you to training right in group witers, including the late Jack Lenden. Bodorsed by eminent witers, including the late Jack Lenden. "The Art of Story Write Today for new hooklet," "The Art of Story Write Today for new hooklet," "The Art of Story Write Today for new hooklet," "The Art of Story Write Today for new hooklet," "The Art of Story Write Today for new hooklet," The Art of Story Write Today for new hooklet, "The Art of Story Write Today for new hooklet," and the story will be supposed to the story begin to the story

Of Mrs. de Wilton the knowledge was soon acquired that she and her daugh-ter were the "relicts" of one of the pioneers, a man much beloved in the country. A grateful government had granted him a farm on which his widow now lived. It was within easy reach of town and a popular place to drive to. Women, however, were catty about her affection for young men.

"Boys come after daughter, but are taken compassion upon by mother be-cause daughter prefers men of forty," ran the acid indictment. "And to make matters worse, daughter sits in judgment on mother and confides her unfilial findings to Rhodesia in general.

No wonder poor Mrs. de Wilton looked haunted and haggish!

Another tragedy was that of Mrs. Wyndham of the cloche hat. It appeared that, in spite of being named Angela, this lady possessed (or was reputed to, almost the same thing) the temper of a demon, and once, in a fury, had tried to blow her brains out, but only succeeded in making a terrible mark on her fore-head, since when no one had ever seen without the famous cloche.

Between the partners at Falkland farm Jock Malcolm, agriculturist, a dourish Scot, and Rivett Glyn, cattleman, the South African with the Buffalo-Billish imperial—the bond of a joint resolve never to enter into matrimony was supposed to exist.

Last, there were the partners of the Tagati mine, extremely eligible from a financial point of view but, rumor alleged, also of the celibate tribe. Bad, brave and bachelors, someone described them—to women an entrancing combination! Nothing could be ascertained concernity and backets reconsecuted. cerning any broken romances, and Fenn and Vyner seemed content with their ascetic condition.

They had not been long at Tagati, but quite long enough for the prosperity of the little mine to excite public interest. Before coming to the district they had spent some two years prospecting with indifferent success in other parts of the country, and their ultimate straying into the Midlands and Tagati was, as Father Drago put it, a pure fluke. Another Drago put it, a pure fluke. Another lucky fluke, too, finding such congenial neighbors as the Cardrosses!

That the partners were close friends everyone took for granted, and doubtless tumbling upon riches together made a bond between them. Still it did not follow that they saw eye to eye in everything, and Felicia had a curious notion that they were not entirely at one in their ideals of living.

As to war records: Vyner had served with distinction in a famous division, while the scene of the naval man's triumphs was round the British Isles, especially in the North Sea.

Dick told Felicia that Fenn had occupied a front seat at the Battle of Jut-land. In Dick's opinion few men could boast a more heroic record, and Felicia would have liked to hear something of his exploits at first-hand, but Fenn was not given to talking of them, or of himself.

In fact, it came to pass that after the first day he and Felicia talked but little together. Times had changed since the night he had muttered softly of strangers from his old home—and sprays of winter plum! He patently kept at careful distance; and what aggravated the offense was that he could be extraordinarily nice to Stella and the counter Why should she, Felicia wondered, be the one picked out for isolation?

Totally unaccustomed to this keep-offthe-grass attitude in a man, she was at first intrigued by it, presently outraged, and finally relentless. Thereafter

cooling wind that night be described as more biting than refreshing blew between them.

It would not have been so annoying had contact between Tagati and Mañana been less frequent, but here were these two men, their nearest neighbors, and the Cardrosses' closest friends, constantly in and out of the place. Impossible then for Felicia to exhibit distaste for the society of one member of this harmonious circle; but the obligation of keeping her resentment to herself did not diminish its fervor.

Her one satisfaction was knowing that what she hid so carefully from the rest of the party was not lost on Patrick Fenn. Moreover, it delighted her to show him how infinitely more entertaining was his friend Vyner.

Of course Colonel Vyner was a citizen of the world, and could talk informedly on a subject or with such witty ignorance as to be even more entertaining. Cer-tainly it had always been Felicia's rule to require character in a man rather than informed conversation, be could not deny Vyner even that.

Neither could she deny it to Patrick Fenn. Even in his silences he was not gauche, and he never gave the impression that he did not speak because he

sion that he did not speak because he had nothing to say.

Still, it is much to be amused and Paget Vyner was amusing. Also he had fascinating eyes and an attractive voice. The one thing that spoiled him was a habit of bitter sneering about the British Army, or at least that portion of it that went about in officer's uniform.

Felicia often got indignant about this. Once when he was uttering one of these bitter diatribes she asked him rather sharply whether he really thought it in good taste to say such things to an English diatribuse. lish girl. He was immediately contrite but persisted that when she knew all the facts she might understand his attitude.

This was at Tagati, on the occasion of her first visit there—that dinner dance given in their honor, to which the countess finally had been persuaded to come.

The mine, with its scattered buildings, outworks and native hutments, was no dream of beauty; neither could the ungainly dwelling house of corrugated iron, gainly dwelling house of corrugated iron, pitched high on piles, boast a romantic air. But by night everything is touched with poetry in Africa. The snowy moon has a way of silver-pointing the most hideous works of man, etching gawky and ill-grouped buildings with delicate beauty against the skles. There was one thing of real beauty, too, at Tagati: a creeper hanging like a green veil along the front veranda, with blossoms of delicate white lily bells that gave forth a heady perfume. heady perfume.

Within the house the partners had established themselves with all the comforts of civilization. The large dining room ran the full length of the house, its spaciousness dignified by the presentations. ence of a fine old Dutch table, a set of carved black-ebony chairs from Zanzi-bar, and a number of paintings by the The dinner best South African artists. comprised everything that was exotic and unusual to veld dinners.

It was difficult to conceive of so many good dishes emerging from a rough min-ing-house kitchen and the hands of na-tives. No wonder, thought Felicia, that Stella liked escaping from her own ill-kempt table and ill-cooked meals to this haven of luxury and good order! As for the countess, under the stimulus of good food, wine and cooking, she gradually warmed up into a sparkling and witty sample of what she must have been in those days when she constituted the life and terror of embassies.

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"Do you mean to tell me," she cried, "that this dinner was turned out by black boys!"

They certainly so meant to tell her "We tell them what we want," said Vyner, "and leave them to it."

"You don't pay them higher wages than anyone else can afford, do you?" jeered Stella.

"And all they want of the same grub as yourselves," supplemented Dick, who knew a thing or two about boys. "And the drinks left for them to snipe at!"

"Don't you believe it!" protested Fenn.

"We keep a sharp lookout."
"Yes, you do!" was the answering gibe. Argument waxed fierce and furious, everyone taking sides, even Felicia joining issue with Stella on the latter's declaration that everything with a black skin was naturally dirty, stupid and dishonest.

"My dear Shonnie, how can you know? I have been in this country long enough to declare that they are impossible." Felicia said spiritedly: "You forget that

I knew this country long before you did, Stella, and was accustomed for years to native servants trained by my father and myself."

"As you're so clever you'd better train mine, then," said Mrs. Cardross tartly.
"With pleasure. I'll engage to turn them into a good working staff within a

month.

"That's a bet!" cried Stella, with a ring of mocking laughter. "You're all wit-nesses now! Shonnie's going to run my nesses now! Shonnies going to run my house for a month and show me how it ought to be done!" It was not very charmingly put, and contained something like a sneer but Felicia took the challenge in good part.

There was a good deal of laughing and jesting from the others as to what she had let herself in for. But finally after all the voices there was peace! The diners who stayed at the table, Rhodesian fashion, for coffee and smokes, now sauntered outdoors to where dancing was to take place.

The twelve people for dinner had been reinforced by about twenty more for the On the piano, now moved to the veranda, someone was making happy ripples of sound, someone else relent-lessly tuned a banjo, and Mrs. de Wilton and two boisterous young men made joyful noises with jazz instruments.

Laughter rang gayly on the clear air, and the great white-belled creeper sprawling over roof and veranda sent forth a sweet and heady fragrance into the night. These things, both exciting and soothing to Felicia as she danced with Paget Vyner, may have had something to do with her listening tolerantly to his tale of grief against the British.

"Consider me," he gloomed. "Consider me," he gloomed. "A soldier who loved his profession, and won his spurs in it while young. Do you think it meant nothing to me to chuck everything and come to Africa to look for a job? Even though I was lucky, how does mining compare, do you suppose, with soldiering? Gold grubbing—when one has the love of fighting in one's veins!"

"I suppose we are all born with some predominating passion in our veins,"

haughed. "You must not quarrel with me if mine happens to be for Empire."
"I couldn't quarrel with you," he said.
"Nor be surprised if I can't feel real friendship for anyone who has no use for the British!"

"Perhaps it's not your friendship I am seeking but something infinitely more precious and wonderful."

Felicia couldn't be quite sure he had really said this, and didn't want to be. His voice blended so softly with the soft delicious wind and the scent of the white bells. It was an intoxicating night. She

decided that if the words were spoken she had not heard them.

Almost immediately after that night at Tagati, Felicia set herself to her task of training the farm staff. She felt pretty certain that with the practical assistance of Pagg she would be able to do something with that band of rascals.

As for Stella, that very modern wife practically insisted on Felicia's carrying out the bargain. "As long as you don't expect me to join in the work, as I happen to have other interests in life beside training Kafirs."

She didn't mention what these interests were, but evidently getting into the car and dashing off somewhere was one of them

Following that evening, however, a certain hostility began to take shape between Felicia and Stella—hostility that Felicia did not feel wholly responsible for, and fought against, for while clearly recognizing on what selfish lines Stella was planned, she could have made allowances for that, if it were all.

Nevertheless, Felicia often gave herself headache pondering wherein and why she had called down this malediction of hatred upon herself. It couldn't have been clothes, because she had given Stella carte blanche to help herself, and the invitation had been accepted liber-

It couldn't have been looks either, Felicia had decided, for there never yet existed an ash-blonde who was not perfectly content with herself and secure in the belief that no woman of any other coloring could touch her.

Perhaps then the offense lay in their Felicia had just difference in age? passed her twenty-first birthday, while Stella had stopped somewhere between twenty-eight and thirty, an age which the countess, one day when they were all in the veranda, cynically declared to be the ideal period of a modern woman's life, because by then she had cast aside all her gaucheries, together with any illusions and morals she might have started with, and could enjoy herself without handicaps.

Dick and Vyner chuckled at this, Fenn received it with a reflective stare, and Stella opened beautiful wondering eyes.

"Whom can you have been associating with lately, dear Cousin Letty? Anyway, I'm glad I'm not as modern as all that. Perhaps Shonnie who has been about the world such a lot can tell us how

One of her prickly little habits was this implication that Felicia, not she, was the matured one-far more versed in the world's wicked ways than a golden lady sitting on the veld could expect to be! Felicia smiled and replied that unfortunately her wanderings had afforded her so few opportunities of knowing modern women intimately that she was not qualified to express an opinion.

"As for Cousin Letty's ideal age—I must be unnatural, for I prefer my own, spite of its burden of gaucheries and illusions.

You don't mention morals, I notice." laughed Stella. "I didn't think it necessary," returned

Felicia tranquilly. "Morals seldom are mentioned-except when absent." It was the countess who

fired this glancing shot.

She had just been fixing up with Fenn that he should drive her to church every Sunday. She infinitely preferred Fenn's car to the loathsome Underseas, and no one could blame her for that!

With regard to cars there had now commenced a heated discussion as to whether a "nobby little two-seater" could not be presented by Tagati to



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De Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Mañana for the use of the ladies. The "Nays" seemed to be confined to Dick. Stella was all for it, and indeed Felicia stein was an for it, and indeed reflects saw nothing against the plan, since presents from bachelors to their women friends, married or unmarried, seemed to be all the go in Rhodesia. But Dick was proving unexpectedly obstinate.

"I don't care about it, old man," he

said to Vyner, stiffly.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. It is ridic-ulous for your wife to be scuttling about in that old van when there are bags of perfectly good little contraptions going begging at Spindler's Garage."

Yes, but there ain't bags of ooftish in my bank account at the present moment."
"What does that matter?" expostulated Vyner. "And what on earth is the good of pals if you can't lift an occasional footling little car off them?"

"Dick's charming attitude," said Stella, "is that if *he* can't give me a car no one else shall. Isn't it, Dick?"

"If you say so, it must be," was the answer, given with a surliness that surprised everyone.

Vyner resigned himself. It wasn't worth disputing about, and he did not wish to quarrel with Dick!

This was one of those times when Felicia, while the Tagati men were pres-ent, allowed herself to be of the party. She did not always do this; only, in fact, when Dick or the countess was there too, or on occasions of general gatherings.

Otherwise she might always have been loafing in the veranda, for those two men were never long away from Mañana.

Obviously they were at Stella's beck and call, and had been for months be-fore the arrival of the visitors. It was only natural that so pleasant a state of affairs should continue. True, there was a special effort, notably on the part of Vyner, to make Felicia feel herself in-cluded. But without ceasing to be charming and friendly she politely held back from a share in these attentions.

Stella's assertion on the first day, that these men "belonged" to her, and no in-truders would be brooked, stuck in the girl's mind. Her "belongings" were freely conceded to her, Felicia thought scorn-fully. But did they feel it a concession?

—or was it possibly something more in the nature of a condemnation?

And sometimes a memory leaped into her mind—the memory of that night when she had lost a red slipper! Then her eyes and her lips would take on ner eyes and her hips would take on a stern look. So far, she had heard of no other Stella in the country. Which, then, of those two men of Tagati had cursed that name in the darkness?

Certainly life at Mafiana was never without a thrill, and Felicia got a rather horrible one at midnight once when awakened by the frantic beliowing of some animal evidently in the throes of pain and fear. On the still night air the cry quivered clear, setting the girl's hair moving on her scalp. After a few minutes there were the coughing gasps of a creature sobbing out its life. Then, except for the barking of dogs, silence.

Chastly! she thought. Ghastly to have

a creature murdered like that on your very threshold, and be able to do nothing! She was thankful for the dawn and a morning world that looked too fresh and sweet for anything ugly to happen in it.

She wondered if she had been the only recipient of those tidings of death, but Dick whom she met sauntering bathwards admitted having heard and recog-nized that one of his cattle was being attacked by some beast of prey.

A good thing Felicia was up early, for Kowunder, having delivered tea at every hut, and returned to the kitchen, started chopping ham for an omelet and cut his thumb. She was summoned to tackle the job of washing and binding the injury. Then, Kowunder being out of court for the day, as far as cooking was concerned.

she hurried to press Pagg into service.

Breakfast no sooner over than a boy arrived from the compound where the fowls were kept, carrying an old biscuit tin containing half a dozen newly hatched chicks. The poor mother had paid the penalty of devotion to her brood by being attacked and killed by an eagle. No one seemed to know what to do with the little yellow things that cheeped so piteously. Felicia concluded that they were hungry, and after preparing a meal of egg and bread crumbs for them, she lined their tin with a piece of flannel and put them in a warm place by the kitchen range. Finished at last, Felicia was just wash-

ing her hands in her hut when she heard loud shoutings and looking out saw the whole staff waving arms skyward at a great bird sailing overhead.

"The eagle! The eagle that killed the hen!" they yelled, and she snatched up her shotgun and rushed into the open.

There he was, sailing insolently across the blue, pretty high, as she judged it, and a fairly long shot. But she was lucky enough to put a pellet into his head and down he came like a rock. A chorus of ejaculations arose. Every boy on the farm hastened to the spot. Vyner, Patrick Fenn and Buffalo Bill also drove up just in time to witness the affair, and Dick suddenly reappeared from nowhere. Quite a crowd! And all full of congratu-lations at her splendid shot. The flush of victory on her face, she stood there

looking very lovely.

Stella, who had added herself unto them, did her best to take the gilt off the gingerbread by relating that it was unlucky to kill eagles. She hoped (sweetly) that Felicia wouldn't find it so.

"I don't care if I do," was the hardy retort. "I'm jolly proud of my bird, and no one can crab that." She gazed ad-miringly at the big sinister-looking fellow.

Meanwhile it was time for eleven-o'clock tea. The whole party adjourned to the veranda, and the conversation fell, nat-

urally enough, on shooting.
"I know it is ungallant," grinned Dick,
"but at a shoot most women are a menace. I always feel a stirring of the scalp when one of them is in my vicinity."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dick," Paget Vyner rebuked, "and your

wife a crackerjack with a gun!"

"Yes, Stella's one of the carefullest shots I know, though, by Jove! Shonnie, that hit of yours takes some beating."

"Listen!" Stella interrupted. "Cars

coming through the drift! There was an instant's silence and then, sure enough, a car came into sight,

followed by two more

Good-by-eee!" "Visitors — in loads! Dick straightway made a bolt for it. rest, rising, gazed uneasily at the approaching invaders. Paget Vyner with field glasses up pronounced doomfully that ten persons were scattered in the three vehicles, and Stella turned dra-matically upon Felicia.

"No cake in the house! And Kowunder

"No cake in the house! And Kowunder can't even make scones with a cut thumb!"

"There's no butter either," rejoined Felicia; "at least not more than a 1ew ounces. You forgot to order it yesterday. And Jim says the cats got at the cream during the night!"

Mrs. Cardross turned lovely pathetic yes on the two men. "Who would leave eves on the two men. England to buy a farm in Rhodesia?"
"Why worry?" said Fenn. "People

should bring their own scoff with them when they travel in regiments. Yes," agreed Vyner; "pretty cool. I

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call it, invading a farm without notice and expecting to be fed!"

This was all very well, but something had to be done and Felicia could see that Stella expected her to do it. And, with Pagg's help, she managed to produce a good-sized mound of sandwiches from one loaf of bread, three hard-boiled express and the remnants of a salad. eggs and the remnants of a salad.

The fare indeed proved more distinguished than the guests, who turned out to be a party of folk from Que-Que-pronounced Kwek-quee. They professed to be going for a picnic up Poinsettia Pass, but looked as though with encouragement they might picnic at Mañana

The guests lingered. Even after the mound of sandwiches had disappeared, together with several pots of tea and the major portion of a bottle of whisky, they still stuck. So Stella held an emergency meeting with Vyner on the back veranda, returning to murmur to Felicia that she had deputed him to lure the party to Tagati with a promise to show them over the mine.

"He can easily shunt them afterwards, or, if they insist on staying, there is at least plenty of food there—and a cook to cook it too. I shall have to accompany them, of course, to save my face," whispered Stella, adding aloud: "You won't mind seeing that Cousin Letty gets some back will you Shannia?" lunch, will you, Shonnie?"

"Of course not."

"And pacifying Dick?"
"Oh, as to that——" Felicia protested.
But the plan worked, as Stella's plans But the plan worked, as Stella's plans had a way of doing, and the party took itself off, accompanied by Stella, Vyner and Fenn. Felicia, marooned alone on the stoep, felt slightly forlorn. Not that she envied Stella the society of the Queque crowd, but she wouldn't have minded visiting Tagati, only naturally no one had suggested it after Stella's careful instructions!

However, there it was. For once in a way she appeared instead of leaving to have got left! On top of a bad night a dull noon loomed before her.

It seemed, however, that she was not to be entirely deserted, for who should walk back into the scene but Patrick Fenn! He explained that he had got out at the drift and come back to fetch his stick.

"Never go anywhere without my stick," he remarked.

"Why?" she coldly inquired. "Are you

"Yes, I am rather, now you mention it," he replied with an impudent grin, and calmly seated himself. "So perhaps you won't mind my resting a bit?" "Surely you have your luncheon party to attend to?"

"I should hate to spoil Padge's splendor as host solitaire," he told her. "He does so enjoy himself ladling out drinks and pretty remarks."
Felicia took up the cudgels at once for

Vyner. "Everyone enjoys doing what he can do well," she said warmly. "As for the rest of us, we should try not to be spiteful."

He only laughed at this. "You think I'm jealous of Vyner?" As she did not answer, he added, "And you're right, I am. But not for what you think I am."

At that moment Dick walked in, cross and thirsty. "Has that crew gone? Thank the Lord for that. Where's Stella?"

While he was having a drink they explained the situation.

"Crimes of Paris! Well, thank heaven for Tagati, anyway! As for our lunch I suppose we've got to fish for it!"

Dick of course pressed Fenn to remain with them, and certainly that "strong silent man" could be sufficiently entertaining when he chose. Considering

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Name St. and No. how jolly and delightful he was, it seemed strange that he and she never could be together wthout flinging barbs at each other. With Dick as audience, however, they called a truce for once.

After luncheon, as the last of the bread had disappeared and there was no cook to make any more, or any flour where-with to make it, Felicia asked Dick what he thought was the answer. He replied that Stella probably would forget to borrow any at the mine, and it would not be a bad line for Pat and her to take the car over to Tagati. She could then bring back Stella and the borrowed bread. He couldn't go himself.

Fenn and Felicia looked at each other, exchanging challenges. The truce was up, as anyone could see by the set of his lips and the gleam in her eye

Said Fenn, evidently not liking the look of things: "There's no need to trouble Miss Lissell. I can easily run back Mrs. Cardross with the bread."

Which determined Felicia to go, if only to annoy him. "I've had an exciting day," she said. "And I"—she flicked her fingers lightly across her brow-"I should

enjoy a drive to blow away my headache."
That settled Fenn. As for Dick, he was all solicitude.

"Of course you ought to go, Shonnie.

"Of course you ought to go, Shonnie. You've been scurrying round since dawn and must be a dead duck. The blow will do you all the good in the world."

She had won! She sped to her hut and slid into the darlingest little white kasha motor coat with cuffs and a belt of soft pale green leather. As for her headache, it disappeared instantly when popped into her most captivating hat, a bluey-green inspiration giving her eyes. boluey-green inspiration, giving her eyes the mysterious allure of those turquoises sometimes seen in old jewelry. And all she could say was, if she didn't look like a spray of winter plum, no one ever would. She'd l'arn him!

Tagati, with its scattered buildings and outworks, lay serene in the afternoon sun-shine. From the Mine House came no sound or sign. Only Fenn's two dogs, Opera, a black Spanish pointer, and Bang, a setter, came leaping out to greet their master. Then a house boy suddenly appeared, and being questioned by Fenn, answered with a pointing gesture and reply: "Laapa Pointchee Pass."

Mangled by native pronunciation, this sounded to Felicia like the name of a place about two miles distant, called Poinsettia Pass, where the partners had bought land and had just finished building a marvelous house.

But Fenn without elucidating waved the boy aside, giving a brief order for tea, and Felicia made haste to descend from the car.
"Where are the others, though?"

"My boy says they left about half an hour ago.

"And Stella?" "And Stella?"
"Oh, she and Vyner are about somewhere." he said carelessly. "They'll join us presently, I expect; if not we'll look for them after we've had a cup of tea."

She followed him up the steps into the big cool general room where she had already been more than once, though never beyond any other door than that just passed through. One of these doors led into a smaller room full of books, that Fenn's special sanctum.

When tea had been consumed pleasant-enough, Fenn asked if she would care to have a look at his books, and she assented.

Clearly a sailor's room. Everything plain, simple and shipshape. For furniture, only a writing table, on which stood a portable typewriter, and a couple of deep chairs. The walls were lined from floor almost to ceiling with books, safely housed in dark oak cases with slid-

ing panels of glass.
"What a lovely lot of books!" she cried and skimmed from case to case, touching old friends, reading titles, taking out one volume after another with exclamations of delight. For she realized that here was almost every volume of poetry, travel, philosophy, biography, romance that she loved, and her heart kindled to Patrick Fenn. She turned towards him with a lovely light in her eyes.

"It is absurd of us not to be friends." she said. "We love the same books."

He was leaning in the doorway, ap-parently watching her, yet with that far gaze of his going through and past her

"Yes," he said slowly, "books can mean a lot. In the desert and on the sea they will sometimes save a man's heart from breaking quite in two."

Startled by his words, she looked straight into his eyes, and found them she looked as usual, cool and blue as the sea. But somehow, in that moment she realized that Patrick Fenn not only had a heart that could be broken in two, but had known such depths of suffering as only a nature of fine caliber could plumb.

a nature of fine caliber could plumb.

How much she had learned of him in
the little space of an afternoon! The
thought recalled her to the present and
she glanced at her watch, exclaiming:
"We've been here nearly two hours!
Where can Stella be!"

"Perhaps we'd better go and have a
look around." His suggestion contained
no particular eagerness, but the moment

no particular eagerness, but the moment for action evidently had arrived! They passed out into the late afternoon, and proceeded towards the vicinity of the shaft and mill. Round about were scat-tered various buildings: a workshop; some offices; huts for the occupation of the several white men engaged on the mine; and slightly apart the compound.

"We'll just try Goodreef at the mill, shall we? He's a real old game bird. 'Missing-reef' he's called in the mining world because he's got so much of his anatomy missing—lost it in accidents— but he's proved a Lucky-reef to us. It was his hand that led us here."

They went into the mill, a tall wood-They went into the mill, a tall wood-and-iron building with two five-stamp batteries in the middle of it, and two long tables, at one of which a one-armed man stood scraping the surface with a sort of scalpel, assisted by a bright-looking native. Fenn explained that this was the process of "scraping the plate," the table being covered with copperplate to which quicksilver had been applied to which quicksilver had been applied to

catch the gold.

Of the famous Goodreef it was immediately evident that he hailed from Yorkshire, for his accent was as broad as the moors of his country.

At Fenn's suggestion he explained to Felicia the gentle art of catching gold.
"Coom ova 'ere, lass, and I'll shaw
tha'," was the intriguing form of his tha',

invitation. She was forthwith "shawn" how the amalgam must be "squeezed" when caught, by placing the "stuff," now of

caught, by placing the "stuff," now of the consistency of putty, into a piece of chamois leather, and wringing and squeezing it, until it became a hard lump. "It weighs the earth!" Felicia ex-claimed, laughing, for when Fenn put the ball into her two hands they wavered under the lead. "How much does that "How much does that under the load. mean in money?"

"Our usual scrape of four and a half pounds per shift is worth roughly one hundred and twenty-eight pounds—the amalgam here runs fifty percent gold," said Fenn.

"And you make all that daily?" she

He cried can't and once G000 wher have "R said Feni thev saw turn 'Gos hers Th that thin a bo rival with that ahou this begu W. hous back ccv) Caro sugg othe Sh some CCT: befo have Sh start by t beha "T thro and and abru jack T real fool

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her have peop cried, scandalized. "Take me away. I can't bearrrrrr it!" she commanded Fenn, and turned laughing to the door. Then once more remembered Stella. "Oh, Mr. "Oh, Mr. Goodreef, we really came to ask you where Colonel Vyner and Mrs. Cardross have got to.

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"Reckon th'll be in t'usual place," he said shortly; then half turned to Patrick Fenn. "Did na' boy gie y' t'message that they—" He broke off; something he saw in Fenn's eye stopped him, and he turned back to his work with a mumbled "Goo'-by, lass!" to Felicia. She found herself puzzled. What could the old man mean by that remark and query?

The only conclusion to be drawn was that Fenn had been concealing something from her all the time. Certainly a boy had given him a message on arrival. He had listened, she remembered, without comment. Now she discovered

without comment. Now she discovered that the message concerned the where-abouts of Stella and the colonel! Yet all

abouts of Stella and the colone!! Yet all this time he had said nothing! Just let her hang about waiting! Had, in fact, beguiled her attention to other things. When they reached the front of the house she spoke to him with icy dignity: "If you will give me the bread I'll drive back. It seems useless to wait any longer."
"Uyner has people's taken."

"Vyner has probably taken Mrs. Cardross home by the other road," he suggested calmly.

This is the first I have heard of an-

other road."

"Well, perhaps you can hardly call it a road—a sort of track across the veld."

She didn't believe a word of it. For some reason he was trying to make a fool of her, but he shouldn't!

"It's a pity you didn't think of that before," she said scornfully. "Kindly have the bread put on."

She got into the car and Harrods started the usual crank-up business, and by the mercy of heaven, the Underseas

by the mercy of heaven, the Underseas behaved itself for once.

"Do you think you can manage it through the drift?" the offender inquired.

through the drift?" the offender inquired.
"If I can't I'll leave it in the river bed, and walk home," she rapped back curtly, and swung the thing around with such abruptness that he had to jump like a jack rabbit to get out of the way in time. That was a slight consolation but no real revenge for the way she had been fooled. She doubted that there was any truth or sincertity in the man at all. He was an odious brute. She'd never speak to the man again if she could help it.

On arriving at the farm she sounded the horn with brisk impatience for someone to open the garage door, but instead of a boy, Dick came forth, swaying with nonchalant grace. Certainly it was the

nonchalant grace. Certainly it was the legitimate hour for "sundowners" but even so he had evidently been getting ahead with them more than was neces-sary. He admitted the fact without being impeached.

ing impeached.

"This is my fourth," he bragged. "But if you people will go off and leave a fellow alone from lunch till sunset, what can you expect? Where's Stella?"

Felicia, spite of all, had entertained a faint hope of finding the others home before her and was unprepared for the question; but fortunately the hoot of an approaching car saved further complications.

"Ah! Here she comes—and your."

"Ah! Here she comes—and Vyner," cried Dick, and went to meet them. In a moment they all came into the house together. Stella was protesting to Dick, her silvery tones more dégagés than usual:

"You've not been nearly so bored as I have, my dear! Those awful Que-Que people simply stuck and stuck until nearly five. In common humanity I had to stay at the mine and help Padge out."

To say that Felicia was struck dumb at

this statement so far removed from the real facts, is to say nothing. Stella sank with an air of ineffable fatigue into the most comfortable chair. Paget Vyner wore a worried scowl, as well might anyone who did not love lies.

"It must have been a riot," commented Dick, bustling to the business of regaling the weary ones. "Shonnie just came back pale and worn a few minutes ago. Why didn't you two bring her, instead of letting her wrestle alone with that darned car?"

That must have been something in the nature of a thunderbolt, and in the short sharp silence that fell, Felicia did not look at either of them.

It was certainly an awkward moment for everyone except Dick, who suspected nothing. But fate in the shape of Countess Karamine was kind. She made a welcome interruption, hobbling in on her stick, dressed for dinner, in purple georgette and pearls.

georgette and pearls.

Vyner, leaping up like a glad hare released from a trap, busied himself settling her carefully. Stella began babbling like a brook. Dick, still clear-headed enough to remember the "spotting" propensities of his Cousin Letty's eagle eye, mumbled something about not realizing how late it was and tedded off. how late it was, and toddled off.

The countess inquired anxiously whether Vyner was staying to dinner. Stella did not at once respond to the significant inquiry, so the lady clinched the matter in her usual dictatorial fashion by inviting him herself.

"But of course you must stop!"
"I'll stop with pleasure if this get-up can be overlooked."

can be overlooked."
"Of course," said Stella absently, her mind obviously elsewhere.
As for Felicia, she hurried away to instruct Pagg, and afterwards to her own hut, feeling thoroughly cross, disillusioned and tired, and wishing heartily that she could escape them all by going to bed—or out into the lovely peace of the night. For by now a flawless moon of pearl hung overhead, tender and luminous. The kind of moon one wanted to be out under with the one true and perfect friend! But that thought only brought a stab to her heart and a bright

perfect friend! But that thought only brought a stab to her heart and a bright splash of color to each cheek. Back came weariness, bewilderment and anger.

She meditated moodily while changing her gown. True, it was really no business of hers that Stella should lie about her movements during the afternoon—and Paget Vyner abet the lie. For his silence had given consent, and somehow she felt sickeningly disappointed in him. she felt sickeningly disappointed in him, and hurt. She hated, too, being in a conspiracy to deceive Dick.

Moreover, the headache she had pre-tended to earlier in the afternoon had descended upon her in earnest. Served her jolly well right too, she reflected. After all, in that she had been no better than Stella, so far as lying was concerned, though for a different reason. As she stood dabbing her forehead with eau de Cologne, a tap came on the door and Stella stepped in.

"Oh, Shonnie," she began in a some-what constrained manner, "I wanted to thank you for standing by so gamely just now. Of course I knew I could trust you now. Of course I knew I could brush you not to give me away, but it was sweet of you all the same."

Standing by! Give her away! Felicia stared at her coldly. "I don't understand you, Stella."

"The year you do. Don't be so stand-

"Oh, yes, you do. Don't be so standoffish. You know quite well what a scene
you could have precipitated by letting
Dick tumble to it that I wasn't at the
mine all the afternoon."

Felicia, turning to the dressing table,
took up a comb and began to attack



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her hair. Stella stood waiting with such patience as she could command no very large stock, to judge by the viper-ous glance she shot at the other's back. In fact, it would have been plain to any observer that she was not enjoying her task of placation, and only performed it from some mysterious necessity of which

she alone knew the secret.

"Having spent the afternoon as you chose, Stella, I can't help wondering why

you should bother to lie about it."
"Can't you? Well, you could perhaps if you knew Dick better. A man half drunk is an uncertain quantity, and—"Oh, please!" The girl made a gesture of distaste.

"But you must listen." Stella's voice lost its silvery note and grew harsh. "I won't have you laying all the blame on me. Dick can be awful when his jeal-ousy is aroused, especially when he's been drinking, and that is the reason lied, instead of acknowledging that I had been driving with Padge."

It sounded a pretty thin and—in view of Dick's invariable good temper and unsuspecting nature—a singularly lame story. Felicia's eyes must have made the story. Felicia's eyes must have made the point her lips refrained from, for Stella

grew shrilly angry.

"I can see you disbelieve me, but you don't know Dick, I tell you, and you don't know what rows there have been in the past—all about nothing too, men I haven't cared a tuppenny bit for—but I do care about Padge and Pat Fenn, and do care about Padge and Pat Fenn, and if anything interfered with my friendship for those two—" There was complete silence for a moment. When she continued, it was in a curiously shaken "The friendship of those two-and Tagati, to get away to sometimes, is all I've got in life. That's the truth." Felicia was profoundly shocked, but

if Stella did not feel for herself the un-written law that these things must be kept locked in the heart, it was no use trying to impart such instincts to her! Nothing to do but remain silent until this trailing of human dignity in the dust was finished with, and the trailer had taken herself off. But Stella, having finished, showed no signs of quitting, so Felicia proceeded to say something that might

possibly cause her to leave.

"Friendships with unmarried men are all right if one doesn't, in view of their ephemeral quality, let them assume too much importance in one's life."

Stella stirred. "You mean those two will morry some days"

will marry some day?'

ELICIA'S shoulders made a slight, regretful movement. "Then where will I be? . . . Is that what you mean?"

"If you care to put it that way," said Felicia quietly. "Generally speaking, there is always the inevitable break."

"In this case there won't be. How wise you are, my dear Shonnie," Stella mocked softly. "But in this case your wisdom doesn't happen to apply. Neither Padge Vyner nor Patrick Fenn will ever think of marrying—while I need him."

Felicia staring at herself in the glass saw a strange light spring into her own eyes, but her voice remained composed. "That is a bold thing to say about the will of other human beings!"

"One is bold when one is perfectly cer-tain of one's ground," said Stella firmly, entirely mistress of herself once more. She moved idly towards the door, but paused for an instant. "Of course I'm paused for an instant. "Of course I'm not saying that I might not, some day, give one of them permission—even further the affair if it pleased me so to do."

"I must Her accents were dovelike. "I must hurry now or I shall be late for dinner!"

At that function several things were patent. Notably that Dick's fair hair was sleekly wet, to the distinct. Also of his speech and manner. Also of his speech and manner. had sleekly wet, to the distinct improvement Also that transferred itself to Paget Vyner. He was quite frankly distrait, almost unhappy-looking. She, curiously enough, had captured a mood of unusual gayety. She teased and rallied everyone, especially Dick on his terrific farming efforts that wore him to the bone.

"What you need, my dear, is a brisk walk every night after dinner," she announced, "and I am going to start you off on that good rule this very evening." "What! No bridge tonight?" It was

pathetic to see his incredulous pleasure at the prospect of having his wife to himself for once.

"Rather not!" said Stella sweetly. "On such a night? Haven't you noticed the moon, darling?"

"I have," said Vyner into Felicia's ear; "and thought what a perfect night it would be for a stroll with the one perfect

companion.

'Never the time and the place.'" She looked at him, coolly satirical, but he returned the glance challengingly.
"I intend, one of these days or nights,

to prove Browning wrong in that."
"You must tell me about it afterwards," she replied with indifference.

"There'll be no need," he returned, still under cover. But the countess, on his off-side, claimed him then, announcing:
"After dinner, Shonnie, you must play for us while I read Colonel Vyner my description of the night we set out for We'll have a Russian evening.

It turned out, however, to be quite Rhodesian in character. Certainly, after Stella had gone off with Dick for their walk, the scene was set, for a time, among spies, ice fields, snowy steppes and The countess read dramatically about these things, while Felicia made soft harmonies on the piano. But Paget Vyner had arranged his chair so that his eyes could be on the girl at the piano. And they were disconcerting eyes, full of a stormy magnetism rather disturbing to a conscientious accompanist

She began reducing her efforts to the utmost minimum of sound, so that when at last she gently left off altogether the reader scarcely missed her. Vyner, spying her intention, sent her a look of concentrated pleading, but she merely made

a face at him and flitted.

Down by the river it was as peerless as ne had known it would be. The dark she had known it would be. water mirrored the moon's serene loveliness amidst little scattering clouds. Soft cries of night things echoed across the empty spaces. Felicia sat on a large flat black rock in the very heart of the river bed, secluded from the drift but open to the miracle of the skies.

How anyone could accurately surmise that on all the Rhodesian veld she had chosen that particular spot to be in, was enosen that particular spot to be in, was impossible to explain. Astonishing, too, that a man once seized in the countess' clinch should be able to break away. But in fairly quick time Paget Vyner achieved both these miracles. It seemed that no sooner had Felicia deserted than Buffalo Bill and Malcolm turned up on the change of actions a game of bridge. the chance of getting a game of bridge, and were cordially invited by the countess to become part of her audience.

"You should have seen their faces when they realized what they were in for," chuckled the graceless Vyner. "As soon as she got well into her stride again, I folded my tent like the Arabs and silently stole away."

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"Very mean of you!" said Felicia.
"Cousin Letty not only has a high opinion of your literary criticism, but sets an inordinate value on your society."
"Inordinate' is scarcely flattering!"

He had sat down beside her on the rock.
"It is not, for instance, the word I should
use in describing my passion for your society

"Very wise of you." she retorted dryly, "since I should not believe you anyway." Why?

"Does it matter why?" she asked. "To me, yes, very much."

SHE said then, deliberately: "For reasons sundry and quite recent, it is possible I might hesitate to take your word on even so unimportant a matter.'

"It is not an unimportant matter to me," he insisted, then paused. "I know what you mean," he said at last. "It has made me miserable all the evening and will continue to haunt me long after you've forgotten it."

She remained silent and waiting. "What can I say?" he asked helplessly.
"If I point out that it was not my lie I sound like a cad, yet the fact remains perfectly true."

Felicia determined he should get no help from her. When presently he continued, his voice contained a certain measure of masculine impatience.

"If only Stella had been frank! There was no reason why she shouldn't except some feminine one incomprehensible to Perhaps she has explained to you what mad impulse made her conceal so innocent a matter as a drive across the

But Felicia was not going to be drawn on the subject of what Stella had said. "But as she was not frank, what could

"But as she was not frank, what could
I do but keep silence?" he pleaded.
"Won't you try to see my position?"
"Does it really matter what I think?"
she repeated, but less obdurately, for she had to admit he had put his case well. "Shonnie! Won't you realize how much

everything you think and do and say matters to me?"

It seemed time for her to get up from the rock, and she did so in one swift, almost feline movement. There was danger in the moonlight and in his words, for one who had not decided that she wanted to hear such words on his Danger too in the fact that, as she rose, he caught her hand and held it against his lips; and in the warm, seduc-tive voice that had a curious power of reaching the brain via the backbone! "Please don't say and do such things!"

she said, assembling as much firmne and dignity as she could, with a hand still pressed against hot lips and a trem-

ing in her blood.
"How can I help it? You are the loveliest thing on earth—a man would be a stick or a stone not to covet you for his own! Shonnie!

He was standing beside her now, and the lure of his voice and her own trem-bling blood made a little wild song that sang in her heart or her wrists. It is just possible that in another second she might have been in his arms, accepting his kisses, but for a clear cold sound that fell between them like a stone. "Coo-ee!" It came from the right

bank where, outlined clear in the light above them, stood Dick and Stella. "Coo-ee!" the latter called again, on a bell-like note. "Come on up, and we'll go home together.'

An irretrievable quarrel springs up between the Tagati partners—a quarrel whose source cannot be probed even by their closest friends—and Rhodesia is agog with conjectures—in Cynthia Stockley's Next Installment

## Ladies' Man

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(Continued from page 45)

daughter, who played a spectacular part. Jamie himself was absent.

There was an awkward halt in the ceremonials. The people, having been driven to their places, were invited back to the floor and urged to dance again and again.

and again.

At last Mrs. Fendley appeared, evidently in a state of agitation that was almost beyond pretense of control. She was panting and some of her jewels were comically askew. Her young daughter came in later, looking as if she had been through a storm that had subdued even her stormy soul. Next, the dauntless Sibyl Page arrived with an even more hysterical air and a costume in some disarray. Her long sleeves were rumpled and one of them was torn.

Others who had been cast in promi-

Others who had been cast in prominent parts were tardy or absent altogether. Much was made of this later. The Master of Ceremonies, after whispering to Mrs. Fendley and the rest, and having received various messengers who

having received various messengers who shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, evidently despaired of finding Jamie, and ordered Potiemkin's triumph to proceed without Potiemkin. The or-chestra broke forth with Slavic frenzy and the grand march began.

Mrs. Fendley, fighting an evident longing to swoon, managed to reach the throne, leaning heavily on her escort, while the tremor of her knees imparted an agitation to the almost incredible am-plitude of her skirts.

The court and all the foreign embassies gathered about her in a stupor of curi-osity, and the Master of Ceremonies stammered the presentations that Potiemkin had rehearsed. Potiemkin was so conspicuously missing that everybody in the ballroom was whispering:

Where is Jamie Darricott?"

Jamie Darricott was on the pavement outside, dead and unrecognizable except for the infamously expensive grandeur of the costume he had designed for the most insolent of all his insolences.

And now all about his broken body there were flashing gems from his shat-tered mantle. They had gone bouncing and scuttering across the pavement in a priceless rain when he struck, and many averagely honest people were scooping them up and pocketing them. Some were getting their fingers crushed as they groped underfoot.

they groped underfoot.

They would cherish a genuine grudge against Jamie when they found that the diamonds were paste and rhinestones. They would say that Jamie's glitter had never been anything but paste and rhinestones. They would say many things about Jamie, who had caused so much talk while he lived, and so much, much more when he died.

But what would they not say about

But what would they not say about il those who had known him? Whom

all those who had known him? Whom would they not accuse of his death?

Jamie had crowded a vast amount of ruthless vivacity into his last few years. Somebody else had crowded a tremendous amount of anguish and terror into Jamie's last few moments. But he was out of it now. He had quit the town and his crowd, many of whom would spend their lives trying to explain and to atone for their acquaintance with him, while the public and the police tore their reputations and their lives to pieces trying to find the answer to the conun-drum of his exit.

"Somebody ought to kill Jamie Darricott!

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So many people had said that, and so often, that it had become a byword. So many people thought they had as good reason for killing him as anybody ever had for killing anybody, that somebody did kill him, suspicion darted a hundred ways at once: the police cast their nets about a score of eminent families; the newspapers spread a dozen lives before a public with an insatiable lust for scandal about the rich.

In a country devoted to murder be-yond all others ever known, many men openly envied the man—if it was a man —who had had the courage to "bump off Darricott."

In a country where women are un-rivaled in the art of killing men, many men and women said that the womanif it was a woman—had done a belated bit of house-cleaning and had saved who could tell how many other women from Darricott's uncanny spells!

ET there was everywhere a certain Y tang of regret that Jamie was no more; for he had added a tang of liveliness even to New York. There was almost a loneliness in the premature removal of the flippant, frivolous good-for-naught who took it as a compliment when people called him the Man without a Conscience. Jamie had tried to live up to that airy sobriquet, and to turn the damnation into a compliment.

When he was gone life was suddenly duller, as a play is when the villain is foiled too soon. With Mephisto missing, foiled too soon. With Mephisto missing, nobody cares what happens to Faust or

Gretchen.

Who put Jamie out of the cast? This was the riddle that woke innumerable guesses. There was no lack of clues. They ran in all Clues were everywhere. directions and ended at all sorts of peo-ple. There was an embarrassment of suspects, and motives no end

The passing of Jamie inspired-or at least, brought on-a thousand sermons, thousands of editorials, cartoons, jokes, essays, articles, satires, also songs, books even, sketches, movies, talkies and plays devoted to that eternally fascinating game: the heaping of scorn on the rich by the poor, on the exclusive by the excluded.

The wealthy and the fashionable were all lumped together in one Sodom and Gomorrah, and the brimstone fell on just and unjust alike, on the pure and and sweet and simple as well as

on their opposites.

The police and the detectives who broke into the hotel as soon as Jamie was identified searched first for the room whence he had been jettisoned. People differed as to the position of the window and even as to the floor it was on. Quarrels started in the street and strangers glared red-eyed at one another and screamed, "It was de nint' story!"
"You're bughouse; it was de eight'!"
"You're bot' blind; it was de tent'!"

All doubt ended when it was learned that Mrs. Fendley had engaged a whole suite on the eighth floor to serve as dressing rooms for herself, her son and daughter and Jamie and a few friends who did not care to pass through the streets in the cumbrous dresses they had to wear. She had also given a dinner there to fifty guests, and it was rumored that much liquor was discovered when the detectives poured in, though none was found there when they poured out.

The fatal window was soon recognized and certified, and the police closed the room to everybody, including the reporters, while they made the most scientific search for evidence, of which there was a plethora. At least it was reported that one of the chief officers kept murmuring:

"Enough is enough, but too much is aplenty. We gotta go easy, boys, or we'll blow the roof off this whole town."

Less fortunate officers were sent to question all the people who had been at Mrs. Fendley's dinner or had used one of the dressing rooms or dropped in for a cocktail. They subjected the most autocratic aristocrats to an inquisition hardly different from that employed on pickpockets or gunmen.

They assumed everybody to be guilty, and highly resolved that the Darricott murder should not lengthen the long list of crimes for which nobody had paid a

In the meanwhile a pack of newspa-per sleuths joined the swarm of news-paper men and women who had already been sent to describe the costumes and compile word pictures of the pageant. The crime-hounds applied the even more terrifying third degree of the press. Flash-light photographers were as numerous as fireflies on a summer night. There was a battle-like succession of explosions. and all the ceilings crawled with clouds of dun smoke.

Naturally, it was not long before the Potiemkin Pageant was as completely was as completely ator. There was a wrecked as its creator. panic to escape and a greater panic when it was learned that the crowds in the streets would have made it almost impossible to find gangway, even if the police had not barred all the exits.

At every newspaper office every tele-none was clattering. The "morgues" phone was clattering. The "more were ransacked for biographies, typewriters were hammering out all the gossip known, guessed or invented about Darricott and everybody that knew him.

This was only the beginning, the first plunk of the first pebble in the pool. The circles of scandal would widen and widen, riding higher and higher and engulfing supposedly impregnable personages. For Jamie had an immense acquaintance and had almost earned the phrase once invoked to describe a power ful journalist: "He darkened no doorsill that he did not leave a stain upon.

But the first to be involved and published were the Fendleys. Others came but the Fendleys bore the brunt of the first barrage of scandal, and their hitherto moderately obscure name was immediately famous in China, Para-

guay, Uruguay and Natal.

Hardly anybody dared endanger his own good name by coming to the de-fense of the Fendleys and they were delivered to the public chained and naked. like the queens and princesses and princes dragged along the streets in an ancient Roman triumph. Jamie was the ghoulish conqueror who haled them after his hearse as if it were a chariot and he alive and jeering as usual.

In the papers there was hardly any pretense of uncertainty or of discretion in the references to the Fendleys. It was flatly stated that Mr. Horace Fendley, the well-known capitalist, had quarreled with his wife because of the attentions she had accepted from young Jamie Darricott, who had begun modestly as bond salesman with an ingratiating southern accent and had ended as a young man of mysteriously acquired money and a high position as the darling of New York's fashionable woman-

With an occasional "it is said," or a covering "alleged" or "reported," one or two of the papers dared to drag in young Miss Fendley, Miss Rachel Fendley, though only one of them ventured to publish the fact that her always anxious cronies called her "Rakehell Fendley."

Only one paper openly printed what everybody was saying: that Darricott. having bled Mrs. Fendley of much money, had grown tired of her and had decided to marry this wealthy daughter, whom he had infatuated quite as completely. counter-chatter ran Fendley had refused to give him up, or to give him any excuse for a break with her, either from horror at the infamy of his presumption, or from a desire to pro-tect the daughter from such an adventurer, or from unwillingness to relinquish such a prize as all women seemed to consider Jamie-to the surprise of all men.

When the sponsors of the costume hall had begun to resign rather than share in the scandal its announcement stirred, Mrs. Fendley had stubbornly determined to give it anyway. Her power and her courage and a great curiosity to see what would happen had carried it through.

A few croakers had prophesied that the comedy would be turned into a tragedy and had pleaded with Mrs. Fendley to call it off, but she had what one of the newspapers called "a courage worthy of a better cause," and Darricott had every other vice but timidity.

The result was that his astonishing career was cut short and his sins expiated by a death as spectacular as was baffling. Only one thing was certain in the tumult: somebody, either in a sudden explosion of rage or as the result of a minutely planned approach, had caught him alone, precipitated him from a window, and torn his hands loose without exposing more than his or her own hands to an immense crowd of observers.

While the deed would seem to have been the work of a powerful man, it could have been accomplished easily by the sudden rush of an impetuous woman, young or old, slight or matronly, who might have flung him across the low and ripped his hands aside before

he could climb back.

The police therefore took into custody a number of persons of both sexes whose names the newspapers promised to give with further details in the next editions. And gave-lavishly, recklessly.

VERYBODY knows, yet nobody believes, E that there are just as vicious individuals among the poor as among the richmore of them, indeed, since the poor are so much more numerous.

But the atrocities of the lowly are less interesting; perhaps because they are shabby; perhaps because they seem more excusable; perhaps because the poor have a grudge against the rich; finally, no doubt, because there is no glamour about them

What goes on in the blind alleys of moles and rabbits does not seem to mat-But when peacocks and peater much. hens squawk and fight and strew their opulent terraces with iridescent feathers, the scandal is fascinatingly appalling.

The abominable squabble between the Fendleys, mother and daughter, over the same young man was bloodcurdling for primitive reasons. But that was not all of it. There was the fierce young bounder, Peyton Weldon, inexcusably wealthy and snobbish and imperative. He loved Rachel—at least he called it love.

Though he had inherited his fortune from those who had accumulated it by methods no longer even legal, he could not endure the presence of Jamie Darricott in the sacred purlieus of those whose wealth was a generation old.

The father of Rachel, Horace Fendley, was just an average millionaire in a country that breeds millionaires by the hundred. He was a big man in banks consolidated of many banks, but at home he blustered in vain. He was outbluffed because there had always been limits beyond which he would not go, and this was a handicap in a contest with a wife and a daughter who were willing not only to threaten anything but to carry it out.

He had also a son, one of those human lilies whose lot it is to adorn or desecrate some rich dunghill. His parents, having been more or less in love at the time of his birth, had named him Anthony after an uncle, but as he grew to manhood his acquaintances dubbed him Saint An-thony, and called him "the perfect dub."

In a small town or in any of the great a small town or in any of the great calm villages that make up a large part of New York, Anthony Fendley would have matured as an admirable, re-spectable and useful citizen taking an important part in church work and civic betterment. He would have been accepted as the normal and ideal young man and would have been as happy as a Puritan in old Salem—or new Salem

But in that mad family of his and their mad entourage poor Anthony was like a missionary cast ashore in a Fijian spring-

time fertility festival.

It is frightful enough for the most unscrupulous man to see his sister's feet taking hold on hell. To see his mother leading the way to a deeper pit will break the toughest man's heart. Anthony Fendley's heart was broken early. His brain had seemed to be cracking of late as well.

Perhaps it was only the contrast with the crack-brained habits of others. Perhaps it was only that his ideals looked mad because they seemed futile, and that he came to be regarded as going mad because he would not give up.

Like other gentle souls, he could grow suddenly and amazingly angry and al-ways with what seemed to others the least possible excuse. Even his parents and his sister were a little afraid of him in these moods. They had been frequent and furious ever since the first announcement of the Potiemkin Ball.

He had implored his mother not to go, and had wept with earnestness. But she was a little mad herself with love. She had mocked his prayers.

He had been heard to say that somebody ought to kill Jamie Darricott, and had wondered aloud if that terrible task were going to be imposed on him. Some-body mentioned this to the police and they arrested him. For he was at the ball, in spite of his scruples. He explained that this was only be-cause he could not keep his mother and

his sister from going to the ball, and he had gone with them to give them at least the shelter of his name. But this was doubted.

His father had muttered to certain people that he would kill Darricott if he not leave town. But before Fendley could carry out his threat he slipped and fell on the icy steps of the very hotel where the ball was held. Doctor Emery, whom he had been consulting and who was with him at the time, fixed imwas with him at the time, fixed improvised splints and had him carried to his own office in the hotel, where he put plaster casts on both legs and on the left wrist and sentenced him to weeks, perhaps months, of immobility in bed.

After the murder, the police detectives invaded his room to ask questions.

Horace Fendley made no secret of his relief at Jamie's death, and said that he regretted only that his own broken bones had kept him from breaking

All these people and others were caught in the first cast of the police dragnet. Several well-known crooks were garnered, and the police mocked their plausible explanations that they were just looking about so that in case anybody dropped a

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diamond they might restore it and receive an honest reward. One or two of them were killers, and in costume.

They were all questioned and all of them, whether from confused guilt or innocence in consternation, contradicted themselves and plainly withheld information.

These cross-examinations were carried on all night in the suite reserved by Mrs. Fendley for her festival. It was still so strewn with the hasty preparations of fantastic toilets that the room whence Jamle made his final departure by the window was simply littered with traces of all the suspects.

While the most advanced methods of detective science were being applied to reducing the embarrassment of clues, one

feducing the embarrassment of clues, one was turned up that brought in a new figure, Sibyl Page.

Mrs. Fendley, Miss Fendley, Peyton Weldon and four or five other suspects more or less reluctantly agreed that Miss Page was the last person known to have been with Darricott, and she was unanimously elected a member of their most uncomfortable club, with all the privileges of the headlines.
Sibyl Page had been seen with Jamie Darricott a great deal of late, in cir-

cumstances that would have compromised any young woman, if any circumstances can compromise any young woman any more.

She was a girl of unusual athletic power and prowess, such a girl as would cross Africa alone and collect her own lion skins. If Jamie had been accurately skins. shot, from no matter how great a dis-tance, Sibyl Page would have been elected by acclamation as his assassin.

So the order was sent out to bring her in. The officer who found her made the mistake of saying, "Come along!" and laying his hand on her arm, gripping it. A little cry escaped her, for her arm was bruised and wounded.

As she marched to the elevator she was doubtless remembering the first time she had met Jamie. It was just as she was beginning to be a little famous herself.

When Sibyl Page returned to New York from a long journey through the lion-country in Africa with a black retinue and no white companion, man or woman, she was not important enough, of course, to be met down the bay, but the ship-scouts ran her down, made her pose on the deck, and published wild exaggerations as to the number and ferocity of the lions she had slain.

Long before she arrived an ambush had been prepared for her by Mrs. Fanny Blanton, the Mrs. Fanny Blanton who was so notoriously addicted to chasing celebrities. There had been a lull in lords, a famine in princes, and a dearth of visiting foreign generals.

There was not even a London novelist or a Hindu lecturer on the horizon. So Mrs. Blanton lay in wait for Sibyl, found out by no little toil the name of the hotel where she had made a reservation by wireless, and had her on the tele-phone before the last porter had bestowed the last of her luggage.
"I'd like to speak to Miss Page."

"This is Miss Page."

"Is that really you, Sibyl darling?"
"Ye-es?" said Sibyl tentatively, wondering whose darling she might be now.
"This is Fanny Blanton. You haven't

forgotten me, have you?"
"I should hope not." This was literally true, for she could only hope that she had not forgotten whoever Fanny Blanton might be.

There was one good habit Fanny had: when she introduced herself she introduced herself.

"So should I hope not, my dear, though it's years since we used to know each other. You called me 'Aunt Fanny,' then, though, of course, it was only an hon-orary title since your mother and I were orary title since your mother and I were such friends. I should hope you haven't forgotten your fat old Aunt Fanny. You wouldn't know me by sight, of course. The years have taken their toll."

She had already brought herself back as vividly as if she had set up television.

Sibyl was instantly alive to her mother's dislike of the woman, and her own. She remembered that Mrs. Blanton's lap was slippery, her kisses unwelcome; she had nominated herself Sibyl's "Aunt Fanny

with no excuse but her own whim.
"Oh, my dear, how you must have changed!" Mrs. Blanton was clattering. "I remember once seeing you as a little girl almost beat a big boy to death for killing a sparrow with a sling shot. And now you shoot down rhinossyhosses and up elephants and puncture lions. You're world-famous."
"Well, hardly that."

"Oh, yes, you are. And I'm something of a big-gamester myself. You simply must let me tell you of some of the enormously interesting people I've met since you buried yourself in the wilds." We lion-huntresses should get together. You must come to me Wednesday for a little dinner."

"What beastly luck!" said Sibyl. "I shan't be in town so long. My parents are in the South. I've simply got to dash down and renew acquaintance."

"Make it Monday, then, darling. Do!"
"Td love nothing better; but unfortunately I'm leaving tomorrow night."
"Then you must lunch with me tomor-

row and I'll take you to the train in my own car."

It infuriated Sibyl that of all the people in town, the first one to greet her should be the last one she wanted to see. But what could one do? what can one

She had shot a boa constrictor hanging across her path. She had scared two big elephants from a lonely plain by running at them waving her hat. She had chased a big half-naked negro porter a furlong with his own spear in her hand. She had sat in her camp chair and grossly insulted into submis sion a threatening African king in a silk hat, with thirty wives and seventy-five warriors around him.

Yet she dared not shake off a harm-less old nuisance who was not even visible, and meekly answered:

"Of course. It's perfectly sweet of you. Where and when?" "The Ritz—at one?"

"How lovely! Good-by till then."

She was tempted to seize the telephone in both hands and tear it from its moorings. But she never got any pleasure from bullying inanimate objects, and sat pounding her knees with her fists and gnarring at the world.

Sibyl managed to be on time for her appointment and she returned Aunt Fanny's hug and kiss with perfect hypocrisy. It irked her to be introduced in all directions with the verbal celebration of a press agent, but she bowed and smiled like a good little girl. While Mrs. Blanton ordered, Sibyl cast

her eyes about the assembled nibblers and gobblers, and skimmed the new

things in costume.

Her idle gaze was caught and de-tained, let go and recaptured, by a young man who was not looking at her and did not know of her existence, yet who interested her puzzlingly. There was nothing wonderful about him; yet— What was there about him?

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Other men in the room were far handsomer; a few were of a commanding ugliness. A few had a famous look. Some were alert for adventure; their eyes ever on the prowl for something

But that young man—what was there about him? Without seeming bored, he looked a little less than contented. posite him was a middle-aged woman who worshiped him with hungry eyes.

who worshiped him with hungry eyes.

She had been beautiful once and
would have been beautiful still if she
could have been grateful for what she had
had and what she still had left.
But there was a mournfulness in her
eyes; an extreme terror of winter. She
was autumn cowering in her golden

was autumn cowering in her goiden leaves, mourning the more because the lost summer had been so bounteous. Sibyl was beautiful, and young, too, but could never believe herself beautiful or feel herself young. When men told or feel herself young. When men told her how fair she was, how luscious, she made a homely face and laughed. She liked to be decent and up-to-date, but never dreamed of using the comeliness of her features as an incantation or of making herself the victim of her own loveliness. loveliness.

She was still virginal, but from no terror of malekind, from no piety and no serious effort for chastity, only from indifference alike to voluptuousness and modesty. She had the strenuous audacity of a Diana before Actson made her conscious of her nakedness and before Endymion taught her what it means to yearn.

In the faded beauty at table with the young man she recognized at once one of those unhappy women who grieve over their dead selves, regard themselves as the forlorn widows of their own youth, and will not be consoled.

At first Sibyl thought of her with a little contempt. Then it occurred to her that there was much to be said for those who can suffer greatly, for those waning beauties who will not be put off with platitudes, who cling frenetically to their treasures as they run out of their weakening hands.

The doomed beauty was probably the mother of the young man opposite, the handsome young man—already he was improving upon study. But plainly his mother could not accept the inherited charm of a second generation as a fair exchange for the charm of her own. That form of immortality, that entail of wealth, is, to certain flerce spirits, only

Time's insult added to Time's injury. Sibyl was just wondering why the young man did not feel more sympathy for his adoring mother, when Mrs. Blan-

ton broke in on her reverie:
"Fascinating devil, isn't he?" Sibyl had to string the syllables to-

Sibyl had to string the syllables together again in her memory before she
could say: "Who's a fascinating devil?"
"The young man you're staring at."
"Was I staring at a young man? I
think I was really studying his mother."
"His mother?" Mrs. Blanton snorted.
"The woman with the large earrings?—
the one who's leaning her cheek on her
right hand now?" right hand now?

"His mother! Oh, if she could hear you say that! She's old enough to be his mother; but, the Œdipus complex, eh?

—no; it won't explain Jamie Darricott and Helena Fendley."

"Jamie who?" "You haven't heard of Jamie? Well, you have been in darkest Africa. But you never saw such hunting there as is going on all around you. Jamie is the chief pelt in town. Everybody captures him but nobody can hold him. Helena Fendley has kept Jamie longer than

anybody but she pays a price. She certainly pays a price!"
"Pays? How?"

"With money, of course."
"You mean that the man—Jamie, you ay?—actually takes money?"

"Well, I've never seen him taking marked bills, but—"

"A plain gigolo?" "Not in the least! There's nothing of the gigolo in Jamie, and he's certainly not plain. He's beautiful."

not plain. He's beautiful."
"Do you think so? I don't."
"Well, stop looking at him or you will."
Sibyl smiled. She could smile now in
Aunt Fanny's face, for she noted even
in Mrs. Blanton's eyes a sudden dreaminess as she studied Jamie. Even as she
denounced him, her face was veiled with a loneliness that made her hawky fea-

tures almost tender. "You're lucky to have missed Jamie, and if you're wise you'll hang on to your luck. He's simply ruinous."

Sibyl smiled again with lofty security.

Mrs. Blanton grew more earnest:
"He's a regular—what d'you call it?—
that fly you have in Africa that gives
you the sleeping sickness." 'The tsetse?'

"That's it! Jamie's a regular tsetse. "That's it! Jamie's a regular tsetse. He gets into your blood and you never recover. They call him the Man without a Conscience. They say he was born without one. Imagine it! The convenience of it, the comfort!"

"Perhaps he has a conscience, and it hasn't been awakened."

"Awakened? Well, if Jamie hasn't got chronic insomnia, it's not for lack of everybody trying to keep him awake. Why, even I had a whack at him. But he could see that I was not worth working. My poor husband didn't leave me

My poor husband didn't leave me enough to interest Jamie."
"Did Mrs.—Fendley?—did her husband leave her so much?"

"Oh, heavens, he's not dead. He's very much alive, except to what's going on at home. Everybody in town knows it but Horace."

"Not the Horace Fendley?"

"No less

Sibyl did not realize how enthralled she was with all this unworthiness. She murmured absently: "Perhaps the right woman hasn't come along to waken him." "Waken Horace?"

"Jamie. There's nothing hard about his features.

"No, it's only his heart that's hard, if he has one. waken him?" Do you want to try to

mooning about over men makes me a bit sick. It's just stupid. I could never understand it."

"Maybe it's you that need awakening."
"I'm not even drowsy. I've got my
eyes wide open. I'm fond of men—fond
of a lot of rascals. But these lovesick
men-chasers—I can't understand them
enough even to despise them."
"Steer clear of Jemie or you'll learn

"Steer clear of Jamie or you'll learn what lovesickness means." "I doubt it. I might pine away for some great hero, some wonderful poet or singer, but I doubt even that. Your Jamie hasn't any special talent, has he?" "Only one. He drives women out of their minds."

"But why?"

"Oh, my dear! are you still young enough to be asking why? Why is a sunset; why is a rose; why is anything?" "Well, I'll take your word for it. I've

seen African savages go mad over some ugly idol, some hideous juju, and New York women are probably quite as barbaric when they get started. But your Jamie leaves me cold."

This was like challenging something



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CALVERT SCHOOL 58 W. Tuscany Road, Baltimore, Md. sacred, and Mrs. Blanton, after pouting a moment, abruptly pried open her hand bag and began to scratch about in the rubbish there. She found at last a little memorandum book and a sliver of pencil. She tore out a page, wrote on it, beck-oned the waiter, put the note in his hand and said:

"Give this to Mr. Darricott-the young man at the-

"Oh, I know Mr. Darricott," said the waiter, and sidled away among the tables. Mrs. Blanton explained:

'Now we'll see whether you're immune to Jamie."

"You haven't sent for him?"
"That's exactly what I've done."
"But he won't leave Mrs. Fendley

alone.

"Oh, won't he? Leaving women is his strongest card. Watch what happens." Out of the corner of her eye Sibyl could see the waiter approach Jamie, lay could see the waiter approach Jamie, lay the note by his plate, indicate the table it came from, and retreat. She saw Jamie look at the folded paper with a weary indifference, take it up and read it while Mrs. Fendley went all in a twitter of anxiety, then stared hard at Mrs. Blanton and still harder at Sibyl.

Jamie read, hesitated and managed to insult two women with one gesture by putting Mrs. Blanton's confidential appeal into Mrs. Fendley's outstretched hand. Then he laid his napkin by his plate and rose to answer the note in person.

Mrs. Fendley frankly objected to being abandoned, marooned. But she could not stay him, though she clutched at his sleeve.

Mrs. Blanton whispered to Sibvl with a girlish rapture: "I can read her lips. She's saying, 'You can't leave me here alone!' And he's said, 'Oh, can't I?' and does. Here he comes. I'll keep an eye

on Helena. She's asking the waiter who you are—Oh, hello, Jamie!"
She put out an eager hand and he took it indifferently and said, without the least pretense of chivalry: "You said you must speak to me. Here I am."

The waiter set a chair against his legs and he sank into it. Mrs. Blanton fluttered:

'I want to introduce you to Sibyl Page, the Sibyl Page.

"How do you do?" said Jamie, with a what-of-it manner.
"How do you do?" said Sibyl, with the

same Mrs. Blanton explained in a stew of delight:

"Jamie's line isn't good manners. He never rises to greet a lady."
"Why should I?" said Jamie.

"Why, indeed?" said Sibyl, rather liking him for the tribute of equality.

"We old-fashioned women still rather expect it," said Aunt Fanny. "Miss Page, though, is one of the moderns of the moderns—hunts lions and all that. But, of course, you read all that in the papers

"Did I?"

"If you can read."
"I read your note," said Jamie. "You 'I must speak to you.'"

"What a brute you are! I meant, of course, that I didn't want Sibyl—she's my niece, in a way—to leave town with-out seeing you."

"And now that she's had that great privilege-

He escaped being quite the boor by not finishing the sentence. One rarely could decide whether he was insulting or humble. Did he mean that he was not worthy of Sibyl's attention, or that she was not worth all the trouble of his long trip from table to table?

He slid a glance across her plate, her hand, up her arm to her throat, her lips

and her eyes. His eyes did not state whether they found anything stupid or attractive on their trans-Sibyllian voy-age, yet she rather thought she caught ssage:

"You're a right pretty woman, aren't you? Prettier than you pretend to be, and more woman than you realize."

mysteriously disclosed and awoke and stirred to life that kindled women.

He was not a pretty boy, or a beautiful man. His features, his figure had no unusual distinction, though there was in this carriage a certain lithe power, the rhythm of a tiger that slouches yet flows, and is perilous.

He was not witty or poetic or eloquent.

He seemed neither cold nor passionate. Yet there was a fire there behind his eyes, a smoldering that tempted women to blow on it.

His quality was the flash light's, that reveals to the dark what it has kept hidden. He was the alarm clock that makes the sleeper leap up and fling off slumber and rush from the home. He was the fulminate without which the mixture of cotton and dormant acids lies torpid or burns with a soft domestic flame; yet let the fulminate but wake and there is instant devastation.

Flash lamps, alarm clocks and ful-minates do not reveal their power in themselves but in their effect on others.

To men Jamie Darricott was an eternal puzzle. He had none of the sculpturesque symmetry that men call beautiful in men and expect women to admire.

He had none of the powers or graces that they could imagine potent.

To Sibyl he came under the handicap

of contempt and resentment. Since he was forced on her, she studied him as had studied the medicine men of Africa, or venomous serpents or ravenous beasts of prev.

She decided that New York women were as imbecile or as zealous for vice as their countless detractors alleged, to give such a nonentity occult dignity. She mocked his impudence as sheer pose, a line he carried for sale or barter

And yet that casual glance of his had the strangest effect of making her aware of her womanhood. His eyes did not of-fend her with what the French call the disrobing stare. Rather, they covered her with draperies that emphasized by saying, "You are forbidden; you are dangerous; we are dangerous to each other."

Then, having veiled her, he put her away, rejected her, as an artist might close the door on a model, and with the same result: the kindling of a sense of injustice, of unwillingness to be shut out, a flaming challenge to be let in and permitted to prove one's worthiness, one's power.

It must have been the implying of some such complex yet simple dealing that impelled many women to resent Jamie's merciful neglects. They cried in their hearts: "Oh, you will, will you? You think I'm unworthy of you, do you? You think I'm too cold, too placid,

you? You think I'm too cold, too placing too respectable to be interesting. Well, I'll show you! I'll conquer you."

Even Sibyl was not quite content to be ignored so unconscionably. Who did he think he was that he could say, "No, thanks. Not today. I'm not interested," and walk out like that?

Suddayly she had a meet hewildering.

Suddenly she had a most bewildering feeling that her aloofness from the weak sentimentalisms of women and their mad romances was perhaps not so much

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Horace Blanto at the Eyes a proof of strength as of a lack of fire. Was she cool or was she cold? Was it a noble self-control that kept her sane or was it an ignoble lack of genius for

Thoughts that had never troubled her before troubled her now, and when she saw Jamie rising to leave, she felt as if someone had snatched from her hand a book of riddles before she had guessed the first one. She was glad when Aunt Fanny restrained him.

"Don't hurry. Helena is not alone now. Her daughter has joined her. Rachel's with her

This caused Jamie to lift an eyebrow and glance overshoulder. Sibyl looked at Mrs. Fendley's table and saw a young and pretty, a dangerously pretty, girl talking to Mrs. Fendley in great ex-citement. Mrs. Fendley was evidently thrown into some agitation.

Jamie hung irresolute a moment and sighed, or at least heaved a breath of impatience. But he kept his back turned on the Fendleys as if two of them were three times the nuisance of one.

Fanny Blanton reveled in the farce.

"Look! Rachel is sitting in your place, playing with your fork. She's pretending to eat your lunch."

Now Jamie seemed to be almost ex-ted. "I can't have that! That's breast of guinea hen with port wine. And it's getting cold."

Aunt Fanny pressed him back into is chair with a conspirator's stage hisper: "You'd better wait a minute. whisper: "You'd better wait a minute. Horace Fendley is there now, talking to his wife and daughter. I see it all! Rachel learned that her father was coming here. She foresaw that he would find you alone with his wife. So she dashed in to rescue her mother by pretending to be the chaperon. I see it

"You and Rachel have both been going to the movies too much!" said Jamie. Yet he was a bit uncomfortable over the presence of Horace Fendley.

"Why not finish your luncheon with us?" said Fanny. "There's enough of the sweetbreads. They're Eugénie sous You love everything under cover, even if it's only glass. Waiter, another plate!

Jamie was fuming but he consented to be served. Suddenly he pushed back his chair, rose, and without a pretense of a pardon-me, left Mrs. Blanton's table and went over to the three Fendleys.

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Mrs. Fendley, her face striped red and white with confusion, put out her hand and threw him his cue, by crying: "Oh, hello, Jamie! Where have you been? You know my daughter and my hus-

Rachel smiled with white lips. Horace Fendley alone was well at ease, sublime in his ignorance. He wrung Jamie's hand and clapped him on the shoulder,

and explained:
"Small world, eh? I'm lunching over there with some men. Family here. Where are you?"

Jamie lied with a nod toward Mrs. Blanton. Fendley glanced, then shook with laughter, and, never realizing how sonorous his voice always was, stunned Mrs. Blanton with his confidential roar in Jamie's ear:

"You're not lunching with old Fanny? You must be hard up for a meal. I'll give you a ticket to the Charity or put you up at the Salvation Army.

He shook with laughter at his wit and so did his wife and daughter, though with effort, but Sibyl felt sorrier for Horace Fendley than for the chalky Mrs. Blanton, whose very eyes were gasping at the blow to her vanity.

Eyes at other tables were rolling about

like ivory balls in a pool break, and knowing people were shaking their heads over the picture of Horace Fendley with his hand on Jamie Darricott's shoulder instead of his throat, and laughing instead of cursing.

Sibyl felt disgusted, yet not bored. was odious but it was exciting. New York was that way. In the rural regions a duped farmer might joke just so with a hired man in the presence of his faithless wife, but it would be in a kitchen or a cattle yard.

Here, however, in this palatial hall, with these gentlemen and ladies of the court assembled, with Horace Fendley handsome and glittering, Mrs. Fendley wanton and beautiful, and Jamie audacious and ducal—it was pre-Elizabethan, hateful and evil, contemptible and degrading, but graceful withal. It was under damask.

Suddenly Jamie was coming back to the table, as cool as a victor, being a good sport and making nothing of extricating himself from a nasty tangle

without losing any ground.

Mrs. Blanton had often suspected that was not the idol of New York, but she had never realized that she was a byword, a town joke. The only thing she could think of was to run away and cry. The best she could do was to glance at her wrist watch and stammer: "Good Lord, I promised to telephone-somebody at two! And it's half past! You two must excuse me a moment.'

She rose and hurried through the gantlet of tables, down the steps and cut. But she did not telephone. She went to the women's room and fought it out in seclusion.

Women who waited for Jamie to speak first, usually waited. Sibyl found the silence the more oppressive since she could see that other people were wonder-ing who Jamie's new victim might be. Lest they think she was too deeply enchanted with Jamie for words, she grasped at the first inanity that came within reach:

"You're from the South, I believe?"

"Very much."

"I'm going there this evening."

"Why?" "Family."

"You haven't answered my question." "Well, when one has been away from home for a year or more-

"Africa, wasn't it?
"Africa."

"Lions, I believe."
"A few."

"Like 'em?"

"The lions?" 'Umm-hmm."

"Well, I shot 'em."

"That doesn't prove you didn't like 'em. Don't we always slay the thing we love?"

"Do we?"

"It must be so. I saw it in a book. Do you care for Africa?"

Ye-es."

"And no. New York's neater?"

"Well, it's getting awfully smoky— Londony-like, but I'm quite mad about New York. It's different, though, from what it was."

"Yet you're dashing through as if it were Newark or something."
"Oh, but I'll be back in a few months."

"There'll be another New York by

That's so. I don't want to leave "Why do what you don't want to do? And you so young and all."

"I've got to."
"Got-to is slave talk. You oughtn't to take on any got-tos for a long while

"Well, then, I ought to."

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"That's worse yet. That's white-slave talk. You ought to be doing what you want to while you can want to."
"I generally do. I wanted to cross Africa all by myself. I did. There's nothing to prevent my cruising round New York all by myself, but—"

"All by yourself? Are you hinting that you want me to trot round with you?" This was too outrageous to deny.

could only smile and answer: read one! You're uncanny." "How you She understood his language. So he

went on:
"Well, I might manage it. something new. You'd make old things look new-like a country cousin in town. I could arrange to take you round if you insist. And if you really want to see the town, I'm the one that could show it to

"That's one of the few things I could take your word for. And it's nice of you to offer to lug me about, but I'm taking the train."

"To think of you missing all that fun "To think of you missing all that fun just because you think you'd inconvenience me! Why, I wouldn't mind. There's another train tomorrow—and the day after. They tell me they have a train nearly every day now. And I could show you a lot of town in twenty-four hours."

She could not be sure just what he was getting at. To stay and see New York with anybody, or alone, was a temptation. But to have this allegedly irresistible Jamie Darricott gunning after her—to be pursued by the man who pursued nobody—there must be more in this than met the first hearing.

She let him run on:

"I suppose what you had in mind was for us to start out and make one grand -see the clock round; see New in all the different lights and shades, high life, low life, uptown, downtown. Start in, say, at dinner—get all dressed start in, say, at dimer—get all dressed up for dinner; eat at a nice club; dance a little, maybe; drop in at a musical piece; run in for an act at the Opera. Then we could taxi through the Park or out along the Hudson, or, better yet, take a midnight flight above the town in an airplane. in an airplane.

"You'll never know New York till you see it as the moon sees it. I'll have the pilot turn the plane over and over for you, and that will make the town go round like a wheel and you sitting on the hub. You wouldn't be scared; you're

a lion shooter.

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"Then we might see a noisy, funny night club or two, and get out in time to see the sun rise somewhere. The sun to see the sun rise somewhere. does some of its nicest rising right around here. Then we could separate long enough for a bath and a change of clothes. You could live without me that long, couldn't you?"

She was imagining what he was proffering and imagining it so hungrily that she answered his question in its own key: "After twelve hours of Jamie Darricott I doubt if I'd ever be able to breathe any other air. Didn't all your other women die of bliss by that time?"

He frowned a little. He never liked to be talked about, to his face at least. He hated to have his power over women discussed. Perhaps he hated his power over women and only used it for the other powers it set within his reach.

"Well, die or not, you'd darn well need a bath by then. And we couldn't go round the town in our evening stuff. So then we have breakfast somewhere and keep on going and going till dinner time. You could have your second dinner in the dining car. I don't believe that I could stand you for more than the

twenty-four-hour stretch. And that's longer than I ever endured any other twenty-four-hour stretch. woman."

Sibyl did not bother to make an insult out of this. She smiled. "You might stand it for twenty-four hours. You're strong; but I'm only a weak, frightened little woman

"You could trust me."

"Oh, I could trust you anywhere—with anybody. It's me I'd be afraid of."
"I know what's holding you back—

you're afraid you're going to inconvenience me by dragging me all around the town, but as a matter of fact, it would give me a good excuse for squirming out of a date I'd like mighty much to squirm out of. So you'd be doing me a favor while I was doing you one."

"What could be fairer than that?" she

grinned

"All right. It's a bargain. As soon as you can shake Fanny Blanny and telegraph your people that you're unavoidably detained for twenty-four hours, you go to your hotel and wash your neck and change your shoes and get ready for dinner. I'll call for you. I'll be all washed up and dressed up, too. You've never seen me dressed up, have you?'

"I never have."
"You don't know what you've missed. Here comes Fanny, so tell me quick where

I'm to call for you at eight o'clock."
"At the Pennsylvania Station. I don't
know just what track. And please don't bring flowers."

"I'll take you to the train myself tomorrow night. And what you won't know about this town!"

T've no doubt of that, but—when I get back, I'll meet you here.

"You may never get back. I may be dead.

"You! You'll live forever."

"So they say, but they don't say where. I might die. People do die. It's getting to be quite a habit round here. And it's a terrible thing to die without seeing New York."

'And Jamie Darricott." "You'll come, then?"

"Certainly not." "Fanny's almost here. Don't tell her of your plan, for she'll want to come along. What's the name of your hotel?" She told him that.

"And what's your name?"
She told him that.

'I'll be along about eight o'clock."

"Put on your prettiest." But

Already he had somehow managed to imbue her with the feeling that he was merely a lonely child and New York a huge nursery full of beautiful toys that only two could play with. To refuse to play was foolish, was cruel. He had al-ready placed her in the mood of motherliness, and many other moods.

To deny him his appeal would be to abandon a bewildered boy. Whatever she did, she would regret; but it would be better to regret something done than something left undone. So she smiled

with a sigh:

"Oh, all right!" So she said, "All right," feeling that it was all wrong.

Aunt Fanny always sat down with the burrowing twist of a fat hen settling into a straw nest. As she screwed herself backward into her chair. Sibyl glanced at her wrist and exclaimed:
"It's later than I thought.

appointment with a fitter half an hour

ago."
"I'll take you in my car and wait for you," said Aunt Fanny. "But it's only a short walk."

Madam should have used her

Practically every woman uses Mum "on occasion," for there are times when no woman would chance underarm offense.

But is there ever a time when personal sintiness may be neglected? What a daintiness may be neglected? What a mistake to make only occasional use of something one knows is essential to a fastidious bodily condition!

You probably use Mum. It has never failed you when you have used it. Von have found that refreshing dab of Mum as harmless as cold cream. Be sure, then, to use it often enough to provide continu-

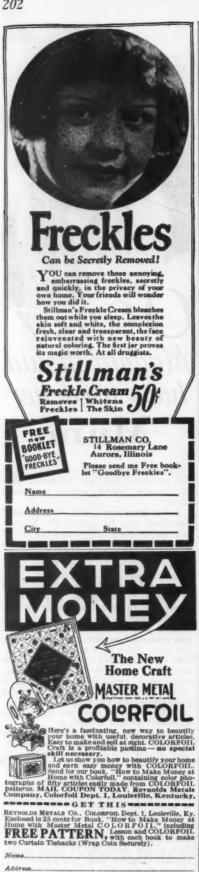
ous protection.

Mum does nothing to stop the important process of perspiration. It stops only the odor. Not a taint remains, or can return for hours when this snowy cream is applied. A doctor developed Mum's formula, so it never irritates. Indeed, it Naturally, such soothes the skin. preparation could not injure the most deli-You may use this aid to cate fabric. daintiness without hesitation.

Women who believe soap and water sufficient protection from perspiration odor should investigate the armholes of the garments in their closet. Even those that have been worn but once.

And Mum is so easy to use! 35c jars, and 6oc jars containing nearly three times as much, sold everywhere.

The Sanitary Napkin Use: Mum performs another service for which many women are grateful beyond expression. Just a thin spreading of Mum on the sanitary naplen, and one removes all chance of offense or embarrassment. Protection against odor is absolute.



"What's the name of the place? I'll join you there.

"I don't know the name or the number. I only know it when I see it. And after-

ward I've got some more shopping."

The inexpugnable Aunt Fanny persisted: "When shall I come for you to

take you to the train?"
"I'm so sorry, but one of my classmates at school insisted on putting me aboard.

It's my only chance to see her."
"Oh," said Aunt Fanny, who had finally reached her usual destination, which was getting her feelings hurt.

It amounted almost to a career with Aunt Fanny. She tried to be conspicu-ously brave about it, and gave the waiter a sad look that asked for the bill. When he set it by her hand, Jamie made a feeble pass at it. Aunt Fanny checked him almost with violence. He took back his hand with a gesture of indifference. Sibyl could not resist the temptation to

steal a look at Mrs. Fendley. She found Mrs. Fendley stealing a look at her. And such a look!

There is probably no other praise so authentic and convincing, so exhilarat-ing for a woman as the hateful tribute paid her by a defeated rival. Mrs. Fendpaid ner by a defeated rival. Mrs. Fend-ley's eyes plainly said to Sibyl, "You are beastly beautiful. You are loath-somely attractive. Your power is too great for me. I am helpless before you. Take my curses for my final compliment."

Something told her now that she would regret what she was doing to would regret what she was doing to Mrs. Fendley, who had never done any-thing to hurt her. But youth belongs to youth, and Jamie was young. Mrs. Fendley had had her fling while Sibyl was a cradled babe. She ought to be ashamed of herself for trying to prolong her girlhood forever.

If Jamie had been engaged to Mrs. Fendley's daughter, now, that would have been different. Sibyl would not have looked at the man for worlds. She wondered why Jamie preferred the older

woman to the girl.
She guessed at once that the mother had gone after Jamie and got him and

the girl had not taken the trouble.

Mother and daughter were much alike, which usually meant bitter rivalry and fierce quarrels. The mother's beauty had a desperate look. She must be a

woman of frenzied passions for love, hate, recklessness, despair.

The girl's eyes were newly kindled tapers and the mother's burnt out, guttered, yet flaring, candles. The mother had been heroic, and her contours had had been nerole, and her conducts had the full, old-velvet look of petals about to crumple; the girl's the hard pink roundness of a sturdy bud.

Rachel hardly looked at Sibyl. She stared at Jamle and there was a prayer the bar greet that was the constituted.

in her eyes that was the opposite of her mother's.

The daughter was imploring Jamie to go away, trying to warn him that at another table somewhere, her father, another table somewhere, her father, her mother's husband, was still visible. She was rolling her eyes as a semaphore to indicate where her father sat conferring with bankers over their lunch-eon, and never dreaming of the dramas being played around his family without sound or even pantomime.

In any case, it was none of Sibyl's concern. Mr. Darricott was free to return to the Fendleys or not. Sibyl followed Mrs. Blanton out and Jamie followed her, merely waving good-by as he took his leave. Other women at other tables detained him for a word or a joke, and while they waited for him at the door, Mrs. Blanton said:

Wonderful, how the women lose their heads over that lad."
"I wonder why," said Sibyl.

"It's a good thing you're going home, instead of staying here to find out," said Mrs. Blanton. "Why do cats go crazy over catnip? Nobody knows. They just Jamie is catnip and all women are cats. That is all ye know and all ye need to know, as Shakespeare said."
Sibyl smiled and decided that there

were many other things that she needed to know.

When Darricott joined them, Blanton made excuses for lingering so that he should not walk off with Sibyl, after all. Seeing what she was up to; Jamie bade them both farewell, apparently forever, and went his way.

How desirable he made himself by the

simple device of rarely being there when he was wanted and never when he wasn't! Jamie was always just going. If he were not detained, he was gone. That rare and holy virtue was in itself atonement for no end of sins.

atonement for no end or sms.

Freed at last of Aunt Fanny, Sibyl found the avenues but the floors of abysmal ravines dividing cliffed buildings that cut off the westering sun, soon after noon. Already their crests gilded with a sunset glamour, and in the soft air of a deep canyon twilight, Sibyl moved along with a jungle stride, her eyes on the windows, her mind ran-sacking her wardrobe to make sure of the best gown for her escapade with

What should she wear? Did she have anything appropriate? Of course not. For this unique occasion something unique must be worn.

The gown ought to be elaborate enough for dinner in a most fashionable company, yet simple enough for travel about the town till daybreak.

Suddenly, from a window, she heard the unmistakable mating-call that cer-

tain dresses utter to certain women. This one was demure yet startling, meek vet imperative.

Sibyl went past the window, but felt the increasing tug of a lengthening chain. It pulled her back. She stared. The gown and she flirted awhile. Then

she surrendered, went into the shop.
"That gown in the window," Sibyl said, "the bouffant thing with the plain silk bodice and the flaring skirt of-net. I think."

One of the saleswomen indicated an elevator, and they reached an upper floor where a school of manikins swooped and curvetted.

At length the gown that had beckoned Sibyl in came forth on a quaintly ple-beian prettykin, who differed from Sibyl in every detail of architecture and spirit. The girl and the gown quarreled at all points.

Sibyl blamed the girl, made up her mind to see the costume on her own body, and went to a dressing room to

When the saleswoman appeared, the gown was still warm from its late tenant, but Sibyl slipped into it with an eager-ness that the gown seemed to rival. There was an instant communion be-tween her flesh and the fabric. Her arms, her breasts, her hips, seemed to glide into niches that fitted as skin fits

Was the gown a long-awaited expressive sheath for her soul? or did the gown give her a new soul? or did she give it one? Sibyl was all woman in that the embrace of a peculiarly becoming dress furnished her always with what were perhaps the most voluptuous sensations she ever knew.

Lovers may kindle a woman, yet they also drag her down, endanger her, de-mand surrender. But the clothes that suit her best, ennoble and multiply her, seer plai S pho him SOU S WAS pho

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lift her to the clouds, make the most and the best of her, carry her nearest to what she longs to be, or at least to

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The perfection of the miracle was that not an alteration was needed. It was plainly an act of providence.

She reached the hotel in time to rescue her trunks from two porters. She telephoned to the head porter and directed him to cancel her reservation for that night and get her a drawing-room on the next night's train. With a sigh that sounded expensive he said that he would do what he could.

She telegraphed her parents that she was unavoidably detained. She tele-phoned to a hairdresser and was made to grovel before an immediate session was granted; then she hurried away and submitted her poor skull and the short hair on it to two hours of torture, before she was released to the manicure.

Back in her room at last, she found waiting for her the great box that held the new gown. She darted hither and yon like a mother getting a large family ready for school. Her suit went off over her head as if the wind carried it away. slipper went up in air and as she dodged its boomerang curve, she was un-strapping her wrist watch.

One shoe off and one shoe on, diddlecum, daddlecum, my son John. A stock-ing went, then she limped to the bathroom to turn on the hot water, then back to search for the costly essence of pine needles she had bought.

Stepping out of her step-ins she hobbled to the bathroom and watched the water turn green as she poured in the spirit of the forest. Hopping and skip-ping, stumbling and clutching and unpeeling her other stocking, she went at last into the cloud of steam hovering over her tub.

Extended like a great pink cameo in fuming emerald, she lay a while, content to simmer and cook. It was so comfort-able there that she felt reluctant to go on with all the toil that remained between her tub and complete investiture. She asked herself, why all the trouble, the derangement of mind and common sense, in order to make a wearisome pilgrim-age with a man of no importance and no worthy ambition, a man whom other women fought for and whom she wouldn't take as a gift? What was wouldn't take as a gift? there about the man?

Suddenly she remembered how deeply his eyes had stirred her with his first glance at her. Suddenly, as if the thought of him challenged him and evoked him, he seemed to be there again, invisible, in--yet not intangible, for the water all about her became, as it were, male, and made her strangely and terribly

She blushed with a new fire, felt herself complete as a woman, yet desperately incomplete as a human. She was only the other half of the race. Her strength was all for one purpose. Her beauty had a most definite intention. There was a There was a compulsion everywhere about her. Her soul, as well as her body, was in hot water, and there was delirium in her thoughts.

The ancient instincts that stormed in her with most unusual virulence roused other equally ancient instincts of fight and flight.

Indignantly she flung from the en-chanted pool as a nymph might escape the arms of a water-god. She stood up and took refuge in an icy shower. But the cold flood that overran her, modeling her in a lace of froth, rather kindled her anew than quenched her, and she who feared so few things was suddenly and gravely afraid of herself and of the world.

She snatched a huge fleece from the towel-rod and scrubbed herself with indignation and self-contempt, calling herself ugly names while a spirit inside her somewhere, everywhere, kept whispering, "You are a woman, don't deny it. Be it!" "You are a woman, don't deny it.

She fought the invader so angrily that she almost spoke aloud. Since Darricott was to blame for this disgrace of herself in her own eyes, she said to herself that she would leave a note for him-no. a verbal message stating that she could not keep the engagement. The curter the message the better.

It was not that she was afraid of him. He would make no such fool of her as he made of the other idiots who disgraced her sex. And yet, perhaps she was a little afraid of him. Whatever it was, it would be wisest to avoid touching pitch. A little might stick.

Perhaps she could still catch her train. Half-clad, she ran to the telephone to ask the head porter to cancel the cancellation, regain the surrendered reserva-

But that gown caught her eye, empty,

lonely, every flounce of it a prayer.

Not for the man, not for her own amusement, but just to escape the horror of wasting that gown, she would see the program through. At least she must how she looked in that gown, now that her hair was dressed.

She powdered and painted and designed her mouth and put on what little was to be or could be worn beneath so scant a costume, then gathered it into an inverted armload of chaos and dived upward into the foam of the fluff.

She shook herself, twisted, tugged, wriggled, patted her tousled hair into place, shifted the gown here and there, then marched to the mirrored door. A stranger confronted her. She was so proud of what she saw that she was ashamed.

She turned and stared across one shoulder to see the reflection of her back. Whew! It was appalling. The fiends at the shop must have taken away even what was not there.

Still, after all, what was a back? Everybody went with shoulder blades drawn. She turned sidewise! The bare space under one bare arm disclosed an ivory hillock, rising and nestling just in time under the silk. Really, now!

Nobody could say that the front was

And yet, by some diablerie of wrinkles and seams and tender innocences, at every movement, her torso chanted its melodious self beneath a bodice that kept no secrets. It was hardly more than a subtly stitched potato sack, but it left nobody in doubt that it did not contain potatoes

From the spring of the hips the skirt rayed out in a cascade of sunlit spray to the knees. The whole effect was a combination of contradictions. The upper half was almost childishly ingenuous, the lower a glorifled hula skirt.

Sibyl kicked off her mules and put on the slippers that matched the gown.

She stood up to the gown; imperson-It dictated a certain mental attitude. It had a character and imposed it on her. She had to play it or destroy both herself and the gown.

She had never known she could look like that.

Fortunately, she had a light scarf that would muffle somewhat the impish appeal of the gown. She cast the scarf about her, and it erased certain too significant utterances and hints. Yes, with a certain haughtier carriage of the head. a truculence in the eyes and great care to keep her scarf about her, she could get by as a decent woman.

She had not half played out the drama



Wherever you go, whatever you wear, to be really at ease, attractive, you must have a skin free from disfiguring hair.

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that a new and important gown inspires a woman to perform, with herself as the whole cast, when the telephone called her and a strangely interesting voice murmured: "Miss Page? This is me. Mr. Darricott, you may remember.

"Oh, yes, I remember you."
"Shall I come up?"

The audacity of that! Before she could rebuke it, she realized that he assumed

Meaning to say: "I'm afraid I can't keep our engagement, I'm taking the train tonight"—meaning to say that, she heard herself saying:
"Til be right down."

Achast a little she put heart the re-

Aghast a little, she put back the re-ceiver. Well, she was in for it now. She might as well make the best of it.

She flung her mink coat over her arm and finally intrusted herself to the ele-vator, and to what this next twentyfour hours might bring about.

She was as agitated as if she were going on a honeymoon with a total stranger of little reputation, and all that little bad.

The whole expense of time, trouble, money, anxiety devoted to that capricious gown was instantly repaid by the evident joit it gave to Mr. Jamie Darricott when he saw her in it—and very much out of it. His eyes were startled. In self-defense he acknowledged it with an irony, and seeing that it was so delicate as to be just this side of imaginary gossamer, the very froth of fabric, he said:

"That's the get-up you hunted lions in,

"Yes, that's why I wore it tonight."
"They nearly clawed it to pieces, didn't

"Hardly a shred of it left. Do you think it's too old to wear again?" "One more lion and you're lost, but

if I can keep the mob at a distance, it may last out the night."

You're the only lion I fear."

"Me? I'm Mary's original lamb." He led her to the door. A French doll of a chauffeur drove up a town car huge as a patent-leather hippopotamus, graceful as a yacht. The cabin was uphol-stered in fawn and adorned with everything imaginable in silver. Sibyl sat into it with gingerly timidity.

"Is this an automobile or a bedroom?"

"It's not mine. It was lent to me."
"By a lady, of course."

"Naturally. No man would be fool enough either to own such a thing or lend it. I had a date with the owner, but I told her I had to call on a sick aunt. You're the sick aunt. She was very sympathetic and insisted on my using this car. She has half a dozen others, so I accepted the loan."

Sibyl felt a crawling repugnance against invading a boudoir which, she guessed at once, was Mrs. Fendley's. was like putting on somebody's cast-

off lingerie.

Darricott seemed to note the fastidi-ous drawing-in of her elbows and her knees, and surprised her by his intuitional response to her unspoken protest.
"If you can stand it till we get to the

St. Regis Club, I'll dismiss it there.'

"Thanks a lot," said Sibyl. "A dirty old taxi that everybody rides in is so much nicer than some individual's too-private car, don't you think, or do you?" "I think."

He explained that the St. Regis Club, where they were to dine, had been or-ganized during her absence to take over the new rooms formed by glassing in the roof of the hotel.

"It's very select and very swagger," he said, "and respectable. But you won't mind that, maybe, because the food and

the music are swell, and the view of the town is-

The car stopped. Darricott scrambled out, helped her to alight and went at once to the chauffeur to say:

"I shan't need you any longer after all, Pierre. You can take the night off and go to prayer meeting. Put this in the contribution box for me."

Pierre's smile was wide, and his salute had a costly fervor.

Sibyl's smile was more subdued but her gratitude was deep.

She was not destined, however, to include the St. Regis Club in her cruise, for, as they crossed the hotel lobby and marched toward the elevator, Darricott numbled something that sounded like a choked oath, caught her by the elbow and stopped her short. His eyes were wild and his features knotted in a grimace that suggested guilt caught in the act and trying to grin it off. Her eyes ran from his close the line of their System. and trying to grin it off. Her eyes ran from his along the line of their fixation and saw Mrs. Fendley.

Even in the strict limits of a midday costume, the woman had looked wretchedly beautiful at luncheon, something like one of those exiled Russian duch-esses who were crowding Paris. Now she an empress in coronation regalia. Her bobbed hair had no place for a crown or even a tiara, but her tormented mien darkled vaguely above a storm of tiny lightnings flashing innumerably out of great diamonds swinging from her ears and massed under her chin.

Being a woman, Sibyl noted instantly that Mrs. Fendley's face had been lifted and that the choker of diamonds was less for ostentation than for conceal-ment of the ravages of Time, that old thug who always seizes a woman by the throat before he beats her down.

From the blinding collar, as if welling from it, other diamonds trickled down to the snowy nook in her well-exploited bosom. These diamonds also trembled as her breath came and went, for she was panting with more than one emotion, with wrath and alarm, with humiliation and the pride that tried to lift her out of it.

Her eyes seemed to clamor at Darri-cott: "How could you? You liar, you pitiless, cruel, beautiful, shameless, priceless cur of my adoration! Why must you disgrace me before my friends?"

Sibyl was supplying this complicated libretto to a mere look, but her guess must have been close and she was not unprepared to have the woman's gaze swing to her with the impact of a fist.

At the luncheon table Mrs. Fendley

had plainly wondered who and what she was, and hated her. Finding her again with Jamie and realizing that he had once more deserted her for this stranger, Mrs. Fendley had reason for any amount of furv.

It was one of those encounters that had humbled and maddened many a queen. Even Elizabeth of England had known what it was to stumble upon a Raleigh or a Leicester philandering with a maid of honor, of whose right to either title the Queen had as much doubt as the maids of honor had of the Queen's right to be called the Virgin Queen.

Mrs. Fendley could not order her treacherous favorite into exile or to the ax, but Sibyl expected some royal tempest. Lifelong discipline, however, had per-fected Mrs. Fendley's self-control, even in a crisis that might have wrecked any

woman's breeding.
She saw before her the man she loved to madness and realized that he had lied to her in order to cultivate some name-less pretty young pick-up in whose pres-ence Mrs. Fendley must acknowledge her

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Y diale pleor "Je Yet all that she did was to murmur: "Hello, Jamie. I'm glad your aunt is

"Much," was the best that Jamie could

There may have been some little victory in reducing him to such ineptitude, but there was heartbreak in the smile on Mrs. Fendley's mouth—a large mouth that plainly loved kisses and fine wine, had drunk deep of both, yet was still insatiate; had drunk deep, too, of brine brimming down from fierce eyes plainly apt to tears.

Regretting that she had lived to see and cause so much hurt to any living animal, Sibyl noted that neither Mrs. Fendley's husband nor her daughter was in her large entourage, which was plainly sharing the suppressed drama and holding emotion under difficult

control

The tableau was obliterated as the elevator door slid back, and Mrs. Fendley's party straggled in. The elevator man waited for Darricott, but he shook his head and the door clinked shut. For a moment, Jamie stood with his opera hat high like a paralyzed Beau Brummell, then came to himself with a start and mumbled as he led Sibyl to the street

again:
"Idiot that I am. I mixed my clubs! The Embassy is just as smart and select

and-and-

The first taxi up was in charge of an unshaven tramp who seemed out of place anywhere but under a freight car.

"The Embassy Club," said Darricott.

"Know where it is?"

The affable brigand spread his unshaven jowls in a gap-toothed laugh and snickered in New Yorkese:

"Yeah, brother. I been thinkin' of jernin' it meself."

"I'll put you up," said Jamie amiably but dolefully as he clambered in after Sibyl and dropped down beside her with a senile wail: "Awful to have to go through life without a memory! I knew perfectly well that Helena had invited me to the St. Regis and so I planned to go to the Embassy. So, of course, I went to the St. Regis and ran smack into the old girl. A bit of luck that we hadn't

gone up and settled down at the next table, wasn't it?"

Sibyl could not even rise to an echo
of his "Wasn't it?" She felt begrimed of his "Wasn't it?" She felt begrimed at being dropped into the dirty alliance of these two outlaws.

In Africa two or three nauseous old black politicians called "kings" had be-sought her to join their harems and she had thought it a great joke. But to be added to Jamie Darricott's fashionable collection, even by implication, was beyond bearing. For Darricott to arouse Mrs. Fendley's jealousy by his attentions to her was infamous.

Yet, if Mrs. Fendley's breeding could save her from even a gesture of impa-tience. Sibyl's must keep her from yielding to her impulse to leap from the cab and run. She resolved to finish the busi-ness she had undertaken and then erase the name of Darricott from the list of

her acquaintances.

If only she had done that wise and

wholesome thing!

Sibyl's decision to "see" New York with Jamie Darricott leads to further exciting encounters with the Fendleys-mother and daughter-in Rupert Hughes' September Installment

## 5 & 10 by Fannie Hurst (Continued from page 99)

between us—we—we—somehow managed to shut Avery out of life. Mother is a shut-out if ever there was one. Father is. I am. The rich Raricks, if anybody should ask you, are a bunch of bank-

"You talk about Father being lonely, darn it, as if I didn't know. Well, just the same, you can't do anything about somebody who lives on Mars, can you? Neither can I do anything about Father. He is simply where I can't get at him, wherever that is. I've tried.

"Father is a man who ordered a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee from life and got stung when the waiter brought him caviar and diamond-back terrapin instead. I'm part of the banquet, along with the terrapin and the caviar. He can't digest me. Lonely—as if I don't know how lonely he is!"

"You don't really, Jennifer. You per-

ceive it with that clever brain of yours. You don't know it, though, as one who is really lonely can know it in another."

"I suppose you mean as you can know it.

Yes, Jennifer."

Across the table, in the mellow light of an old-fashioned lamp, they regarded each other steadily.

"Have we the newfangled complaint

called sex-antagonism, Gratton?" asked Jennifer.

don't think the discussion important here.'

You never do, when it concerns us. Are you open to a discussion about dialectic writing, or about the use of pleonasm in Irish drama, Gratton?"

"Jennifer, that isn't kind." "You're not."

"You're so blamed brille, Jennifer.

You break to pieces under a fellow's touch." "How do you know? You've never

touched me."

"That isn't worthy of you." Tears sprang across her eyes. "Just like me to blurt that out to you, whom I most want to impress. Don't think I'm in love with you because I said that."

"I don't."

"I want—oh, I don't know how to say what I want out of life, Gratton—but I -passionately

"That's it, Jennifer. You're a wanter. You want and you won't pay."

"Do you know the nicest thing about me. Gratton?" "I think you are the nicest thing about

you, Jennifer."

"No; the nicest thing about me is the fact that I like you, Gratt."
"Don't say that. It hurts. First, be-

cause it is not true, and secondly, because I hate your arrogance but your meekness would just about kill me. Humble, you would break my heart, Jennifer."
"I am humble, Gratt, before the things

"Good Lord, don't say that, Jennifer," he said and kicked back his chair and began to plow into a rubber pouch for pipe tobacco. "I'm jolly well what you said I am. A self-centered, would-be egomaniac, trying to get on by crawling away from that center known as self."

"Your saying that I am fundamentally s. and f. means a lot to me, Gratt," she

"You are, Jennifer, and some day somebody is going to sink the proper kind of shaft and mine the s. and f. out of you."

"Who and how?"



DOROTHY SEBASTIAN One of M-G-M's newest stars awakening her skin with Boncilla clasmic pack

# "She is a Beauty

## Why not have that said of you?

There are millions of girls and women who can multiply their beauty if they will. In a single evening they can get results delightful and amazing. In a little time they can gain attractions which every woman covets.

Stars of the stage and screen know how to do this. Beauty is their career. And theywithout a penny of recompense from us—tell in these pages, month by month, their premier beauty help.

If you will listen to beauties and to beauty experts, you will always use Boncilla clasmic pack in your efforts to appear at your best-

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We beauty experts approve the arts of make-up. But we know that they fail unless a basis is created, and that basis is this:

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The best ways known to do all these things are combined in Boncilla clasmic pack. The most famous beauties, the greatest beauty experts, seem to agree on that.

### A Test for Tonight

A 1est for 10night

If tonight, you are to mingle socially, do this in preparation. Apply Boncilla clasmic pack. For a few minutes, let it serve its wondrous purpose. Then add what make-up you desire.

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AFTER a hearty meal-agony, dis-tress? Thousands have learned that Pepto-Bismol brings quick, pleasant relief from indigestion, sour, acid stomach, heartburn and gastric fermentation. Pleasantly flavored, it soothes the delicate stomach lining. Whenever your stomach is upset, take a teaspoonful of Pepto-Bismol, repeat every half hour until completely relieved. At your druggist's-50¢. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y.



Recommended by doc-tors for children be-cause of its mild action

# Pepto-Bismol



There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freekles, as Othine —double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful com-

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles. "A husband with the sense to under-

stand you."
"I think I prefer to remain fundamentally unsound and unfine."

"The devil you do.

"Your way of rubbing in the fact that there is a serious possibility that I may be in love with you."

"Scarlet fever symptoms may only mean measles."

"You mean because of what I was idiot

"You mean because of what I was idnot enough to tell you about Berry?"
"No, but now that you remind me—"
"Be careful, Gratt. Because if there is any sure test for me to determine whether or not I am in love with you, it is to compare what I am feeling now with what I did not feel then. The most counterfeit part of that entire situation was me. Not Berry."

"Out of the frying pan and into the divine fire," he said, and tilted her face with the tips of three fingers.

was the first time he had ever

touched her

Reliving the scene to herself later, at home, in bed, it seemed to her that she had felt illuminated, like a switchboard, Lights had popped out all over her, in goose flesh, each prickle a bulb. He had done it with the light touch of three fingers, tilting her chin slightly backward.

She remembered with a flaying flush that she had sat down on the couch and, trying to command a level voice, had said: "Sit down, Gratt, here beside me, and let's talk things over." Knocking out his pipe, he had said with a casual-ness that made her ridiculous:

"No; come along. There's a mystery play over at the National and I feel in the mood for who-killed-cock-robin."

He had felt in the mood for who-killedcock-robin when at the touch of the three finger tips that had tilted back her chin, Jennifer had been brought to realize how phony had been everything that pre-ceded this . . .

It was after midnight when Jennifer arrived home after the mystery play. The lift, if you used it in the dead of night, made a soughing noise that could be dis-turbingly heard throughout the house, and, after her habit, she wound up the great curlicue of staircase instead.

There were rings under the eyes of Jennifer and her cheeks were narrow planes of pallor. The tiredness that had clamped down upon her after she left Gratton made her shoulders droop and her feet creep. She wound on slowly.

There were routine signals along the way to tell her certain trifles that registered languidly in her brain. Her father was in bed. She could tell by the closed bedroom door. Her mother was not yet in. The figure of the maid in the Breton cap nodding in a chair, as she passed Jenny's boudoir, testified to that.

Jennifer's maid was waiting for her and there was a glass of chilled orange juice on a table beside her bed, and on the bed itself her night things of rosy satin and pale lace. She fell out of her clothes and into them, eager to have her lights out before the arrival of her mother.

So long as a lamp burned in one or the other of their boudoirs, they never went to bed without exchange of tiptoe visits. Youngish visits curled up on the chaise longue in Jennifer's dressing room or Jenny's. A curious quality of girlishness had persisted in Jenny. There never had been a time when to Jennifer, who adored her, there had not been something of sisterhood in their relationship.

Just the same, it was with a sense of relief that Jennifer found herself in bed, lights clicked out, and still no Jenny.

The sense of hurt that was out all over

her had not necessarily direct bearing on

the evening she had just spent with Gratton. It was rather the sense that had risen to its culmination with this evening, that nothing she could hope to be or do was to have bearing upon Gratton's life. His plane of life was one that excluded H

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And suddenly, lying there in a little knot of pain, Jennifer wanted access to that plane, as she had never desired in her life. Everything which heretofore had been of prime importance to Jennifer was secondary, if not second-rate, to Gratton. Always had been. The things that mattered most to her were the things that Gratton had never even

had time to despise.

For instance, the two years that Gratton had lived in Oxford, doing graduate work there on money he had earned waiting on table at a summer hotel, Jennifer had been making notoriety for herself at the baccarat tables of Cannes. The months he had lived in Assisi on seventy-five cents a day, writing one of the plays that helped make his trunk excess baggage, Jennifer had been lying on Lido sands, her head against the lan of a well-oiled young Italian count to whom she was reported engaged . . . How far the Raricks had missed fire!

What sense of defeat was there perching now in the heart of her father, lying not forty appallingly expensive feet from her own bed? What bankruptcy there? her own bed? What bankruptcy there? What had Gratton meant by the really lonely person of her father? What in-dictment against her had lurked in his

No. No. Rarick's loneliness was of his own making. He had built it up mas-sively about himself. Jennifer had not cast out, because she never had been let in.

Presently her mother would come home carrying on her narrow shoulders enough in chinchilla and square diamonds to support a family of ten through a lifetime. She would go to that room—to that tomb, to that bed, to that sleepless little heart-twisting bankrupt there—

After a while, there was the sound of After a while, there was the sound of Jenny in the hallway. Jennifer could hear the tinkling noise her sequined gown made as she came along. Like the welt that her body left on a bed, the footfall of Jenny was light.

It turned into snow, falling into a dream of Jennifer's that she was walking ankledeen in it toward a student lawn.

ankle-deep in it toward a student lamp that burned in the window of a small mellow house that smelled of leather and a wire-haired terrier and a pipe that hung from a quizzical lip...

Jenny had been to the closing function of what had been a series of elaborate entertainments in connection with a Street Fair on Park Avenue, where junior members of Social Register families pinned fifty-dollar carnations on the senior lapels of Telephone Directory families

Socially and financially, it had been a success. The Street Fair charity week had concluded with a supper dance held at the residence of the chairman of the executive committee, Mrs. Grant Filli-more Speigel, Senior, who had contrib-uted her enormous ballroom for the pur-

Entrance was by one-thousand-dollar check, and then only if you were bidden. It was one of those occasions when the Raricks were sure not to be overlooked. It was the first time Jenny had ever set foot in the old-fashioned Murray Hill home of the Speigels. The evening had been sufficiently dull to keep its social inviolability to the fore in Jenny's mind. Apparently she had made a personal

dent upon the consciousness of Mrs. Grant Speigel, and there was an engage-ment between them for luncheon. The evening had been more than justified. But her shoulders ached from fatigue, and during supper the old sense of sick-ness had overtaken Jenny.

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Ramon had not been there. She had taken Tom Lamentier on the thousand-dollar check that should have admitted Rarick. Ramon was off on a week-end at the shooting lodge of one of the sons-in-law of Mrs. Emanie Bursilap—an inciusion that must have been manipulated by the mother-in-law.

But at any rate, Ramon was returning tomorrow and Jenny was lunching with him. They must talk things out. Oh, how imperative it was that they talk things out! Something corrosive and frightening was at the heart of Jenny.

There were memoranda under the lamp of her dressing table that had been left there by her secretary, Miss Dang, and holding these down, as paper weight, and holding these down, as paper weight, a small jeweler's package with a red seal solashed over it. It contained four dreaming, perfect little pearls which she had ordered clipped off one of her necklaces and mounted as studs. Ramon's. The time had come when Jenny, no one the wiser, was resorting thus to the device of clipping such gifts off the edge of her magnificence.

One memorandum reminded her of an One memorandum reminded her of an early morning fitting at Valli Sœurs before her eleven-o'clock contract-bridge lesson. Propped up conspicuously against a perfume urn was an isolated item: "Doctor Noon telephoned that he will expect you without fail at his office at one o'clock tomorrow (Thursday)."

A stab of concern smote Jenny. For the first time since her period at the hospital, a sense of the old discomfort hospital, a sense of the old discomfort had been over her at dinner. Tiresome old body. Well, Doctor Noon would have to wait. Apparently his findings were not bothersome. There was something casual about the message.

As it was, the bridge lesson would have to go overboard. Ramon was meeting

early.

The maid slid her out of the sequined gown and laid the string of square diamonds in a satin-lined box with a groove for each stone and placed it and the chinchilla wrap in a steel vault at one end of the bathroom.

end of the bathroom.

In her underthings, Jenny looked like a paper doll. Most fastidious in her personal habits, there was about her one specific carelessness. Invariably Jenny went to bed with her make-up on. It was as if her frail flesh, tested to the limit of as in her frain less, tessed to the limit of the conduction of the could not hold up under the process of having it removed. Jenny slept in her painted lips, her mask of white enamel, and her high and narrow coiffure.

It was this Jenny, in a black chiffon nightdress through which her body shone like a narrow candle, who finally made her way to the room where already lay her husband.

Lightly, in the painted mask from which her lips stared so redly, she placed herself beside him, drawing over her half the sheets and coverlets. Lightly, silently, she lay wakeful beside him.

Lightly, silently, he lay wakeful beside

The news that she was to be let in for a surgical operation did not at first come as a shock to Jenny. As she lay face downward on her chaise longue, in an attitude of relaxation taught her by a masseuse, Jenny's predicament, phase after phase of it, began procession across

her awareness.
Good Lord—what was the matter with

her? Perhaps Noon had told her every-thing except the truth. What if she had cancer? Was Noon holding off facts that might terrify? Nonsense, a man like Noon had no time for subtle evasions.

Good Lord, acting like an old wife poring over a medical book and reading her own symptoms into every page. Not every woman with a pain in her side had cancer. Fool—fool—fool!

Naturally, you got things the matter with you in the course of a lifetime. Didn't expect your motor car to run with-out overhauling, did you? Well, the same principle applied to the human body.

Of course the serious side to the story might be in the cards, too. Didn't cross that bridge, however, until you came to Particularly if that bridge happened to be across the Styx.

An operation was something to be casual about these days.

In the main, Jenny truly was. there were little scare spots in her. The smell of Doctor Noon's offices, she told herself, had been unnerving.

Then, too, this season of seasons, just when Jenny had made what she conwhen Jenny had made what she considered her most important social wedge!

Mrs. Grant Speigel undoubtedly had taken a fancy to her. They had lunched together. Jenny was already harboring the plan of arranging an elaborate func-tion around the dowager figure of Mrs. Grant Speigel. The surgical operation

Grant Speigel. The surgical operation would put a serious kink in that important plan. In countless plans.

Then of course there was that wave of recurring fear about Ramon. In the scare-specked hours which followed her knowledge that in a week she must go on the operating table, her thoughts and fears, trepidations and concerns, had floated about without anchorage.

It was difficult to imagine Ramon coming to her through the ether smell of hospital corridors. Prying nurses! She had successfully kept from him the period of her observation in the hospital. But this time he must know. How curious to be confronted with the need of telling Ramon that she must go to a hospital for an operation!

There were situations in which you simply could not imagine certain people. Perhaps, though, it was just the provi-

Perhaps, though, it was just the providential circumstance to tide us over this bad place. Jenny, in laces, on her bed of pain, wan to Ramon, esoteric, might fascinate more than in health. He had been distrait at luncheon the day before. Terribly so. And the lurking pain in her side seemed to collide with the fear that kept knocking about in the region of her heart. region of her heart.

There was a card crushed in one hand as she lay on the chaise longue. It was part of the damnable wrongness that she had received this invitation from Mrs. Speigel to week-end at her place in Lenox beginning the very day she had arranged to enter the hospital.

The night she would probably be plowing her way out of ether, with a wound in her side, was to be a gala one at the opera, and there were the minutise of plans which clotted the lines of her engagement book and which suddenly had become part of a daily routine that was

Then there was this business of telling Rarick and Jennifer; to Jenny a shame-faced procedure of trying to get said to your intimates the intimate things that had to do with the plights of the flesh. Jennifer must not be frightened. Rarick would be kind.

There crept slowly into Jenny a desire that had to do with Rarick. Even if her illness turned out to be resoonsive to the knife, there persisted in Jenny a sense of need of Rarick. To be

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sure, he would in all probability do little more than sit humbly beside her, but just the same, he would be there!

An impulse to cancel her four-o'clock engagement with Ramon at the tea room the next afternoon flooded over Jenny. but even as she considered, she knew that she would be at the appointed place at the appointed time.

It was in the intervals between seeing Ramon that revulsions like this would sometimes overtake her. Revulsion of self. A commiserate desire to creep back somehow into the old un-evil life with Rarick that dated back to the days when she had first set up housekeeping and had presented a first child to the serious young man who had wooed her—his feet on the clay banks of the Meramec and eyes on the Pyrenees.

Time after time, these periods of re-vulsion had ridden her and time after time receded, leaving her marooned on the strange shores of her infatuation for this boy with the eyes that nowadays were more insolent than amorous, whose half-baked æsthetics she realized were spurious, even as she succumbed to

For the moment, in her fright, Jenny turned to Rarick. Ramon, who hated illness, might find her ugly to him. Rarick, on the other hand, was not the man to waste impatience or rebellion upon the inevitable. His sympathies, always susceptible, were not hard to muster. He was a kindly light on a landscape that to Jenny suddenly had become sinister.

Jenny, who had no God in particular, except one she resurrected for herself in times of great stress, felt suddenly and terribly the need of God and Rarick. Her emergency God had last been on her lips in her paroxysms of grief and pity over Avery. She was about to have need of Him early of Him again.

His name bubbled along her lips in tears. God, get me out of this. God, pull me through. God, make a better pull me through. person of me. God, I need you. God, spare Jennifer any shock. God, forgive me all—everything. And strangely, paradoxically, even as she lay there, chastened of mood and supplication: God, keep me well and desirable to Ramon.

And, of course, she did see him the following afternoon at four. As a matter of fact, she sent a chauffeur to her milliner's for a new tall and narrow Russian turban of black Krimmer that glittered down the front with a long dagger of diamonds. Ramon might find it effective and amusing.

Her white face, long and narrow as the hat itself, not a rim of hair showing, was almost like a transparent face, on which had been hung a deep crimson butterfly made of two painted lips. Strange, glittering Jenny, at whom peo-ple stared, without admiring.

As usual, on the edge of seeing Ramon,

her revulsion fell away from her and became anticipation that tingled.

There were picked words with which to

tell Ramon this thing; words that would not offend or frighten or hurt him.

Riding along in a taxicab toward the place of their appointment, she saw the ordeal ahead of her begin to set itself like a stage.

She saw herself, tilted on her hospital bed, surrounded by tall jars of lilies and jade bowls of orchids. She would bind her hair in a tight fillet so that her face would shine out like a sly, sophisticated

Ramon had once jerked the hair back from her face, held the bandeau of his handkerchief tight above her brow, and called her that. Sly, sophisticated nun. She liked being called that. Sly, sophisticated nun. He had not meant it really,

had said it to her in the key of endear-ment and had kissed her throat through the barrier of scented ruche that closed it in like a wimple.

Well, well, no matter how hard had been the sledding—the wretchedness of the deception, the dreadful sense that somehow Avery, Jennifer and Rarick had been smirched, and decencies that sprang from the soil of the years in St. Louis defiled—never to have had this toward which she was riding, lean into her life and redeem some of its vanished luster was unthinkable. It had been worth it

—was worth struggling to hold.

Contrary to his habit of late, Ramon was in the tea room first, seated at the small table toward the rear. They could count on this place to be fairly empty at this hour. She could see the black shellacked armor of his hair as she entered.

Their public habit was to shake hands formally. It struck her with chill that his hand, which used to cling to prolong that instant, now was like something inanimate that had to be propped around her own.

What subsequently happened, although she was not to realize it, amounted to a display of courage, considering the facts about Ramon. With what secret misgivings Ramon must have prepared what he was about to launch, Jenny was never to know. He came at her in short hammer blows that left her stunned and unable to resuscitate in time to stave them off.

"I want good hot tea," she said, and

drew off her long beautiful gloves.

"I cannot stay to tea," he said shortly.

The pain in her heart and the pain in her side began to thump simultaneously. "Why not, dear?" she said evenly.

"I am going away." "Where?" she said evenly again, as if her words were to be quiet oil on so

much troubled water. "You have seen it coming. You have made it hard."

"What, Ramon?" she said, trying to "What, Ramon?" she said, trying to quiet herself and the jumping of the pains with the thought that always there had been women who had been forced to face just such stark misery as this one of losing love. There might be women at this very moment, in this very city who were being crucified as she was being crucified.

"I am sailing for Seville tomorrow with Mrs. Bursilap. We shall be gone indefinitely."

"You mean Mrs. Emanie—?"
"You know whom I mean, Jenny. It is your way of making it hard for me."
"But Ramon, Emanie Bursilap—seventy if a day—grandchildren!"

"Beggars cannot be choosers. You know what I am by temperament. I cannot struggle. One must live."

not struggle. One must live."
"Is that why?"
"No, Jenny. You wanted to have your cake and eat it too. You were too afraid for yourself. You were not generous. I mean, in the spirit. You would not risk. I go with Mrs. Bursilap and her grand-daughter Ellen, to Seville, as secretary and interpreter. Ellen does not know it, but there her grandmother and I are to but there her grandmother and I are to be married."

"I see," she said, her lips so dry and gritty against her teeth that they felt to her as if they must make a scraping

sound as she lifted them to smile.
"I am glad you do. I have never pretended to you that I am what I am not.
One must live."

"I see." If only she could stop mouthing, She wanted to cry out in the cheap tawdry stuffiness of that tea room.

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she wanted to see his face darken because her fingers were at his throat. She wanted to hurl her arms about his knees and anchor there to this lean narrow pillar of her happiness. And there she kept sitting, smoothing her long gloves and mouthing, "I see."

And suddenly it smote her that in her hour of need she was sitting in a specked, third-rate tea room, being dis-missed across a dingy tablecloth by a narrow young man who was trying to keep his furtive eyes pretentious. Jenny, who had borne Avery who had been too precious for life, and Jennifer in whom leaped flame; Jenny Avery, sitting there being dismissed by a gigolo who had

found her fare too meager.

"I see." "The—Mrs. Bursilap does not know bout—this. She is not so broad about aboutsome things. You must never-"I see."

She looked at him from under the high narrow turban and his eyes, as if hooked on the dagger of diamonds, would not travel down to meet hers.

"I wish you happiness, Ramon," she

said politely.
"I have to be going," he said. "Packing."
"I see."

It dawned upon her as they neared the door that the aluminum-colored limousine, which she had noticed at the curb as she stepped out of the taxicab, must be waiting for him.

"I will take you home, Jenny," he said, flushing.

"No. please; a taxicab," she said and shuddered.

He hailed one, and, assisting her into it, stood bareheaded at the curb, replacing his hat as she drove away with a swinging gesture that had given her many a thrill.

Even as her misery blurred her last glimpse of him, the fantastic and dev-astating thought smote her that his young, slim body-beauty had gone back into the sea, as a fish floundering off its hook dives back, only to be baited again.

Now that the bolt had come, there was only a deathly kind of fatigue of the spirit, hard to endure, but far from being active torment against which she had been steeling herself. Ramon going over into the fold of Mrs. Bursilap suggested the wattled and ugly thought of a bright bird of flight being folded into the webbed wings of a bat

There were folds of old flesh down the face of Mrs. Bursilap that must be down her body too, and pleats of loose skin along her upper arms and a cave of shadow on each side of her lean old nose that made her batlike. And as if to bear out the unconscious cousinship, she wore gray mostly, fine chiffons that floated and formed web between her

body and arms.

Ramon, folded into that, was some-thing to shudder over rather than some-thing over which to shed the salt tears in one's heart. She had shuddered her share; hurt pride, shocked vanity, loneliness and a modicum of grief for a fantasy that had perished, going down before horror of Ramon and horror of

It was as if suddenly she had walked out of some foul lethal garden into gray but open day. Rarick was in the day, precisely as if she had been off in some long faint from which she had just emerged to find him precisely where she had left him. A little grayer, a little graver, without eagerness, certainly without gayety and, as ever remote from her. And yet so substantially there, for

which and without shame she showed her gratefulness

She woke him up one night, as she thought, out of a sound sleep, when her growing panic of the operation was heavy

"Rarick." she said softly, filled with a lonely fear.

He stirred lightly as he lay motionless in his insomnia, not quite sure that she had spoken.

"Rarick, could you wake up for a moment?"

"Yes. What is it, Jenny?"
"I am all right. I want to talk, though." She thought, a little bitterly, that she need not reassure him, who had no anxiety for her.

He was relieved that it had come. had been lying there pitying her in her A week had passed and since she sleep. had not spoken, he had resolved to see Noon again the following day. But now it had come .

"I've been meaning to tell you some-thing of a nuisance, Rarick. You never asked about what they found at the hospital—so there seemed no hurry."

if there had been anything serious-

"There isn't. But I'm in for an opera-

He tried to lift his words carefully into the casual. "That is a nuisance," he said after a pause. "I thought perhaps there might be a little ulcerous condition there.

That is exactly what it is."

"It is wise to operate, then, and clear up the difficulty once and for all.'

She could not help reaching out her and to touch his lightly at the surge of relief that flowed over her at his calm, inferential way of regarding her

"I think so too, Rarick."

We had better have it over at once then, Jenny.

Nothing he could have said would so have snatched away her terrify-ing sense of aloneness. She found herwanting to reach out and touch his hand again, but refrained.

"Any time you say, Rarick."

"Suppose you let me take the matter in hand. I will arrange with Noon." "Yes, Rarick." She felt so small lying

there beside him, so in need, so oppressed by sudden awareness of how solitary it to be born; how solitary to die! guess I'm a little frightened, Rarick. There is something about the knife—like cutting the rope to a moored boat."

This time his hand felt for hers The very texture of her flesh, it occurred to her scorchingly, had been softened, since last he had touched it, by a lover's touch. If flesh, except by way of act of lips, could speak .

"The inevitable is frightening, Jenny, but chiefly because usually we have to sit on the rear seat and watch someone else at the wheel."

She thought he was going to moralize

and stiffened.

'Let's be honest, Rarick. Ulcers may be another name for-for anything. Rarick, I don't want to have anything terrible happen to me. I've so much to do, Rarick. So much that must be straightened."

The mother of Avery was lying beside him, frightened. The feeling of chronic open wound somewhere around his heart began to move.

We are going to come through this.

"We are, aren't we, Rarick? It isn't that I am afraid to die-

It was!

"—it is just that I'm not ready, Rarick. So much to be straightened."

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him today?" They
should say, "Have you heard
from him today?" Some spell
calendar "calender" or
"calander." Still others say
"between you and I instead
of "between you and ir instead
of "between you and me." It
is astonishing how often
"who" is used for "whom,
and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few know whether
to spell certain words with
one or two "o's" or "m's" or
"y's," or with "ie" or "ci.
"Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat,
ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless,
monotonous, hundrum.

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MEDICINES FOR DOGS

Was the matter of this tawdry affair with the dancer, with whom she was fiddling away time, lying heavily upon her? he wondered.

"I don't want to die, Rarick. you to bolster me over that silly fear. mustn't leave Jennifer. I mustn't leave life. Funny, all of a sudden, it's so sweet. We haven't made much of a go

"Yes, yes, why?" How was it that the business of living had deterred them so cruelly from life itself?

"Rarick, strange that we who have had so few joys together must always share the sorrows. First, Avery. Now, this." Avery. Avery. Avery. His lips, from

Avery. Avery. Avery. His lips, from hurting, could not bear to say the word. "I give myself the pollywoggles, Rarick, talking about death."

"Then don't, Jenny."
"You must help me through, Rarick."

"I will, Jenny."

"I mean the courage part. 'Spiritually,' is the way the pious pulpiteers would say it. I do dread death, Rarick. Tomorrow I'll laugh at tonight's pollywoggles. It's the nights. They get bad. You can help."

You can help."
"Yes, Jenny." How? He wanted to.
The mother of Avery must have it in her
to rise on spiritual wings out of fear.

"If I die-

"You are talking morbid fancies." "If I should die, Rarick, I want a beautiful casket. You can give it to me. want the most beautiful.

Why dwell on such non-"You can do that for me."

That was what he could do for her. "Somewhere back, Rarick, when I was girl in Central High School in St. Louis, I remember we used to read in class, wasn't it Heloïse or Annabel Lee, or somebody slim and white in a poem, who dreamed of a casket lined in ailan

thus leaves made out of beaten silver?" He supposed so, but why plan for death when there was life to be thought

of?

"Life, of course. Perhaps a better life than we have been pulling off together, Rarick. Death does terrify."

What an Imperial Highness even the shadow of death could be, forcing to their knees those who approached. "I shall never live to be an old man," Rarick once had said to Gerkes, "therefore I want to make a friend of the idea of death early." Jenny had neglected make a friend of the idea.

Jenny. Fear was pecking at her.

"You know that beautiful ivory panel that you use for a chest door to your collection of jades? The one with the Virgin Mary seated, with a crown of pearls on her head?"

"Byzantine of the ninth century," he said mechanically.
"Isn't it catalogued as the lower side

of a casket?"

of a casker:
"Perhaps."
"Rarick, I want that panel for the lower side of my casket."
"Yes, yes; but that, we hope, will be many a long day away."
"And those crosiers in gold and ivory from the Walton collection that stand beside the organ, I want them for headpieces. You can afford to build me the most beautiful casket in the world, Rarick, starting with those priceless antiques of old ivory and old gold. Don't line it in satin, Rarick. I want to lie in leaves—ailanthus leaves of beaten silver. You can do that for me."

Of all the things he ached to do for her, now that the open wound of his heart was bleeding in pity for her fear,

this was what she wanted of him.
"Of course, Rarick, I'm pretty apt to
turn around on you and not die," she

said mockingly. "You may not be rid of me, after all."
"I don't want to be, Jenny."

"Do you believe, Rarick, in a beyond?" He did, passionately, now that it held his son. He dared not, however, because of shyness, tell her that his belief in that ultimate reunion was chiefly what made the strings of days bearable. You could not tell a woman like Jenny, who, even while she quailed, might suddenly rattle off into one of her brittle moods that, somewhere across the chasm of death, a story that never had been spoken was waiting to be told by you to your boy.
"I believe in something, Jenny, beyond

myself."
"Do you ever pray?"

"Yes; but like you, chiefly when I despair. I don't suppose you would call that worship, so much as fear."

"When Avery died, I didn't fear. I blasphemed. I fear now, but I don't pray, Rarick."

He wanted her to pray. Deep in his heart he knew that her need for prayer had come.

"Do you think it unbearably silly of me to keep wanting a casket made of ivory and old gold?" (Perhaps Ramon, passing around it, would see her lying there, the lovely color of the old ivory itself. Crosiers at her head and feet.)

"I think it is silly of you to be dwelling on death, although it sometimes seems to me, Jenny, that life is a means to death." He had not meant to say that. "What?"

"Try to sleep." "Rarick, I want to say to you—it sounds so silly—it will seem sillier in the morning—but now—tonight—I feel as if I want to say to you-"Get your sleep, tonight."

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He wanted to hear and yet could not bear it. She wanted to get said what she could not bear to say. She had no real faith, herself, that in health she might not ridicule this craven hour of

high not indicate this craven hour of her low ebb. Nor had he.

Jenny, God willing, what with that wiry nervous vitality of hers, was in all probability going to recover. Why subject her to any more self-revelations? "Get back to sleep, Jenny."

Dozing off, she hated Ramon, who had tucked himself securely under the arm of a bat. And yet—in case—there was always the septic danger of an operation

-in case—she wanted him to have to pass around the ivory bier again and again, and look upon the strange ivory beauty of her lying in ivory . .

At eleven o'clock the following morning, Jennifer, without appointment, pre-sented herself at her father's office, to be met by Hellman, whom she disliked and who in turn considered her a snip.

"Your father's morning is filled with important conferences, Miss Jennifer."
She looked what she always felt toward him. Spitfire. "Save that, Mr. Hellman, to tell to someone who wants to sell him spool-cotton or teething

She looked pert and natty. There was an air of artificial cocksureness about her that in some way must have ac-

counted for Hellman's animosity.
"Tell my father I am waiting, Mr.
Hellman."

"The Des Moines manufacturer with whom he is in conference, Miss Rarick. has waited in New York two weeks for this interview. Your father is not even taking telephone interruptions."
"I'll wait," she said, and sat down.
He took up a pad, scrutinizing. "His

next appointment is with Mr. Harold Holt, President of the Banking Trust Company. Your father is lunching with Mr. Hiram Biltman and Mr. James Bilt-man. Most important."

"Is it true," said Jennifer, "that there is some prospect of Rarick Chain being incorporated with the Bilt Chain? As usual, my information comes from outside patter, but I do think that the old gentleman would be wise to get out from

"I am scarcely in a position to say, Miss Rarick," said Hellman, who was.

"Suppose I'd better tip off my friends to buy Rarick—common or preferred?"
"I'm scarcely in a position to say, Miss
Rarick," said Hellman, who was.

"Is that Father buzzing for you?"

"Tell him I am here."
"Mr. Holt will——"
"Tell him I am here."

When Jennifer was announced, the immediate thought smote Rarick that Jenny must have told her what was impending. Yet that scarcely could be the case. Jenny was not the one to burden her daughter with such family freight before it became necessary.

Now what?

The sight of her father in the setting of his offices was always impressive to Jennifer. Then, if ever, he was in the faint Napoleonic cast that she suspected him of trying to achieve. The short, him of trying to achieve. The short, rather thickening body that he seemed to press to the ground with twice the weight that was actually his; the look in his eyes of seeming to see beyond some Elba. The "R" embossed on a wooden seal over the mantelpiece and on his personal stationery that stood in an em-

bossed Florentine leather box.
What elements of greatness had gone afoul in her father? What elements of

aroul in her father? What elements of greatness had gone afoul in him in the same fashion that elements of cleverness in herself had gone afoul?

Her father faced her, with the light from the window over his shoulder and full on her face. An odd sense of unreality where this girl was conserved. reality where this girl was concerned smote him. This urban, highly polished, unillusioned adult was his. He had begot one whom he scarcely knew. "Well?"

"Guess this is the last time I'll ever visit you in these old offices, Father. This time next year you'll be in the new.

"I think so," he said, and leaned over to move a crystal paper weight half an inch. His way of dismissing preamble and asking her to come to the point.

"It's about Cataract Lodge, Father.
It's a large order I am about to ask,
if anything can be in the nature of a
large order for you."
What had she heard?

"As I have figured it out, Father, we have occupied the Cataract exactly six and one-half months in four years."
"All part of the larger waste," he said

"All part of the targethy."

dryly.

"I knew I could count on you for that agreement," she said too brightly.

Smart girl. Pretty girl. His. It would be easy to be proud of Jennifer. He thought of a sales manager's slogan that hung over a department manager's desk.

"Be Yourself." Jennifer was not. Least of all when she was with him. Someof all, when she was with him. Something must be wrong with him.
"Father, I've talked over a plan I have

in mind with Mother and it is all right with her, if it is with you."

Whatever it was, rest assured she had The old jealousy stirred in Rarick.
"I have lately had occasion, Father, mostly through Gratton Davies, to mix"

I have lately had occasion, Father, Rechester, Reche

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"After seeing these struggling writers knocking about the bedlam of this town, an idea has begun to knock about my so-called brain, Father. Most of them need a decent place to work. The notion that a nation's epics and not-so-epics must necessarily be composed in garrets went out of style with whipping posts." Her brand of pretentious cleverness was always anathema to him. Be Your-

"Father, let us hand over Cataract Lodge as a sort of all-year workshop to this crowd from here and everywhere, who haven't got the where or the withal. Let's rescue 'literachure' from the jaws of the hall bedroom, the sound of the steel rivet and the smell of the lodging house. I've always had such a yen for writing, Father, without being able to do much more than make a cross sign for my signature, that after meeting a few of these youngsters—I—well—give me Cataract Lodge to turn over to them, Father. Create a foundation committee, Father, deed over Cataract, and maybe some day you will have given lodging to the birth of the great American novel, or the near-great."

or the near-great."

What was she up to? Was it possible that she and young Gratton Davies—?

"Think it over, Father. It's a grand idea and our chance to have about the only kind of finger we ever can hope to have in making the world safe for genius. It's a concrete, definable world, Father, if you make its hairpins, its jig saws and its saltcellars. There isn't such a well-defined law of supply and demand for soul commodities. It pays better to manufacture mirrors than to hold them up to nature. That line hold them up to nature. sounds like Gratton!" That line

Gratton again! "Father, am I a daughter denied or indulged? I know the appraisal on the place. One hundred and ninety thousand without the buildings. You would think nothing of that for a factory site. Regard this as an intellectual factory." Her way of capturing his understanding Regard this as a factory site.

ing. Regard this as a factory site. His way of being important to letters—factory site-manufacture of ideas

Pretty Jennifer. It was part of his consistent faculty for error, where his family life was concerned, that she should come to him with such a request at a time like this. For a moment he played with the idea of a revision of his plans. He wanted to capture her, pretty thing, so shy of him, with sugar on his finger tips, but his plans were too deeply laid.

"It is unfortunate that you should come to me at this time on such a matter, Jennifer. I have had on my mind for some time to discuss a certain matter with your mother, but now that her illness has come up I do not want her bothered. Cataract Lodge is sold."

"Possession does not go into effect so long as I exercise my annual option privilege of renting it from the new

'You sold Cataract over our heads?" "I suppose it amounts to that."

"Why? "For reasons too intricate to enter

"Father, you are not in any money difficul-

"No. I am not."

"If I thought it were that, then of course I would under-

"You would be a misled young woman."
"Then why?" she cried, a quick sheet
of tears forming in her eyes. "Why?"

"So far as you are concerned, Cataract is still yours to do everything you want with except give away. I like your impulse, daughter, but it is out of the question."

"But why?" she cried. "Why, why! Don't treat me like a half-wit, Father. Why did you sell Cataract?"

"For the same reason that I have sold Thousand Island camp and Beaupré and the Nice property."

"Father!" "For reasons of greatest importance to me, but, with the leaseholds which I have retained in each case, of no great importance to you or your mother, since you are left free to use them as you have heart free?" have heretofore.

"I think it is abominable," she said, frankly crying now. "Mother and I have every right to feel rottenly treated. Of course, it is all yours to do with as you will, but it might have been decenter, Father, to have told us."

"I meant in good time to tell your mother. This illness changed that."

"Mother isn't as ill as all that!"
"Never forget this, Jennifer. I have good reasons for every move I make."

good reasons for every move I make."
"I—I simply don't know what to say
to you, Father. You have me flabbergasted, as usual. I came here full of a desire
to do something that had a wallop in
it for someone beside myself. I came
here because, Lord knows why, I still
harbored a delusion that there was some way to get through to you.

"Somehow, this seemed to me the kind of thing that might help not only others but—but us. I came here with the desire to give a leg to the kind of people who are going to do in life what I haven't the brains or the character to do. But I don't want Cataract now. Even if it were yours to give—the desire has died.
"What I came most of all wanting out

of you, I should have known I wasn't going to get!" said Jennifer, and stalked out of the office, leaving him seated there smeared with pain and pallor.

Jenny's secret apprehensions grew. She was afraid for her flesh. Rapiers of hot steel were beginning to jump through the pain in her side. She did not betray, by word, the rising tide of fear, but the skin began to stretch across her face like hauled tarpaulin.

No one must be allowed to see her in

that horrible aftermath when a vagrant mind led one to say dangerous, revealing things. What was that slide of steel into her flesh to reveal?

In a way, these thoroughly mundane terrors, reasoned Jenny to herself, were blessed antidote to that whipping of the spirit to which she had been subjected so cruelly by Ramon. Literal stabs of pain kept her mind to the literalness of

And yet to Jennifer, even though her father had said to her once in a voice that had for the moment given her pause, "Your mother may be a sicker woman than we realize," there was something of a game in Jenny's going to the hospital again.

Jenny had seen to it that it was like

"They think I've an appendix." she told her daughter, "and I'm going to have it out for all it's worth. I don't see why I should spare my friends. Look at Irene Dinehardt. She was in the hospital three weeks and cost her friends thousands in gifts and flowers. I've sent my share. Now let them send theirs."

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True to her word, she began to spend her mornings looped around the tele-phone in her boudoir, notifying friends.

Through hook and crook, mostly crook, her daughter laughingly assured her, Jenny had managed to obtain a threeroom suite at the hospital.

There hung over the Rarick house-hold the air of someone about to be married or to set out on a voyage of exploration. Boxes and packages began to arrive at the house three days before Jenny left it. Books. Bed jackets. A tiny tickless clock with a ruby face.

One of the first of the packages was a bulky one that sent Jenny and Jen-nifer into hilarity, including a chuckle from Rarick. A large cactus plant arrived, well boxed and with its tough, hand-shaped branches sprouting needles. Hildegarde, Rarick's sister, had sent Jenny a token of her concern, a card with this angular message attached: "With the hope that your pain will be no greater than a prick from this cac-

"One prick from Aunt Machiavelli's

"One prick from Aunt Machiaveili's foral offering and your convalescence will terminate suddenly, all right!" cried Jennifer between gusts of laughter. "She meant well," said Jenny. A flash of the first real concern she had felt, or expressed, darted over Jennifer. "You're not turning forbearing and lost-will-and-testamenty are you nifer. "You're not turning forbearing and last-will-and-testamenty, are you, darling, just because you're going in for an appendix?"

an appendix?"
"Heaven forbid!" said Jenny.
"Jenny Avery," cried Jennifer, huddling
up beside her mother on the chaise
longue, "I couldn't bear to have you longue, "I couldn't bear to have you turn forbearing and turn-the-other-cheeky! It would frighten me into a half-belief that you are really sick. Please be cheeky, darling, instead of turn-the-other-cheeky."

"Jennifer, if anything unforeseen

"Jennues,
should happen—"
"Mother, I can't bear it! Why are you
"Mother, I can't bear it! Why are you You mustn't frighten

talking like that? You mustn't frighten me, darling. It's disgusting." "Jennifer, idiot, stop being a cry-baby all over my new water-wave. I haven't the slightest intention of terminating my earthly engagement at this time. I am speaking of the unforeseen."

"Oh, I know. Of course."

"If I should die, Jennifer—"
"Mother, I can't bear it. You'll make
me hysterical."

"If I should die, Jennifer, of which I haven't the slightest intention—"
"Then cut out the requiem Mass."

"I want you to be a good girl."

"And not smear my pinafores."

"And not smear your pinafores and be good—and happy, Jennifer. I haven't been either. I'm rotten at moralizing, darling; I've never done much for you event live your and."

except love you and-"If you say that, I'll drown myself under eighty of these pink satin pillows. If I'm a mess, I've myself to blame.

Myself, my own self, nobody but myself."
"As a mess, Jennifer, you are clever, beautiful, rich and desirable. I want you to be good and happy. I haven't

been good and happy, Jennifer."
"If you don't stop it," cried Jennifer, taking a strand of her mother's hair between her fingers, "I'll yank!"

She did and as they fell together among the heaps of pillows, the telephone, for the dozenth time that hour, began to crow.

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